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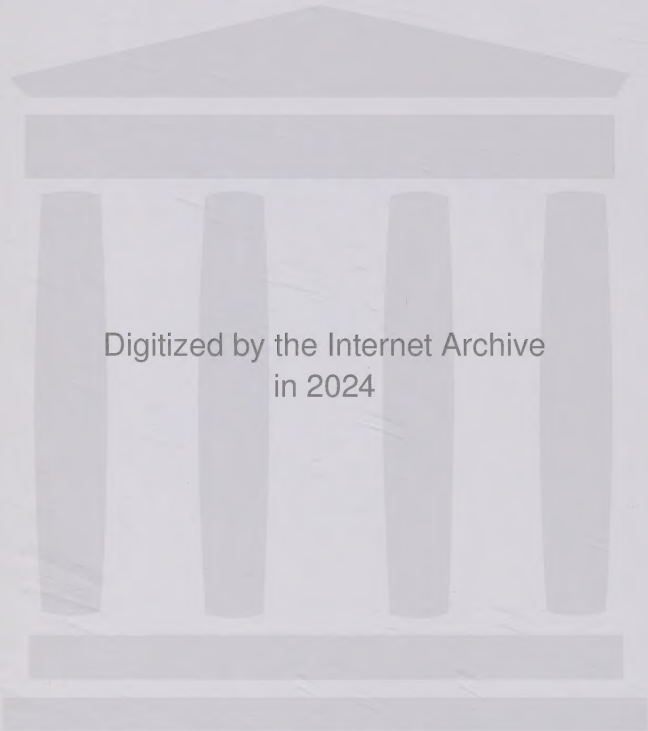

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IRELAND'S GOLDEN AGE.

(IN THE REIGN OF KING BRIAN BORU 1000)

"RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE
AND A BRIGHT GOLD RING ON HER WAND SHE BORE."

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(1)

THE

Prose and Poetry

OF

IRELAND.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF LITERARY GEMS FROM THE MASTERPIECES OF THE GREAT IRISH WRITERS, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

BY JOHN O'KANE MURRAY, B.S.,

AUTHOR OF

"A Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States," "Lessons in English Literature," etc., etc.

"No people who do not often look back to their ancestors can look forward to posterity."—EDMUND BURKE.

"We must confine ourselves to the masterpieces of great names; we have not time for the rest."—LACORDAIRE

VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST.

THIRD EDITION.

New York:

PETER F. COLLIER, PUBLISHER.

1877.

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TO

The Irish People

AND

THEIR WORTHY DESCENDANTS IN AMERICA—

BRAVE, BRIGHT, NOBLE, FAITHFUL, AND KIND-HEARTED RACE—

THIS VOLUME ON

The Prose and Poetry of Dear Old Ireland,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY THEIR VERY TRULY AND DEVOTEDLY,

JOHN O'KANE MURRAY.

APRIL, 1877.

PREFACE.

WHY this book? Briefly, because it is intended to supply a widely-felt want; because there is no other work of the kind; because I earnestly hope it will do some good, and will be found of value in thousands of homes in this Republic.

As we gaze at night on the beautiful, star-lit firmament, we are struck with the fact that star differs from star in brightness. And though thousands of stars dazzle the eye with their twinkles, yet astronomers tell us that there are but twenty-two whose brightness and splendor entitle them to be called "stars of the first magnitude." So it is in the world of letters. There are thousands of writers, but the truly great ones are not very numerous.

In sweeping our somewhat inexperienced telescope over the distant literary sky of Ireland, we fancied that we saw twenty-two shining names, whose superior brightness could not be mistaken. After much thought and careful comparison, we set them down. They are the twenty-two authors whose writings enrich the pages of this volume. Of course, the limited size of the book compelled us to stop somewhere, and the suggestive number just referred to, was, for more than one reason, admirably convenient.

On Ireland and the Irish race, the writings of these illustrious men and women reflect immortal honor. It is my firm conviction that no other nation of ancient or modern times can point to twenty-two such glorious names in the history of its literature.

While the selections are very choice, and are made on the principles of beauty and utility, still I hope I have not failed to present an agreeable variety. Here, side by side, can be found the familiar letter, the learned lecture, the interesting chapter of history, the soul-stirring speech, the charming essay, the fascinating tale, and the matchless poem.

The plan of the volume, which I am free to say was not hastily laid down, forced me to exclude many famous writers whose great merits no one is more ready to recognize than myself.

This is a book for the people, for the family. *It is a select little*

library of Irish literature in one volume. And, if I am not greatly mistaken, it will prove of more than mere passing value, above all, to the Irish and their descendants in the United States. The young will find it rich in mental nourishment, and even the aged and the learned can glean something from its pages. The father who puts this work into the hands of his children—it is not a book merely to look at—and sees that they read it, will do much to develop a healthy taste for good, sound literature, to enrich and elevate their minds, and to give them just conceptions of Irish wit and worth and valor and genius.

I feel that I can confidently commend "The Prose and Poetry of Ireland" to Catholic families as entirely free from anything dangerous to faith and morals.

Regardless of heavy expense, Mr. P. F. Collier, the energetic publisher, is issuing it in a style which, indeed, reflects no small credit on his good taste and enlightened enterprise.

For kind courtesies, which aided me not a little during the preparation of this volume, I return my warm thanks to Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, the learned and devoted pastor of St. Peter's Church, New York City; John Savage, LL.D., Fordham, N. Y.; Aubrey De Vere, Esq., Curragh Chase, Adare, Ireland; Sister Mary Francis Clare, Kenmare Convent, Ireland; Hon. W. E. Robinson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. J. C. Curtin, editor of the New York *Tablet*; Rev. Brother Justinian, Director of the Christian Brothers, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and last, though not least, to my sister, Miss Murray, and to my brothers, Mr. B. P. Murray and Mr. J. J. Murray.

I cannot better conclude these prefatory remarks than by quoting the words of two of the greatest minds that ever shed a lustre on the history of the Catholic Church:

"The reading of literary masterpieces," writes the great and pious Lacordaire, "not only forms the taste, but it keeps the soul in elevated regions and prevents it from sinking down into vulgarity."

"Literature," says the illustrious Pope Leo X., "is the ornament and glory of the Church. I have always remarked that it knits its cultivators more firmly to the dogmas of our faith."

J. O'K. M.

Brooklyn, L. I., April 14, 1877.

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

IT is not our intention to weary the reader with a long introduction. A few words must suffice.

"Every remarkable man," writes Lacordaire, "has been fond of letters." The same can be said of every remarkable nation.

The Irish have always been a literary people. To song and legend and history they have clung through sunshine and shadow with the same lofty tenacity as to faith and fatherland.

No misfortune has been able to dull the Irish mind, however it might check its expression. War with the Danes failed. War with the Saxon and Norman failed. The loss of national independence failed. Penal laws failed. The whole infernal machinery of English tyranny failed. In short, everything failed. This is one of the wonders of history.

If we would understand the philosophy of such a singular fact, we must view the Irish race from both a natural and a supernatural standpoint. The true Celt is, above all other men, gifted with fine sentiments, generous impulses, and a capacity to admire the good, the beautiful, the sublime. Thus, by nature, he is a lover of literature. But there is a still higher view to be taken. The Catholic religion harmonizes with his nature, at the same time that it elevates his mind and spiritualizes his faculties. Nature and religion have thus combined to mould his genius. St. Columbkille is an illustration.

The glory of a nation is her illustrious sons. When their manly frames and splendid intellects have passed away, still their bright memories, like so many stars, illumine the national firmament. As

a precious inheritance, their noble deeds and inspiring words pass down to posterity, and the influence of their careers is felt to the last day of a nation's existence.

> "A nation's greatness lies in men, not acres ;
> One master-mind is worth a million hands ;
> No kingly robes have marked the planet-shakers,
> But Samson-strength to burst the ages' bands."[1]

This is especially true of the great writers, the rulers of thought, the men who have given to the world "truths that wake to perish never," men who evermore influence the destinies of the human race.

[1] John Boyle O'Reilly, "A Nation's Test."

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF IRISH WRITERS.

Name.	*Date of Death.*	*Chief Work.*
Oisin (also written Ossian)	3d Cent'y.	Fenian Poems.
Dubththach O'Lugair	5th "	Poems.
St. Columbkille	597	Poems.
St. Fiacc	6th Cent'y.	Metrical Life of St. Patrick.
St. Simhin	6th "	Tripartite Life of St. Patrick.
St. Evin		Life of St. Bridget.
St. Adamnan	703	Life of St. Columbkille.
John Scotus Eregina	875 (about).	Works on Philosophy and Theology.
Cormac Cullinan	903.	Psalter of Cashel.
M. O'Carroll	1009	Annals of Inisfallen.
Flann	1056	Synchronisms.
Gilla Caemhain	1072	Chronological Poem.
Tighernach	1088	Annals of Tighernach.
Cathal Maguire	1498	Annals of Ulster.
Most Rev. Florence Conroy, D.D	1629	Compendium of St. Augustine's Works.
Most Rev. Peter Lombard, D.D	1632	Commentary on Irish History.
Rev. Hugh Ward, O.S.F	1635	Irish Martyrology.
Rev. Brother Michael O'Clery, O.S.F.	1643	Annals of the Four Masters.
Rev. Geoffrey Keating, D.D	1644	History of Ireland.
James Ussher, D.D	1653	Antiquities of the British Churches.
Rev. Luke Wadding, O.S.F	1657	Annals of the Friars Minor.
Rev. John Colgan, O.S.F	1658	Lives of the Irish Saints.
Right Rev. John Lynch, D.D	17th Cen'y.	Cambrensis Eversus.
Sir James Ware	1666	Lives of the Irish Bishops.
Duald Mac Firbis	1670	The Book of Mac Firbis.
Right Rev. Nicholas French	1678	Sale and Settlement of Ireland.
William Molyneaux	1698	The Case of Ireland Stated.
Roderick O'Flaherty	1718	Ogygia.
Sir Richard Steele	1729	Essays.
Jonathan Swift, D.D	1745	Gulliver's Travels.
Rev. Abbé MacGeoghegan	1750	History of Ireland.
Bishop Berkeley, D.D	1753	The Minute Philosopher.
Oliver Goldsmith	1773	The Deserted Village.
Edmund Burke	1797	Reflections on the Revolution in France.
Richard B. Sheridan	1816	The School for Scandal.
John Philpot Curran	1817	Speeches.
Sir Philip Francis	1818	Letters of Junius.
Henry Grattan	1820	Speeches.
Right. Rev. Dr. Doyle, O.S.A	1834	Letters on the State of Ireland.
Sir Jonah Barrington		Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation.
Matthew Carey	1839	Ireland Vindicated.
Gerald Griffin	1840	The Collegians.
John Banim	1842	The Boyne Water.
Right Rev. Dr. England	1842	Essays on Various Subjects.
William Maginn, LL.D	1842	Miscellanies.
Thomas Davis, M.R.I.A	1845	Poems and Essays.
Sir Aubrey de Vere	1846	Julian, the Apostate.
Daniel O'Connell	1847	Speeches.
James Clarence Mangan	1849	Poems.
Lady Blessington	1849	Many volumes of fiction.
Richard Lalor Sheil	1851	Sketches of the Irish Bar.
Thomas Moore	1852	Irish Melodies.

Name.	*Date of Death.*	*Chief Work.*
Most Rev. Dr. Murray	1854	Sermons.
Lady Morgan	1859	O'Donnell.
Rev. George Croly, LL.D.	1860	Life of Burke.
Mrs. A. Jamieson	1860	The Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art.
John O'Donovan, LL.D.	1861	Grammar of the Irish Language.
Eugene O'Curry, M.R.I.A.	1862	Lectures on the MS. Materials of Irish History.
Richard Dalton Williams	1862	Poems.
Most Rev. Dr. Hughes	1863	Lectures, Essays, etc.
Most Rev. F. P. Kenrick, D.D.	1864	Primacy of the Apostolic See.
Rev. Francis Mahony	1836	Reliques of Father Prout.
T. D. McGee, B.C.L.	1867	History of Ireland.
T. F. Meagher, LL.D.	1867	Speeches.
Rev. Mr. Boyce		Shandy McGuire.
Samuel Lover	1868	Poems.
Rev. Dr. Cahill		Letters and Lectures.
Henry Giles		Lectures and Essays.
William Carleton	1872	The Poor Scholar.
Charles J. Lever, M.D.	1872	Charles O'Malley.
John Francis Maguire, M.P.		The Irish in America.
Rev. Dr. P. E. Moriarty, O.S.A.	1875	Life of St. Augustine.
John Mitchel	1875	History of Ireland.
Most Rev. John MacHale, D.D.		Letters, etc.
Mrs. J. Sadlier		The Confederate Chieftains.
Rev. T. N. Burke, O.P.		Lectures.
Sister Mary Francis Clare		History of the Irish Nation.
Robert Joyce, M.D.		Deirdré.
Aubrey de Vere		Alexander the Great.
D. F. MacCarthy		Poems.
John Savage, LL.D		The Poets and Poetry of Ireland.
John Boyle O'Reilly		Songs from the Southern Seas.
Lady Wilde		Poems.
A. M. Sullivan		Poems, etc.
Rev. Dr. Patrick Murray		Poems and Theological Works.
W. J. Fitzpatrick, J.P.		Life and Times of Dr. Doyle.
William Collins		Ballads, Poems, and Songs.
Mrs. S. C. Hall		Lights and Shadows of Irish Life.
Sir C. G. Duffy		Poems, etc.
Thomas Mooney		Lectures on Irish History.
Rev. C. P. Meehan, M.R.I.A.		O'Neill and O'Donnell.
R. Shelton Mackenzie, D.C.L.		Life of Sir Walter Scott, etc.
R. R. Maddan, M.D.		Lives of the United Irishmen.
John Cornelius O'Callaghan, M.R.I.A.		History of the Irish Brigade.
E. B. O'Callaghan, LL.D.		History of the New Netherlands.
Rev. A. J. O'Reilly		Martyrs of the Colosseum.
Rev. Stephen Byrne, O.P.		Irish Emigration.
Rev. William Gleeson, M.A.		History of the Catholic Church in California.
Most Rev. Peter R. Kenrick, D.D.		Holy House of Loretto.
Rev. C. W. Russell, D.D.		Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti.
John P. Prendergast		Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland.
Most Rev. John B. Purcell, D.D.		Campbell and Purcell Debate.
Sir Robert Kane		Resources of Ireland.
W. B. MacCabe		History of England.
W. J. O'Neill Daunt		Recollections of O'Connell.
Martin Haverty		History of Ireland.
Hon. William E. Robinson		The Irish Element in America.

THE

PROSE AND POETRY OF IRELAND.

ST. COLUMBKILLE,

POET, MONK, APOSTLE OF SCOTLAND, AND PRINCE OF IRISH MISSIONARIES.

"Columbkille was born a poet and remained a poet to the last day of his life."—COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.

ST. COLUMBKILLE, one of the most famous of Irish saints, poets, and missionaries, was born at Gartan, a wild district in the county of Donegal, on December 7, A.D. 521.[1] His father was descended from the great King Niall of the Nine Hostages,[2] who was supreme monarch of Ireland at the close of the fourth century. Before his birth, his mother, who belonged to a distinguished family in Leinster, had a dream which posterity has accepted as a graceful and poetical symbol of her son's career. An angel appeared to her, bringing her a veil covered with flowers of wonderful beauty and the sweetest variety of colors. Immediately after she saw the veil carried away by the wind, and rolling out as it fled over

[1] "The slab of stone," writes Montalembert, "upon which his mother lay at the moment of his birth is still shown. He who passes a night upon that stone is cured for ever from the pangs of homesickness, and will never be consumed, while absent or in exile, by a too passionate love for his country. Such, at least, is the belief of the poor Irish emigrants, who flock thither at the moment when they are about to abandon the confiscated and ravaged soil of their country to seek their living in America, moved by a touching recollection of the great missionary who gave up his native land for the love of God and human souls."—"Monks of the West," vol. ii., Am. ed.

Gartan is about the centre of the County. It is noted in the "Map of the Localities and Titles of the Principal Old Irish Families," in the Nun of Kenmare's "Illustrated History of Ireland."

[2] Because of the hostages taken from nine several powers, which he subdued and made tributary.

plains, woods, and mountains. Then the angel said to her: "Thou art about to become the mother of a son who shall blossom for heaven, who shall be reckoned among the prophets of God, and who shall lead numberless souls to the heavenly country."[3]

This saintly and illustrious man has been very fortunate in his biographers. His life, written by his cousin and ninth successor, St. Adamnan, is one of the most charming narratives in all early Christian literature;[4] and the story of his career told in our own day by the gifted and learned Count de Montalembert is certainly one of the most beautiful productions to be found in the whole range of Catholic biography.[5]

In common with many other Irish saints, our poet-monk bore a name borrowed from the Latin, a name signifying the dove of the Holy Ghost. By Irish writers, however, he is nearly always called Columbkille, or dove of the cell. We use this name as that by which he is best known.

The priest who baptized the child also gave him the first rudiments of knowledge. From his earliest years Columbkille was accustomed to heavenly visions. Often, when his guardian angel would appear to him, the child would ask if all the angels in heaven were as young and shining as he.

He afterwards passed into the great monastic schools, which were nurseries not only for the clergy of Ireland, but also for young laymen of all conditions. Here manual toil was joined to study and prayer. Like all his young companions, Columbkille had to grind over night the corn for the next day's food; but when his turn came, it was so well and quickly done that his companions suspected him of having been assisted by an angel.[6] Having completed his education and monastic training, he was ordained by his revered

[3] "The Monks of the West," vol. ii.

[4] The "Life of St. Columbkille," by Adamnan, ninth Abbot of Iona, is written in Latin. Twenty years ago it was reprinted after a MS. of the eighth century, and edited by Rev. Dr. Reeves, of Ballymena, for the Celtic Archæological Society of Dublin. "Adamnan's Memoir," writes Rev. Dr. Reeves, "is to be prized as an inestimable literary relic of the Irish Church—perhaps the most valuable monument of that institution which has escaped the ravage of time" (p. 36, Preface), and the Protestant divine might have added, *of England*.

Adamnan, which is the diminutive of Adam, is a name of rare occurrence in Irish records. His life of St. Columbkille begins thus: "*In nomine Jesu Christi orditur Præfatio.*"

[5] The Count de Montalembert's life of our Saint takes up 108 pages of vol. ii. "Monks of the West," in which he is invariably called *Columba*. We make free use of it in our brief sketch.

[6] O'Donnell, i. 42, quoted by Montalembert.

master, the Abbot Finnian, founder of the renowned monastic school of Clonard.

An incident is related of his student career at Clonard, when he was only a deacon. An old Bard came to live near the monastery. Columbkille, who at all times in life was a passionate admirer of Irish poetry, determined to join the school of the Bard and to share his labors and his studies. One day the two were reading together, at a little distance apart, out of doors. A young girl ran towards them, pursued by a robber. She, no doubt, hoped to find safety in the old Bard's authority. The latter called to his pupil for assistance. Scarcely, however, had the girl reached the spot than her pursuer, coming up, struck her with his lance, and she fell dead at their feet. "How long," exclaimed the horrified old man to Columbkille, "will God leave unpunished this crime which dishonors us?" "For this moment only," replied the indignant young monk—"not longer. At this very hour, when the soul of this innocent creature ascends to heaven, the soul of the murderer shall go down to hell!" Scarcely were the words pronounced, when the wretched assassin fell dead.

Soon, far and wide, Columbkille's name became famous. Closely allied to the reigning monarch of all Ireland, and eligible himself to the same high office, it was very natural that his influence increased with his years. Before he reached the age of twenty-five, he had presided over the erection of a crowd of monasteries. Of these the chief were Durrow and Derry. He was especially attached to Derry. In the poem attributed to his old age he says so pathetically:

> "Were all the tribute of Scotia mine,
> From its midland to its borders,
> I would give all for one little cell
> In my beautiful Derry.
> For its peace and for its purity,
> For the white angels that go
> In crowds from one end to the other,
> I love my beautiful Derry!"

Columbkille was as much a bard as a monk during the first part of his life; and he had the roving, ardent, agitated, and even quarrelsome character of the race. He had also a passion for travelling, but a still greater one for books. Indeed, his intense love of books brought him more than one misadventure. He went everywhere in

search of volumes which he could borrow or copy, often experiencing refusals that he bitterly resented. At the time of which we write, there was in Ossory a holy recluse, very learned doctor in laws and philosophy, named Longarad. Columbkille paid him a visit, and asked leave to examine his books. A direct refusal was given by the old man. "May thy books," exclaimed Columbkille, "no longer do thee any good, neither to thee nor to those who come after thee, since thou takest occasion by them to show thy inhospitality." This curse was heard, according to the legend. As soon as old Longarad died his books became unintelligible. "They still exist," says an author of the ninth century, "but no man can read them!"

Another narrative in the career of our poet-monk leads us to the decisive event which for ever changed his destiny, and transformed him from a wandering poet and ardent book-worm into a great missionary and apostle. While visiting his old master, the Abbot Finnian, Columbkille found means to make a secret and hurried copy of the Abbot's Psalter by shutting himself up at night in the church where it was deposited, and illuminating his work by the light which escaped from his left hand, while he wrote with the right. The Abbot Finnian discovered what was going on by means of a curious wanderer, who, attracted by that singular light, looked in through the keyhole. The wanderer's curiosity, however, met with swift punishment. While his face was pressed against the door, he had his eye suddenly torn out by a crane, one of those familiar birds that were permitted by the Irish monks to seek a home in their churches.[7]

Finnian was indignant at what he considered a theft, and claimed the copy when it was finished, on the ground that a copy made without permission ought to belong to the master of the original, seeing that the transcription is but the child of the original book. Columbkille refused to give up his work, and the question was referred to the king in his palace at Tara.

King Diarmid, at that time supreme monarch of Ireland, was descended from the famous Niall of the Nine Hostages, and, consequently, related to Columbkille. However, he pronounced against his kinsman. The king's decision was given in a rustic phrase which has passed into a proverb in Ireland—*To every cow her calf*,[8] and,

[7] O'Donnell, book ii., quoted by Montalembert.

[8] "*Le gach boin a boinin, le gach leabhar a leabhran.*"

therefore, to every book its copy. Loudly did Columbkille protest. "It is an unjust sentence," he exclaimed, "and I will revenge myself." Shortly after this another event occurred which still more irritated the poet-monk. A young prince, son of the King of Connaught, having transgressed in some way, took refuge with Columbkille, but was seized and put to death by order of King Diarmid. With prompt vengeance Columbkille threatened the supreme monarch. "I will denounce to my brethren and my kindred, thy wicked judgment," he said, "and the violation in my person of the immunity of the Church; they will listen to my complaint and punish thee, sword in hand. Bad king, thou shalt no more see my face in thy province until God, the just Judge, has subdued thy pride. As thou hast humbled me to-day before thy lords and thy friends, God will humble thee on the battle day before thine enemies!" Diarmid attempted to retain him by force, but, evading the guards, Columbkille escaped by night from Tara, and directed his steps to his native province of Tirconnell. As he went on his lonely way, his soul found utterance in a pious song—"*The Song of Trust*," [9] "which," writes Montalembert, "has been preserved to us, and which may be reckoned among the most authentic relics of the ancient Irish tongue." [10]

Columbkille arrived safely in his native province; the powerful clans of Ulster were aroused as one man, and the aid of the King of Connaught, the father of the executed young prince, was easily obtained. The combined forces marched against Diarmid, who met them on the borders of Ulster and Connaught. The battle was short. Diarmid's army was routed, and he fled, taking refuge at Tara.[11] According to the historian Tighernach, the victory was due to the prayers and hymns of Columbkille, who for days had fasted and prayed to obtain from Heaven the punishment of royal insolence, and who besides was present at the battle, and took upon himself before all men the responsibility of the blood shed. [12]

"As to the manuscript," says Montalembert, "which had been the object of this strange conflict of copyright elevated into a civil

[9] See page 36.

[10] "The Monks of the West," vol. ii., Am. ed.

[11] Cul-Dreimhne, where this battle was fought, is in the barony of Carbury, to the north of the town of Sligo. The battle is mentioned in the "Annals of the Four Masters," in which it is stated that "three thousand was the number that fell of Diarmid's people. One man only fell on the other side." Vol. i., p. 195.

[12] "The Monks of the West," vol. ii., Am. ed.

war, it was afterward venerated as a kind of national, military, and religious palladium. Under the name of *Cathac*, or *Fighter*, the Latin Psalter transcribed by Columbkille, enshrined in a sort of portable altar, became the national relic of the O'Donnell clan. For more than a thousand years it was carried with them to battle as a pledge of victory, on the condition of being supported upon the breast of a cleric pure from all mortal sin. It has escaped as by miracle from the ravages of which Ireland has been the victim, and exists still, to the great joy of all learned Irish patriots." [13]

Columbkille was victorious. But victory is not always peace. He soon felt the double reaction of personal remorse and the condemnation of many pious souls. In the synod of Teilte,[14] held in 562, he was accused of having occasioned the shedding of Christian blood. Though absent, he was excommunicated. Columbkille, however, was not a man to draw back before his accusers and judges. He suddenly presented himself to the synod, which had struck without hearing him. In the famous Abbot Brendan he found a defender. When the poet-monk made his appearance, this Abbot rose, went to meet him, and embraced him. "How can you," said some members of the synod, "give the kiss of peace to an excommunicated man?" "You would do as I have done," answered Brendan, "and you would never have excommunicated him, had you seen what I see—a pillar of fire which goes before him, and the angels that accompany him. I dare not disdain a man predestined by God to be the guide of an entire people to eternal life." The synod withdrew the sentence of excommunication, but Columbkille was charged to win to Christ by his preaching as many pagan souls as the number of Christians who had fallen in the battle which he had occasioned.

The soul of the poet-monk was troubled. The voice of an accusing conscience touched his heart. He wandered from solitude to

[13] The casket in which this precious MS. is preserved was made towards the 11th century by the head of the clan, Cathbar O'Donnell. Towards the close of the 17th century the *Cathac* came into the possession of Daniel O'Donnell, who raised a regiment in Ireland for James II., and afterwards attained the rank of Brigadier-General in the service of France. This wonderful book remained on the Continent until 1802, when it was transferred to a nobleman of the name of O'Donnell, who resided at Newport, county of Mayo. It is now to be seen in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, and consists of fifty-eight pages of vellum manuscript, somewhat damaged at the commencement. A fac-simile of a portion of one of its pages can be seen in the appendix to O'Curry's "Lectures on the MS. Materials of Irish History" and in the Nun of Kenmare's "Illustrated History of Ireland."

[14] Now Teltown, a little village in the county of Meath.

solitude, from monastery to monastery, seeking masters of Christian virtue, and asking them anxiously what he should do to obtain the pardon of God for the murder of so many victims. At length, he found a holy monk called Abban, to whom he poured out the troubles of his soul. To Columbkille's enquiries Abban assured him that the souls of those killed in the battle enjoyed eternal repose ; and, as his confessor, he condemned him to perpetual exile from Ireland. "What you have commanded," said Columbkille, "shall be done."

Now begins the second and grandest period of Columbkille's life. Taking a loving leave of his warlike kindred, to whom he was intensely attached, he directed his course towards Scotland, to begin his labors among the heathen Picts. Twelve of his devoted disciples accompanied him ; and thus, at the age of forty-two, our poet-monk bade a last adieu to his native land. Their bark put in at that little isle which he has immortalized, and which took from him the name of *I-Colm-Kill* (the island of Columbkille), now better known as *Iona*.[15] On this small spot, surrounded by sombre seas, overshadowed by the bare and lofty peaks of other islands, and with a wild beauty to be seen in the far distance, Columbkille, poet, prince, monk, and missionary, founded the *first* monastery in Scotland, and began the gigantic labors of a life more than heroic, more than apostolic. Over thirteen hundred years ago this became the monastic capital and the centre of Christian civilization in North Britain.

Columbkille became transformed into a new man. He whom we have seen so passionate, so irritable, so warlike and vindictive, grew, little by little, the most gentle, tender, and humble of friends and fathers. It was he, the illustrious head of the Caledonian Church, who, kneeling before strangers that came to Iona, or before the monks returning from their work, took off their shoes, washed their feet, and, after having washed them, respectfully kissed them. But charity was still stronger than humility in that transfigured soul. No necessity, spiritual or temporal, found him indifferent. He devoted himself to the solace of all infirmities, all misery and pain, often weeping over those who did not weep for themselves.

In the midst of the new community Columbkille inhabited, instead of a cell, a sort of hut built of planks, and placed upon the most elevated spot within the monastic enclosure. Up to the age

[15] It is only three miles long by about two in width.

of seventy-six he slept there upon the hard floor with a stone for his pillow. This hut was at once his study and his oratory. It was there that he gave himself up to those prolonged prayers which excited the admiration, and almost the alarm, of his disciples. It was there that he returned after sharing the out-door labor of his monks like the least among them, to consecrate the rest of his time to the study of Holy Scripture and the transcription of the sacred text.

The work of transcription remained until his last day the occupation of his old age, as it had been the passion of his youth. It had such an attraction for him, and seemed to him so essential to a knowledge of the truth, that *three hundred copies* of the Holy Gospel, written by his own hand, have been ascribed to him.[16]

It was in the same hut that he received with unwearied patience and gentle courtesy the hundreds of visitors, of high and low degree, who flocked to see him. Sometimes he was obliged to complain mildly, as of that indiscreet stranger who, desirous of embracing him, awkwardly overturned his ink on the border of his robe.

For over a third of a century, the holy and dauntless Columbkille traversed the wild northern regions of Caledonia—regions hitherto inaccessible even to the Roman eagle. At his preaching and miracles the fierce and warlike Picts bowed beneath the cross. This renowned missionary laid the foundation of Christianity, civilization, and literature in Scotland. Out of the many monasteries which he founded in that land, the remains of fifty-three are to be seen to this day. The noble figure of St. Columbkille, prince and monk, towers aloft in that distant age. His is by far the grandest name that appears in the early annals of Great Britain.[17]

Skimming Loch Ness with his little skiff, our Saint soon penetrated to the principal fortress of the Pictish king, the site of which is still shown upon a rock north of the town of Inverness. Brude was the name of the hardy and powerful monarch.[18] At first he would not receive the Irish missionary, but gave orders that the gates of the fortress should not be opened to the unwelcome visitor. But Columbkille was not alarmed. "He went up to the gateway," says his biographer, "made the sign of the cross upon the two gates, and then knocked with his hand. Immediately the bars and bolts drew back, the gates rolled upon their hinges and

[16] "The Monks of the West," vol. ii.
[17] J. O'Kane Murray, "Lessons in English Literature," book i.
[18] The Venerable Bede styles him "rege potentissimo."

were thrown wide open, and Columbkille entered like a conqueror. The king, though surrounded by his council, was struck with panic; he hastened to meet the missionary, addressed to him pacific and encouraging words, and from that moment gave him every honor." [19] Thus obstacles vanished at the very glance of the great Irish Missionary.

One day, while laboring at his evangelical work in the principal island of the Hebrides,[20] he cried out all at once: "My sons, to-day you will see an ancient Pictish chief, who has kept faithfully all his life the precepts of the natural law, arrive in this island; he comes to be baptized and to die." Immediately after a boat was seen to approach the shore with a feeble old man seated in the prow. He was the chief of one of the neighboring tribes. Two of his companions took him up in their arms, and brought him before the missionary, to whose words, as repeated by the interpreter, he listened attentively. When the discourse was ended, the old man asked to be baptized, and soon after breathed his last breath, and was buried in the very spot where he had just been brought to shore. [21]

Columbkille accomplished the conversion of the entire Pictish nation, and destroyed for ever the authority of the Druids in that last refuge of Celtic paganism. Before he closed his glorious career he had sown their forests, their defiles, their inaccessible mountains, their savage moors, and scarcely-inhabited islands with churches and monasteries.

In 574, St. Columbkille blessed Aïdan, consecrating him king of the Caledonian Scots. Ecclesiastical writers say that this is the *first* example in history of the solemn consecration of a Christian king. [22]

In Ireland the bards were regarded as an honored class—in fact, as oracles of poetry, music, history, and all knowledge. If their training was long and rigorous, their privileges were nearly unbounded. At the royal table they occupied the first place after that of the king himself. [23] At the time of which we speak they were loudly accused of having grossly misused their power and their

[19] Montalembert, vol. ii. St. Adamnan, in his Latin life of St. Columbkille, gives a detailed statement of this miraculous incident.

[20] The isle of Skye.

[21] Montalembert, who, of course, follows Adamnan.

[22] Martene, "De Solemni Regum Benedictione," quoted by Montalembert.

[23] O'Curry, "Lectures on the MS. Materials of Irish History."

privileges. Indeed, the enmities raised against them had come to such a point that the chief monarch of Ireland felt himself sufficiently strong to propose to the assembly of Drumceitt the entire suppression, and even banishment, of the bards. St. Columbkille, however, saved them by his wonderful influence. Their gratitude was boundless, and for centuries after the bards of Erinn sang the praises of the great missionary, who himself was born a poet, lived a poet, and died a poet.

The soul of St. Columbkille, amid all his labors in Scotland, was swayed by one master sentiment—regret for his long-lost Erinn. His passionate love for his country displayed itself to his last breath. In his songs he pours forth his sorrowful affection. "My sad heart ever bleeds," he says. "There is a gray eye which ever turns to Erinn; but never in this life shall it see Erinn, nor her sons, nor her daughters. I look over the sea, and great tears are in my eye!"

The most severe penance which he could imagine for the most guilty sinners who came to confess to him was to impose upon them the same fate which he had voluntarily inflicted upon himself—never to set foot again upon Irish soil.

To monks about returning to Ireland he would say: "You go back to the country that you love."

"This melancholy patriotism," says Montalembert, "never faded out of his heart." His regret for his lost Ireland was (as we have said) life-long. Once he bade a monk to sit upon the shore of Iona, and watch for a poor, exhausted, weather-beaten stork from the north of Ireland, which would fall at his feet. "Take her up with pity," added the Saint, "feed her, and watch her for three days. When she is refreshed she will no longer wish to prolong her exile among us—she will fly to sweet Ireland, her dear country where she was born. I bid thee care for her thus, because she comes from the land where I, too, was born." Everything happened as he said. In three days the stork rose from the ground in her host's presence, and directed her flight towards Ireland.

To all his relations he was most tenderly attached.

One day at Iona, he suddenly stopped short while reading, and said with a smile to his monks: "I must now go and pray for a poor little woman who is in the pains of child-birth, and who suffers like a true daughter of Eve. She is down yonder in Ireland, and reckons upon my prayers; for she is my kinswoman,

and of my mother's family." Upon this the great priest hastened to the church, and, when his prayer was ended, returned to his brethren, saying: "She is delivered. The Lord Jesus, who deigned to be born of a woman, has come to her aid; this time she will not die." [24]

Towards his last days a celestial light was occasionally seen to surround him as a garment. And, once as he prayed, his face was first lit up with beatific joy, which finally gave expression to a profound sadness. Two of his monks saw this singular change of countenance. Throwing themselves at the aged Abbot's feet, they implored him, with tears in their eyes, to tell them what he had learned in his prayer.

"Dear children," said he, "I do not wish to afflict you. . . . But it is thirty years to-day since I began my pilgrimage in Caledonia. I have long prayed to God to let my exile end with this thirtieth year, and to call me to the heavenly country. When you saw me so joyous, it was because I could already see the angels who came to seek my soul. But all at once they stopped short down there upon that rock at the farthest limits of the sea which surrounds our island, as if they would approach to take me and could not. And, in truth, they could not, because the Lord had paid less regard to my ardent prayer than to that of the many churches which have prayed for me, and which have obtained, against my will, that I should still dwell in this body for four years. This is the reason of my sadness. But in four years I shall die without being sick. In four years, I know it and see it, they will come back, these holy angels, and I shall take my flight with them towards the Lord." [25]

Wonderful man! His last day on earth came. It was on a Saturday in sunny June. Drawn in a car by oxen, the aged patriarch passed through the fields near the monastery, and blessed his monks at their labor. Arising in his rustic chariot, he then gave his solemn benediction to the whole island—a benediction which, according to local tradition, was like that of St. Patrick in Ireland, and drove from that day all vipers and venomous creatures out of Iona. [26] He then went to the granary of the monastery, and gave it his blessing, remarking to his faithful attendant, Diarmid:

[24] Montalembert, who here literally follows St. Adamnan.
[25] Montalembert, vol. ii.; Adamnan, iii. 23.
[26] Ibid.

"This very night I shall enter into the path of my fathers. Thou weepest, dear Diarmid, but console thyself. It is my Lord Jesus who deigns to invite me to rejoin him. It is he who has revealed to me that my summons will come to-night." He then left the store-house, and on the way to the monastery was met by a good and ancient servant, the old white horse, which came and put his head upon his master's shoulder, as if to take leave of him. "The eyes of the old horse," remarks the biographer of our Saint, "had an expression so pathetic that they seemed to be bathed in tears." Caressing the faithful brute, he gave him a last blessing.[27] He now entered his cell and began to work for the last time. It was at his dearly-loved employment—transcribing the Psalter. When the sublime old man came to a certain verse in the thirty-third Psalm, he said: "I must stop here. Baithen will write the rest."[28] After a time spent in prayer he entrusted his only companion with a last message for the community, advising them, like the apostle of old, "to love one another."

As soon as the midnight bell had rung for the matins of the Sunday festival, the noble old saint and poet rose and knelt down before the altar. Diarmid followed him, but, as the church was not yet lighted, he could only find him by groping and crying in a plaintive voice: "Where art thou, my father?" He found Columbkille lying before the altar, and, placing himself at his side, raised the aged Abbot's venerable head upon his knees. The whole community soon arrived with lights, and wept as one man at the sight of their dying chief and father. Once more Columbkille opened his eyes, and turned them to his children on each side with a look full of serene and radiant joy. Then with the aid of Diarmid he raised, as best he could, his right hand to bless them all. His hand dropped, the last sigh came from his lips, and his face remained calm and sweet like that of a man who in his sleep had seen a vision of heaven.[29] And thus died, or rather passed away, on the 9th of June, in the year 597, in his seventy-sixth year, the glorious St. Columbkille, apostle of Caledonia, Irish prince, poet,

[27] Adamnan, iii. 23.

[28] Baithen became his successor.

[29] Montalembert, vol. ii. p. 106, Am. ed.; Adamnan, iii. 23. The long chapter of Adamnan which describes the last scenes of the great Abbot's life "is," writes Rev. Dr. Reeves, "as touchingly beautiful a narrative as is to be met with in the whole range of ancient biography" (Adamnan's "Life of St. Columbkille," p. 78, note). It is worthy of remark that St. Augustine landed at Kent, England, the very year that St. Columbkille died.

monk, and missionary—a man whose beautiful name and shining deeds will live for ever and for ever!

After Oisin,[30] says Montalembert, Columbkille opens the series of *two hundred* Irish poets whose memories and names, in default of their works, have remained dear to Ireland. He wrote verses not only in Latin, but also, and more frequently, in Irish. But three, however, of his Latin poems survive; and only two centuries ago eleven of his Irish poems were still in existence.[31] Colgan gives the title and quotes the first verse of each of those Irish poems, the most authentic of which is the one dedicated to the glory of St. Bridget.[32] The six poetical pieces which we reproduce in this volume are all attributed to the pen of the Saint, and the most rigid criticism is forced to accept them as the genuine literary remains of a venerable past.[33]

As to the so-called "prophecies" of St. Columbkille, it may be well to remark that the best Catholic critics and the most profound Irish scholars regard them as impositions and silly fictions. The learned and pious O'Curry, in one of his matchless lectures, fully discusses this matter.[34] In concluding he says: "It is remarkable that no reference to any of these long, circumstantially-defined prophecies can be found in any of the many ancient copies of the Saint's life which have come down to us. . . . I feel it to be a duty I owe to my country, as well as to my creed as a Catholic, to express thus in public the disgust which I feel with every right-

[30] Oisin (and *not* Ossian) is the true form of the word. It is singular that so many writers on English literature copy each other's blunders in spelling the name of this ancient Irish poet. See Prof. O'Curry's Lectures.

[31] "The Monks of the West," vol. ii.

[32] "Trias Thaumaturgas," p. 472.

[33] Speaking of the writings of St. Columbkille that yet exist, Rev. Dr. Reeves says: "Three Latin hymns of considerable beauty are attributed to him, and in the ancient *Liber Hymnorum*, where they are preserved, each is accompanied by a preface describing the occasion on which it was written. His alleged Irish compositions are also poems. There are in print his 'Farewell to Aran,' a poem of twenty-two stanzas; another poem of seventeen stanzas which is supposed to have been written on the occasion of his flight from King Diarmid. Besides these, there is a collection of some fifteen poems bearing his name in one of the O'Clery MSS., preserved in the Burgundian library at Brussels. But much the largest collection is contained in an oblong MS. of the Bodleian Library at Oxford, Laud 616, which embraces everything in the shape of poem or fragment that could be called Columbkille's, which industry was able to scrape together at the middle of the sixteenth century."—"Life of St. Columbkille" by St. Adamnan, appendix to the preface, pp. 78-9.

The learned Count de Montalembert, who doubtless examined the Bodleian collection of St. Columbkille's poems, says it "contains *thirty-six* Irish poems."

[34] See "Lectures on the MS. Materials of Ancient Irish History," lecture xix.

minded Irishman in witnessing the dishonest exertions of certain parties of late years[35] in attempting, by various publications, to fasten these disgraceful forgeries on the credulity of honest and sincere Catholics as the undoubtedly inspired revelations of the ancient saints of Erinn. . . . *Our primitive saints never did, according to any reliable authority, pretend to foretell political events of remote occurrence.*"

In personal appearance St. Columbkille was most attractive and dignified. His lofty figure and pure, manly, beautiful countenance impressed every beholder. We have endeavored to give a few feeble glimpses at his grandly holy and heroic career. He was, above all others, *the* dear Irish saint, ardent, eloquent, impulsive, noble, and generous to a fault. Next to God, he loved his friends and his country with a love passionate and deathless. In a confused age and unknown region he displayed all that is greatest and purest, and, it must be added, most easily forgotten in human genius—the gift of ruling souls by ruling himself.

The influence of St. Columbkille, as of all men really superior to their fellows, and especially of the saints, far from ceasing with his life, grew greater and greater after his death. The visions and miracles which went to prove his sanctity would fill a volume. As long as his body remained in his island grave, Iona continued to be the most venerated sanctuary of the Celts. Seventy kings were buried at his feet,[36] and from his great monastery, on that blessed spot, religion, learning, and civilization flashed their genial rays over the neighboring kingdoms.

In the eighteenth century the celebrated Dr. Johnson visited the sad and sombre ruins of historic Iona—that grand Iona whose famous sanctuary had been plundered by pagan Danes,[37] and fin-

[35] We have before us a pretentious version of these so-called "Prophecies," edited by one Nicholas O'Kearney, and issued at Dublin in 1855. Yet, according to Rev. Dr. Reeves, "Eire this night," the sixth and last of St. Columbkille's "prophecies" given in that singular volume, "is not as old as the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill"!

[36] Montalembert.—The recollection of this royal cemetery has been consecrated by Shakspere in his great tragedy of "Macbeth":

> "Rosse. Where is Duncan buried?
> Macduff. Carried to Colmes-kill,
> The sacred store-house of his predecessors,
> And guardian of their bones."

[37] The Danes first sacked this monastery in 801. This sad event is thus recorded in the "Annals of the Four Masters" (vol. i. p. 411): "The age of Christ 801. Hi-Coluim-Cille [Iona] was plundered by foreigners, and great numbers of the laity and clergy were killed by them—namely, sixty-eight." For safety, toward the close of the same century, the sacred remains of St. Columbkille were transferred to Ireland.

ally profaned and destroyed by the brutal and more than pagan hands of Scotch fanatics and English ruffians.

"We are now treading," wrote the enthusiastic Johnson, "that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavored, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." [38]

THE RECORD OF COLUMBKILLE'S PRINCIPAL CHURCHES.[39]

Delightful to be on Benn-Edar [40]
Before going o'er the white sea;
The dashing of the waves against its face,
The bareness of its shores and its border.

Delightful to be on Benn-Edar,
After coming o'er the white-bosomed sea,
To row one's little coracle,
Ohone! on the swift-waved shore.

How rapid the speed of my coracle;
And its stern turned upon Derry;
I grieved at my errand o'er the noble sea,
Travelling to Alba of the ravens.

My foot in my sweet little coracle,
My sad heart still bleeding;

[38] "Tour to the Hebrides."

[39] Dr. Reeves is of opinion that this poem belongs to a later period than St. Columbkille's day, but we do not see any good reason to think that it is.

[40] The highest elevation of the peninsula of Howth.

Weak is the man that cannot lead;
Totally blind are all the ignorant.

There is a gray eye
That looks back upon Erinn;
It shall not see during life
The men of Erinn nor their wives.

My vision o'er the brine I stretch
From the ample oaken planks;
Sage is the tear of my soft gray eye
When I look back upon Erinn.

Upon Erinn my attention is fixed;
Upon Loch Levin,[41] upon Liné [42];
Upon the lands the Ultonians own;
Upon smooth Munster—upon Meath.

Numerous in the East [43] are tall champions,
Many the diseases and distempers there,
Many they with scanty clothes,
Many the hard and jealous hearts.

Plentiful in the West [44] the apple fruit;
Many the kings and princes;
Plentiful its luxuriant sloes,
Plentiful its noble acorn-bearing oaks.

Melodious her clerics, melodious her birds,
Gentle her youths, wise her seniors,
Illustrious her men, noble to behold,
Illustrious her women for fond espousal.

It is in the West sweet Brendan is,
And Colum, son of Crimthann,
And in the West fair Baithin shall be,
And in the West shall Adamnan be.

Carry my enquiries after that
Unto Comgall of eternal life;

[41] Now Lough Lene, Westmeath.
[42] Now known as Moylinny, near the town of Antrim.
[43] East—that is, Scotland.
[44] West—that is, Ireland.

Carry my enquiries after that
To the bold king of fair Emania.[45]

Carry with thee, thou noble youth,
My blessing and my benediction;
One-half upon Erinn seven-fold,
And half on Alba at the same time.

Carry my benediction over the sea
To the nobles of Island of the Gaedhil;
Let them not credit Molaisi's words,
Nor his threatened persecution.

Were it not for Molaisi's words
At the cross of Ath-Imlaisi,
I should not now permit
Disease or distemper in Ireland.

Take my blessing with thee to the West;
Broken is my heart in my breast:
Should sudden death overtake me,
It is for my great love of the Gaedhil.

Gaedhil! Gaedhil, beloved name!
My only desire is to invoke it;
Beloved is Cuimin of fair hair;
Beloved are Cainnech and Comgall.

Were the tribute of Alba mine,
From its centre to its border,
I would prefer the sight of one house
In the middle of fair Derry.[46]

The reason I love Derry is
For its quietness, for its purity;
And for its crowds of white angels
From the one end to the other.

The reason why I love Derry is
For its quietness, for its purity;
Crowded full of heaven's angels,
Is every leaf of the oaks of Derry.

[45] Emania, the ancient seat of royalty in Ulster.

[46] Derry, now Londonderry.

My Derry, my little oak-grove,
My dwelling and my little cell;
O eternal God in heaven above,
Woe be to him who violates it!

Beloved are Durrow[47] and Derry;
Beloved is Raphoe in purity;
Beloved Drumhome of rich fruits;
Beloved are Swords and Kells.

Beloved is my heart also in the West,
Drumcliff, at Culcinne's strand:
To behold the fair Loch Feval,[48]
The form of its shores is delightful.

Delightful is that, and delightful
The salt main in which the sea-gulls cry
On my coming from Derry afar;
It is quiet and it is delightful.
Delightful.

THE DIALOGUE OF ST. COLUMBKILLE AND CORMAC.[49]

[This dialogue took place, it is said, in Iona, after Cormac's escape from the Coire Brecain, and after searching the boundless ocean, until he reached the cold regions of the North.]

COLUMBKILLE FIRST SPOKE.

Thou art welcome, O comely Cormac,
From over the all-teeming sea.
What sent thee forth? Where hast thou been,
Since the time we were on the same path?
Two years and a month to this night
Is the time thou hast been wandering from port to port,
From wave to wave; resolute the energy
To traverse the wide ocean!

[47] Durrow was in King's County. [48] Now Lough Foyle.

[49] The titles of this and the following poem are given in Colgan's list of St. Columbkille's reputed writings. The beautiful English rendering of both is from the gifted pen of the late lamented Professor Eugene O'Curry. The original Irish with the English translation can be found in St. Adamnan's "Life of St. Columbkille," Appendix, pp. 264, etc., ed. by Rev. Dr. Reeves. Cormac was a monk, and one of the dear companions of St. Columbkille's early years.

Since the sea hath sent thee hither,
Thou shalt have friendship and counsel:
Were it not for Christ's sake, Lord of the fair world,
Thou hast merited satire and reproach.

CORMAC. Let there be no reproach now,
O descendant of Niall,[50] for we are a noble race:
The sun shines in the west as in the east:
A righteous guest is entitled to reception.

COLUMBKILLE. Thou art welcome, since thou hast come
From the waves of the mighty sea:
Thou hast for ever abandoned thy home,
Thou descendant of the illustrious Liathan?

CORMAC. O Columbkille, descendant of Conn,[51]
Erinn, on which I have turned my back,
I shall not touch in the west or east
Any more than the monster-full pit of hell.

COLUMKILLE. Though thou travel the world over,
East, west, south, ebb, flood,
Though noble son of high-born Dima,
It is in Durrow thy resurrection shall be.

CORMAC. Alas! for my labor, O Son of God,
Thou Father of all mercies,
And all my work beyond the full brine,
If my last end shall be in Erinn!

COLUMBKILLE. I pledge thee my unerring word,
Which it is not possible to impugn:
Death is better in reproachless Erinn
Than perpetual life in Alba.

CORMAC. If it is better to be in noble Erinn
Than in inviolate Alba,
I shall be in Alba by turns,
And go thou into Erinn.

[50] Niall of the Nine Hostages.

[51] Conn of the Hundred Battles.

COLUMBKILLE. That which thou sayest is not meet,
O Cormac of spotless purity;
Turn on thy right, go to thy home,
Unto Laisren, son of Feradhach.

CORMAC. I and Laisren of untarnished lustre,
Bad are our joined neighbors;
Eile and Delbhna will yield us gifts,
Ui Failghe, and Cenel Fiachach.

COLUMBKILLE. My cousins are by thee on the north,
The Clann Colman of reddened swords;
They will not abandon me on any account,
Nor will they permit outrage on me.

CORMAC. Wert thou there thyself,
No stranger should insult thee;
No king, nor apparent king-making,
Nor bond, nor free, nor secret.

COLUMBKILLE. O Cormac of powerful strength,
Woe to him who shall do violence to thee;
Evil shall be the reward he shall receive,
Shortness of life, and hell;
From high exalted Erinn shall he be cut off;
Nor shall he be left roof or habitation.

CORMAC. O Columbkille of a hundred graces,
For thou art a true prophet, thou art a true poet,
Thou art a learned scribe, happy, perfect,
And a devout, accomplished priest;
Thou art a king's son of reddened valor,
Thou art a virgin, thou art a pilgrim;
We shall abide in the west, if thou desire it:
Christ will unfold His mysterious intentions.

COLUMBKILLE. O Cormac, beautiful is thy church,
With its books and learning;
A devout city with a hundred crosses,
Without blemish, without transgression;

A holy dwelling confirmed by my verse,
The green of Aedh, son of Brennan,
The Oak-plain of far-famed Ros-Grenaha :[52]
The night upon which her pilgrims collect,
The number of her wise—a fact wide spread—
Is unknown to any but the only God.

WHEN CORMAC CAME TO ST. COLUMBKILLE FROM HIS OWN COUNTRY.[53]

Cormac, offspring of Liathan, of aspect bright,
The champion of Heaven and of earth,
Came out of his Southern, warm country
Upon a visit, upon a pilgrimage.

Two oxen of noble appearance
Conveyed the devout cleric
From the South, from the broad, rapid Lee,
To Cormac's cross at Caindruim.

Druim-Cain[54] was the first name of the height
Where Dairmagh[55] stands, according to history;
Dermagh is its name now;
The country of Covell, offspring of Fergus.

When the blooming sweet man had arrived
At Cormac's cross at the church,
Then rang the soft-toned bell
Here at Catamael's city.

That pleasant divine then celebrated service,
Cormac, son of the noble-faced Dima;
And to meet him came together
Our devout, steadfast congregation.

Thou art welcome here, thy face is pleasant,
O Cormac, since thou art devout:

[52] An ancient name of Durrow.
[53] It is supposed the scene of the dialogue was at Durrow.
[54] The old name of Ushnagh Hill, Westmeath.
[55] Dairmagh was the ancient name of Durrow.

Thy coming hither with speed
Was a long time since foretold.

Abide here, for thou art a perfect divine,
O Cormac, of character unbroken,
That thou mayest be the proper guardian,
That shall be in my devout city.

CORMAC. How can I be here, said he,
Thou noble son of Fedhlim,
Among the powerful northern tribes,
In this border territory, O Colum?

COLUMBKILLE. Restrain all subordinates, all rash ones,
All chieftains who require it;
And I will restrain all actual kings,
All those present and at a distance.

Let us therefore form our union,
As Christ has ordained in the flesh;
Not to be dissolved till the judgment day,
By us, O Cormac, offspring of Liathan.

Bind upon the thumbs of my hands,
O Cormac of many dignities,
The coils of our noble union,
As long as beautiful Dairmagh shall last.

Perversely hast thou attacked me, O Momonian,[56]
O Cormac of memorable sense:
Wolves shall eat thy body,
For this deed, without any mercy.

CORMAC. Though many be the joints of my body,
Said Cormac the Just, from Corc's Cashel,
There shall be a church for every one of them,
And they shall all be yours,
O fair-famed Colum.

COLUMBKILLE. I well know what will be the result
Of cutting me, of mutilating me:
Mine honor shall rest with my thumb in my church,

[56] On account of his belonging to a Munster clan.

As long as pointed Erinn shall exist.
Procure for me tribute from thy race,
O thou descendant of Oilill Olum,
That I may not visit vengeance
On the virtuous posterity of Liathan.

CORMAC. Thou shalt receive a *screball* from every city.[57]

REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT IRISH POEM SUPPOSED TO BE COMPOSED BY THE SAINT ON THE OCCASION OF HIS DEPARTURE TO DURROW.

[The following verses refer to the early administration of that monastery.]

Beloved[58] the excellent seven,
Whom Christ has chosen to his kingdom;
To whom I leave for their purity
The constant care of this my church.

Three of whom are here at this side,
Cormac, son of Dima, and Ængus,
And Collan of pure heart,
Who has joined himself to them.

Libren, Senan, comely Conrache,
The son of Ua Chien, and his brother,
Are the four besides the others
Who shall arrive at this place.

They are the seven pillars,
And they are the seven chiefs,
Whom God has surely commanded
To dwell in the same abode.

[57] Here the original MS. seems defective.

[58] The original containing these stanzas can be found in the Brussels MS.; also in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

THE SONG OF TRUST.

ALONE am I on the mountain;
O royal Sun, prosper my path,
And then I shall have nothing to fear.
Were I guarded by six thousand,
Though they might defend my skin,
When the hour of death is fixed,
Were I guarded by six thousand,
In no fortress could I be safe.

Even in a church the wicked are slain,
Even in an isle amidst a lake;
But God's elect are safe
Even in the front of battle.
No man can kill me before my day,
Even had we closed in combat;
And no man can save my life
When the hour of death has come.

My life!
As God pleases let it be;
Naught can be taken from it,
Naught can be added to it:
The lot which God has given
Ere a man dies must be lived out.
He who seeks more, were he a prince,
Shall not a mite obtain.

A guard!
A guard may guide him on his way,
But can they, can they guard
Against the touch of death?
Forget thy poverty awhile;
Let us think of the world's hospitality
The Son of Mary will prosper thee,
And every guest shall have his share.

Many a time
What is spent returns to the bounteous hand,
And that which is kept back
Not the less has passed away.

O living God !
Alas for him who evil works !
That which he thinks not of comes to him,
That which he hopes vanishes out of his hand.

There is no *Sreod* [59] that can tell our fate,
Nor bird upon the branch,
Nor trunk of gnarled oak.
Better is He in whom we trust,
The King who has made us all,
Who will not leave me to-night without refuge.

I adore not the voice of birds,
Nor chance, nor the love of a son or a wife.
My Druid is Christ, the Son of God,
The Son of Mary, the Great Abbot,
The Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.
My lands are with the King of Kings,
My Order at Kells and at Moone.[60]

THE PRAISE OF ST. BRIDGET.[61]

Bridget, the good and the virgin,
Bridget, our torch and our sun,
Bridget, radiant and unseen,
May she lead us to the eternal kingdom !

May Bridget defend us
Against all the troops of hell
And all the adversities of life ;
May she beat them down before us.

All the ill movements of the flesh,
This pure virgin whom we love,

[59] An unknown Druidical term.

[60] "Thus sang Columbkille on his lonely journey ; and this song will protect him who repeats it while he travels" (Preface to the *Song of Trust*).

[61] According to Colgan, St. Bridget died four years after the birth of St. Columbkille. "The Annals of the Four Masters" give A.D. 525 as the date of this holy virgin's death. See vol. i , p. 171. This, as the reader will perceive, is the date also given by Colgan, who, most likely, took the "Annals" as his authority. St. Bridget was the Mary of Erinn—the renowned foundress of female religious life in the Isle of Saints.

Worthy of honor without end,
May she extinguish in us.

Yes, she shall always be our safeguard,
Dear saint of Lagenia;[62]
After Patrick she comes first,
The pillar of the land,
Glorious among all glories,
Queen among all queens.

When old age comes upon us,
May she be to us as the shirt of hair;
May she fill us with her grace,
May Bridget protect us.[63]

[62] The Latin name of Leinster.

[63] Colgan, "Trias Thaumaturgus," p. 606.

MICHAEL O'CLERY, O.S.F.,

CHIEF OF THE FOUR MASTERS.

"We regard the 'Annals of the Four Masters' as the largest collection of national, civil, military, and family history ever brought together in this, or perhaps any other, country."—PROFESSOR EUGENE O'CURRY.

MICHAEL O'CLERY, the greatest of Irish annalists, was born at Kilbarron, near Ballyshannon, county of Donegal, about the year 1575.[1] He was descended—as were also the other two annalists of the same name—from Guaire Aidhne, surnamed the Hospitable, a king of Connaught who reigned in the seventh century. The ancient family seat was in the county of Galway; but the O'Clerys were driven thence by the De Burgos, shortly after the English invasion.

Towards the close of the fourteenth century, Cormac MacDermot O'Clery, a man profoundly read in canon and civil law, went to live in Tirconnell, in the North of Ireland. As professor of both laws, he was employed in the monastery of Assaroe, near Ballyshannon, county of Donegal. Cormac married the daughter of the *ollav*, or chief professor of history, in Tirconnell, and was the father of a race of eminent writers and historians. *Three* of the Four Masters were his lineal descendants.[2]

Michael, the subject of our sketch, was the fourth son of Donough O'Clery, and at his baptism was named Teige; but afterwards, on entering religion, according to the usual custom in such cases, he changed his name, taking that of Michael. Unhappily, we know little of O'Clery's early life. It appears that he received the rudiments of his education at his birthplace, while his classical and Irish studies were finished in the South of Ireland under a distin-

[1] This is the date given by Dr. O'Donovan in his Introductory Remarks to the "Annals of the Four Masters." Prof. O'Curry says "about the year 1580," and the Nun of Kenmare follows him.

[2] Introductory Remarks to the "Annals of the Four Masters."

guished Irish scholar named MacEgan. As he remarks himself, he was "a chronicler by descent and education."[3]

We cannot fix the date of O'Clery's entrance into the Order of St. Francis.[4] He did not aspire to the dignity of the priesthood, but preferred to remain a simple lay brother, continuing to pursue the hereditary profession of antiquarian, which he had followed in secular life.[5] His pursuits doubtless received the full sanction and approbation of his superiors; for, soon after joining his Order at Louvain, he was sent to Ireland by Father Hugh Ward, Guardian of the Irish Convent. In 1627, we find him engaged in visiting the various Franciscan monasteries in Ireland, as well as other ecclesiastical and lay repositories of ancient Irish manuscripts, and laboriously transcribing from them with his own most accurate hand all that they contained of the history of the Catholic Church in Ireland and the lives of the Irish saints, as well as important tracts relating to the civil history of the country.[6]

"Brother Michael O'Clery, who was eminently qualified for this task," writes Dr. O'Donovan, "pursued his enquiry for about fifteen years, during which period he visited the most distinguished scholars and antiquarians then living, and transcribed from ancient MSS. many lives of saints, several genealogies, martyrologies, and other monuments, all of which he transmitted to Ward, who, however, did not live to avail himself of them to any great extent, for he died soon after the receipt of them, on the 8th of November, 1635; but they proved of great use to the Rev. John Colgan,[7] jubilate lecturer on theology at Louvain, who took up the same subject after the death of Ward."[8]

O'Clery, during his stay in Ireland, compiled the following works:

1. "The Reim Rioghraidhe," which contains a catalogue of the kings of Ireland, the genealogies of the Irish saints, and the Irish Calendar of Saints' Days. "There is a copy of this work," writes

[3] Dedication to his "Reim Rioghraidhe," or "The Succession of the Kings of Ireland."

[4] In the dedication to one of his books he informs us that he belonged to the Observatine branch of that great religious body.

[5] Dr. O'Donovan states distinctly that O'Clery "*did not enter holy orders*," yet some writers make the mistake of calling him "Father" O'Clery.

[6] Prof. Curry, "Lectures on the MS. Materials of Ancient Irish History," lect. vii.

[7] Colgan was also a Franciscan.

[8] Introductory remarks to the "Annals of the Four Masters," xxiii. The learned Father John Colgan also mentions the foregoing facts in the preface to his "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ." He says that Michael O'Clery was esteemed the most profound Irish antiquarian of his day.

Dr. O'Donovan, "in the library of the Royal Irish Academy,[9] and the autograph original is preserved in the Burgundian Library at Brussels."

2. "The Leabhar Gabhala," or "Book of Conquests." Dr. O'Donovan states that there is a beautiful manuscript copy of this work in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.

It was during this period that the holy and indefatigable Michael O'Clery conceived and executed his greatest work—"The Annals of the Four Masters." The assistance of a patron was necessary to carry out this vast literary undertaking, and such he found in Ferral O'Gara, a generous, noble-minded chieftain in the county of Sligo. To him Brother O'Clery dedicated the "Annals." The following is a translation of the simple and beautiful dedication:

"I beseech God to bestow every happiness that may conduce to the welfare of his body and soul upon Ferral O'Gara, Lord of Magh O'Gara, one of the two knights of Parliament who were elected from the county of Sligo to Dublin, this year of the age of Christ 1634.

"It is a thing general and plain throughout the whole world, in every place where honor or nobility has prevailed in each successive period, that nothing is more glorious, more respectable, or more honorable than to bring to light the knowledge of the antiquity of ancient authors, and a knowledge of the chieftains and nobles that existed in former times, in order that each successive generation might know how their ancestors spent their time and their lives, how long they lived in succession in the lordship of their countries, in dignity or in honor, and what sort of death they met.

"I, Michael O'Clery,[10] a poor friar of the Order of St. Francis, (after having been for ten years transcribing every old material which I found concerning the saints of Ireland, observing obedience successively to each provincial that was in Ireland), have come before you, O noble Ferral O'Gara! I have calculated on your honor that it seemed to you a cause of pity, grief, and sorrow (for the glory of God and the honor of Ireland) how much the race of Gaedhil, the son of Niul, have passed under a cloud and darkness, without a knowledge or record of the death of saint or virgin, archbishop, bishop, abbot, or other dignitary of the Church, of king or of prince, of lord or of chieftain, or of the synchronism or connection of the one with the other. I explained to you that I thought I could get the assistance of the chroniclers for whom I

[9] At Dublin.

[10] In Irish, O'Clerigh.

had the most esteem in writing a book of annals in which these matters might be put on record; and that should the writing of them be neglected at present, they would not again be found to be put on record or commemorated, even to the end of the world. There were collected by me all the best and most copious books of annals that I could find throughout Ireland (though it was difficult for me to collect them to one place) to write this book in your name and to your honor; for it was you that gave the reward of their labor to the chroniclers by whom it was written, and it was the friars of the convent of Donegal that supplied them with food and attendance in like manner. For every good that will result from this book in giving light to all in general, it is to you that thanks should be given; and there should exist no wonder or surprise, jealousy or envy, at any good that you do, for you are of the race of Heber, son of Milesius, from whom descended thirty of the kings of Ireland and sixty-one saints.[11]

"On the 22d day of the month of January, A.D. 1632, this book[12] was commenced in the convent of Donegal, and it was finished in the same convent on the 10th day of August, 1636, the eleventh year of the reign of our King Charles over England, France, Alba, and over Eiré.

"Your affectionate friend,

"Brother Michael O'Clery."[13]

"What a simple, unostentatious address and dedication to so important a work!" exclaims Professor O'Curry. We gladly join in the sentiment of the great Irish critic.

O'Clery, having collected his materials, and having found a patron willing to identify himself with the undertaking and to defray its expenses, betook himself to the quiet solitude of the monastery of Donegal, then presided over by his brother, Father Bernardine O'Clery, O.S.F. Here he arranged his collection of ancient Irish books,[14] and gathered about him such assistants as he

[11] Here we omit a portion of the dedication, and especially the lengthy pedigree of O'Gara.

[12] The "Annals of the Four Masters."

[13] The above translation, with a few slight changes, is that given by Prof. O'Curry in his "Lectures on the MS. Materials of Irish History." The original in Irish is given in the appendix to the same work. This dedication, both in Irish and English, can also be found in the "Annals of the Four Masters," vol. i.

[14] The names of the ancient works used by the Four Masters are given in the *Testimonium*.

had known by experience to be well qualified for carrying out his intentions in the selection and treatment of his vast materials.[15] His three principal associates were Conary O'Clery, Peregrine O'Clery, and Ferfeasa O'Mulconry, and these with himself are now known as the "Four Masters." There were giants in those days, for in little more than four years and a half that immortal historical monument, "The Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland," otherwise known as the "Annals of the Four Masters," was begun and completed! The approbations affixed to the original manuscript copy of the work were six in number, one being from the pen of Malachy O'Kelly, Archbishop of Tuam, and another from Thomas Fleming, Archbishop of Dublin. The *Testimonium* to the "Annals" gives the names of the Four Masters and the authorities used by them, and concludes thus:

"We have seen all these books with the learned men of whom we have spoken before, and other historical books besides them. In proof of everything which has been written above, the following persons put their hands to this in the convent of Donegal, the tenth day of August, the age of Christ being 1636:

"Brother Bernardine O'Clery,
Guardian of Donegal,
"Brother Maurice Ulltach,
"Brother Maurice Ulltach,
"Brother Bonaventura O'Donnell,
Jubilate Lector."[16]

After finishing this great literary undertaking, Brother O'Clery, it appears, was recalled to Louvain. Here he wrote and printed, in 1643, a dictionary or glossary of difficult Irish words, under the title of "Sanas-an Nuadh." This was his last work. According to Harris, he died in 1643, aged about sixty-eight years.[17]

[15] O'Curry.

[16] This *Testimonium* may be found both in Irish and English in Prof. O'Curry's "Lectures on the MS. Materials of Irish History," or in the "Annals of the Four Masters," edited by Dr. O'Donovan.

[17] Of Conary O'Clery, the second of the Four Masters, nothing is known. "He appears," writes Dr. O'Donovan, "to have acted as scribe, and to have transcribed the greater portion of these Annals, probably at the dictation of his brother (Michael O'Clery), or under his directions, from other MSS. He was not a member of any religious order, and appears to have had no property except his learning."

Peregrine O'Clery, the third of the Four Masters, was the head of the Tirconnell sept of the O'Clerys. He wrote in the Irish language a life of the celebrated Hugh Roe O'Donnell, who died in Spain in 1602. Peregrine was a considerable land-owner, but was dispossessed by the fiendish, thievish system introduced by the tyrannical Government

Passing from the immortal authors, we shall now give the reader a glance at the interior of their work, that great treasury of Irish history. The full title, as given in the last edition, is: "Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland, by the Four Masters, from the earliest Period to 1616. Edited from MSS. in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy and of Trinity College, Dublin, with a Translation and copious Notes, by John O'Donovan, LL.D., M.R.I.A., Barrister-at-Law." [18]

All events coming before the birth of our Lord and noted down in these Annals are preceded by the phrase "The age of the world 3000," or whatever the date may happen to be. All events coming after the birth of our Lord are preceded by the phrase "The age of Christ 600," or whatever the date may be.

EXAMPLES.

'The Age of the World 3270. This was the first year of the reign of Gann and Geanann over Ireland.

"The Age of the World 3273. The fourth year of Gann and Geanann, and they died at the end of this year, with twenty hundred along with them, in Crich-Liathain." [19]

For some years, however, the historical details are much longer than in the preceding examples.

"The Age of Christ 157. Conn of the Hundred Battles, after having been thirty-five years in the sovereignty of Ireland, was slain

of England. His property was stolen from him because—hear the reason, O just Heaven!—he was "*a meere Irishman, and not of English or British descent or sirname.*" The words quoted are taken from an old English document which states the fact just mentioned. O'Clery's lands were forfeited to the King of England. He then removed to Ballycroy, county of Mayo, carrying with him his books, which were his chief treasure. At his death, in 1664, he bequeathed his precious volumes to his two sons, John and Dermot. This we learn from his will, which is written in Irish. In it he says: "I bequeath the property most dear to me that I ever possessed in this world—namely, my books—to my two sons, John and Dermot." This will, says Dr. O'Donovan, in rather a bad state of preservation, is still to be seen in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin.

Nothing is known of FERFEASA O'MULCONRY, the last of the Four Masters, except that he was a native of the county of Roscommon and a hereditary antiquary.

[18] The title "Annals of the Four Masters" was first given these annals by the learned Father John Colgan. In the preface to his "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ" he says: "On account of other reasons, chiefly from the compilers themselves, who were four most eminent masters in antiquarian lore, we have been led to call them the 'Annals of the Four Masters'"

In old works they are sometimes referred to as the "Annals of Donegal," from the monastery where they were written.

[19] Crich-Liathain, a district in the county of Cork.

by Tiberaite Tireach, son of Mal, son of Rochraidhe, King of Ulster, at Tuath-Amrois." [20]

"The Age of Christ 1172. Brigidian O'Kane, successor of Maidoc,[21] died."

This event is followed, under the same date, by *eleven* other events of importance, seven of which are deaths of distinguished personages, one a battle, one an ecclesiastical visitation of the Archbishop of Armagh, one a raid, and one a synod at Tuam.

"The Age of Christ 1175. O'Brien, Bishop of Kildare, died." Under the same date this is followed by twelve other events.

"The Age of Christ 1185. Auliffe O'Murray, Archbishop of Armagh, a brilliant lamp that had enlightened clergy and laity, died; and Fogartagh O'Carellan was consecrated in his place.

"The west of Connaught was burned, as well churches as houses, by Donnell O'Brien and the English." Ten other events are noted down under this date.

"The Age of Christ 1201. Tomaltagh O'Conor, successor of St. Patrick and Primate of Ireland, died." This is followed by fifteen other events.

"The Age of Christ 1205. The Archbishop O'Heney retired into a monastery, where he died soon after.

"Manus O'Kane, son of the Lord of Kianaghta and Firnacreeva,[22] tower of the valor and vigor of the North, was wounded by an arrow, and died of the wound. Conor O'Brien, of Brawney, died on his pilgrimage to Clonmacnoise." Eight other events follow this date.

"The Age of Christ 1252. Conor O'Doherty, chief of Ardmire,[23] tower of hospitality and feats of arms of the North, died."

"Great heat and drought prevailed in this summer, so that the people crossed the rivers of Ireland with dry feet. The reaping of the corn crops of Ireland was going on twenty days before Lammas,[24] and the trees were scorched by the heat of the sun.

"New money was ordered by the King of England to be made[25] in Ireland, and the money previously in use was discontinued." Nine other events are recorded under the foregoing year.

"The Age of Christ 1315. Teige O'Higgin, a learned poet,

[20] Tuath-Amrois, a place near Tara.
[21] Maidoc was the first Bishop of Ferns.
[22] Kianaghta and Firnacreeva, districts in the present county of Londonderry.
[23] Ardmire, a district in the county of Donegal.
[24] The 1st of August.
[25] Coined.

died." Under this date are given eight other events, one of which is the landing of Edward Bruce, brother of the hero of Bannockburn, with an army in the North.

"The Age of Christ 1566. Mary, the daughter of Manus, son of Hugh Duv, son of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, and wife of Magennis, died on the 8th of October." Nine other events follow this date.

The foregoing will, we trust, give the intelligent reader an idea of the clear, brief, and simple manner in which most events in the history of Ireland are recorded in the pages of the "Annals of the Four Masters." Some important events are given with more detail than others; however, on this head more can be learned from the carefully-selected extracts which we give further on.

The gigantic labors of Brother Michael O'Clery and his three associates may well be imagined when we state that Dr. John O'Donovan's edition of the "Annals of the Four Masters" is in *seven* large quarto volumes, splendidly bound, and contains 4,215 pages of closely-printed matter. This was the *first* complete printed edition of the "Annals" ever given to the world.[26] It was issued in 1851 from the press of the enterprising Mr. George Smith, of Grafton Street, Dublin. It is given both in Irish and in English. "The translation," says the learned and accurate Prof. O'Curry, "is executed with extreme care. The immense mass of notes contains a vast amount of information, embracing every variety of topic, historical, topographical, and genealogical, upon which the text requires elucidation, addition, or correction; and I may add that of the accuracy of the researches which have borne fruit in that information I can myself, in almost every instance, bear personal testimony."[27]

[26] Thus the "Annals of the Four Masters" remained in manuscript over two hundred years before the unhappy condition of Ireland would allow such a precious treasure to be entirely given to the world in print! Portions, however, had been published some years before Dr. O'Donovan's grand edition. That portion of the "Annals" ending at the year A.D. 1171 was printed in 1826 by Rev. Charles O'Connor, librarian to the Duke of Buckingham. It occupies the whole of the third volume of his "Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores," a large quarto of 840 pages. "This edition," writes Prof. O'Curry, "is certainly valuable, but it is very inaccurate." A translation of the second part of the "Annals," extending from 1171 to 1616, by Mr. Owen Connellan, was issued at Dublin in 1846.

[27] JOHN O'DONOVAN, LL.D., M.R.I.A., the profoundly learned editor of the "Annals of the Four Masters," was born in an humble farm-house in the county of Kilkenny July 10, 1809. From his earliest years he was devoted to the history and language of his native Erinn. When only fifteen years of age he was sent to Dublin to become the Gaelic teacher of Gen. Larcom, head of the famous Ordnance Survey of Ireland. Here he began his mission. O'Donovan took his LL.D. at Trinity College, and became a member of the bar in 1847. He never practised. When the Queen's College was established at Belfast, this ripe

The historic monastery in which the "Annals of the Four Masters" were written was founded for the Franciscan Friars of the Strict Observance in 1474 by Hugh Roe O'Donnell, chief of Tirconnell, and his wife Finola, daughter of Conor O'Brien, King of Thomond. "On the 2d of August, 1601," writes Dr. O'Donovan, "the building was occupied by a garrison of 500 English soldiers, and the friars fled into the fastnesses of the country, carrying with them their chalices, vestments, and other sacred furniture, though probably not their entire library." In the storming of this point by the Irish chieftains of the North, the venerable old structure took fire, and was soon a heap of ruins.[28] "It is more than probable," says Dr. O'Donovan, "that the library was destroyed on this occasion. . . . After the restoration of Rory O'Donnell to his possessions, the brotherhood were permitted to live in huts or cottages near the monastery, whence they were not disturbed till the period of the Revolution. It was in one of these cottages, and not, as is generally supposed, in the great monastery now in ruins, that this work was compiled by the Four Masters."[29]

and finished scholar was appointed to the chair of Irish history and archæology. His editions and translations of ancient Irish books were numerous, but the greatest work of his life, the work which gave him a world-wide fame as an Irish scholar and antiquarian, was his complete edition of the "Annals of the Four Masters." For this great work he was warmly complimented by such distinguished foreigners as Guizot, Hallam, and Jacob Grimm. His "Irish Grammar" is the highest authority on the laws and structure of the ancient and venerable language of Ireland. At the time of his death Dr. O'Donovan was associated with his eminent brother-in-law, Prof. Eugene O'Curry, in translating "The Brehon Laws." He died in 1861. Dr. O'Donovan was a true man, a worthy Irishman, and a sound and deeply learned historian, whose name and labors will always be indissolubly connected with the famous "Four Masters."

[28] Sir Henry Docwra, the English general, in his "Narrative" says: "Now had O'Donnell, O'Kane, MacBaron, and all the chiefs of the country thereabout made all the forces they were able to attend the issue of this intended meeting of my lord and me. . . . The Abbey of Donegal was kept only by a few friars, the situation of it close to the sea, and very convenient for many services, especially for a step to take Ballyshannon. . . . I sent 500 English soldiers to put themselves into this place, which they did on the 2d of August. . . . O'Donnell with those forces returned and laid siege to these men, which continued at least a month, and on the 19th of September the abbey took fire, by accident or of purpose I could never learn, but burnt it was, all save one corner, into which our men made retreat. . . ." Thus it was that the cursed demon of sacrilegious destruction always followed the hateful course of England and her troops in Ireland. But as sure as the stars twinkle and the sun shines, so sure will a dread day of reckoning yet come, and the long-standing account between Ireland and England, covering a sad period of over seven centuries, will be properly balanced. The great God is just; He governs the world according to His blessed and mysterious decrees, and never fails to punish iniquity in His own good time.

[29] Introductory Remarks to the "Annals of the Four Masters."

According to Dr. Petrie, the MS. copy of these Annals, now in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, "is the original autograph of the work." It appears that the Four Masters made several copies of their great work. "Besides the copy of the first

The remains of this venerable monastery are still to be seen at a short distance from the town of Donegal.

In our imperfect remarks on the saintly and learned Michael O'Clery and his unmatched labors, we have been carried further on than we at first intended. But we do not regret it. Who that has one spark of true manhood in him can refuse his admiration to the giant minds and industrious pens that planned and executed the "Annals of the Four Masters"? The illustrious Chief of the Four Masters was right when he said that, should he then neglect to put on record the facts contained in his great work, "they would not again be found to be put on record or commemorated even to the end of the world!" When any one asks us, Where is the history of holy and ancient Erinn? we point with pride to the "Annals of the Four Masters," a work without which, says an English critic, "the history of Great Britain could never be regarded as complete";[30] and a work that, in the language of the learned Professor O'Curry, "must form the basis of all fruitful study of the history of Ireland."[31] Michael O'Clery was not only a profound scholar, a great historian, and a holy religious; he was also a devoted patriot. He lived and labored for God and his loved native Isle; and Ireland, her noble sons, and their last descendants shall have perished from the earth before the name of the Chief of the Four Masters can be forgotten.

FIRST EXTRACT FROM THE "ANNALS OF THE FOUR MASTERS," VOL. I., P. 3–5.

The Age of the World[32] to this year of the Deluge 2242. Forty

volume," says Dr. Petrie, "preserved at Stowe, there is another equally authentic and original in the College of St. Isidore at Rome. . . . It [the one at Rome] was probably the first volume of the copy sent out to Ward and used by Colgan."—Address delivered March 5 1831.

[30] The London *Athenæum*.

[31] "Lectures on the MS. Materials of Irish History."

[32] *The Age of the World.*—This is according to the computation of the Septuagint, as given by St. Jerome in his edition of the "Chronicon" of Eusebius, from whom, no doubt, the Four Masters took this date. His words are: "Ab Adam usque ad Diluvium, anni sunt MMCCXLII. Secundum Hebræorum numerum MDCLVI." According to the Annals of Clonmacnoise and various ancient Irish historical poems, 1656 years had elapsed from the Creation to the Flood, which was the computation of the Hebrews.—See Keating's "History of Ireland" (Haliday's edition, page 145), and D. O'Conor's "Prolegomena ad Annales," p. li., and from p. cxxvii. to cxxxv.

days before the Deluge, Ceasair[33] came to Ireland[34] with fifty girls and three men—Bith, Ladhra, and Fintain, their names. Ladhra died at Ard-Ladhrann,[35] and from him it is named. He was the first that died[36] in Ireland. Bith died at Sliabh Beatha,[37] and was interred in the carn of Sliabh Beatha,[38] and from him the mountain is named. Ceasair died at Cuil-Ceasra, in Connaught, and was in-

[33] *Ceasair.*—This story of the coming of Ceasair, the grand-daughter of Noah, to Ireland, is given in the "Book of Leinster," fol. 2, *b*; in all the copies of the "Book of Invasions"; in the "Book of Fenagh"; and in Giraldus Cambrensis's "Topographica Hibernia," dist. ii. c. i. It is also given in Mageoghegan's translation of the Annals of Clonmacnoise; but the translator remarks: "My author, Eochy O'Flannagan, giveth no credit to that fabulous tale." Hanmer also gives this story, as does Keating; but they do not appear to believe it, "because," says the latter, "I cannot conceive how the Irish antiquaries could have obtained the accounts of those who arrived in Ireland before the Flood, unless they were communicated by those aerial demons or familiar sprites who waited on them in times of paganism, or that they found them engraved on stones after the Deluge had subsided." The latter opinion has been propounded by Giraldus Cambrensis (*ubi supra*) in the twelfth century: "Sed forte in aliqua materia inscripta, lapidea scilicet vel lateritia (sicut de arte musica legitur ante diluvium) inventa istorum memoria, fuerat reseruata." O'Flaherty also notices this arrival of Ceasair, "forty days before the Flood, on the 15th day of the Moon, being the Sabbath." In the Chronicon Scotorum, as transcribed by Duald Mac Firbis, it is stated that this heroine was a daughter of a Grecian. The passage runs as follows: "Kl. u. f. l. x. M. ix. c. ix. *Anno Mundi. In hoc anno venit filia alicujus de Grecis ad Hiberniam, cui nomen Heru vel Berbha* [*Banbha*], *vel Ceasar et l. filiæ e! in, viri, cum ea.* Ladhra gubernator fuit *qui primus in Hibernia tumulatus est. Hoc non narrant Antiquarii Scotorum.*"

[34] *Ireland.*—According to the "Book of Lecan," fol. 272, *a*, the *Leabhar-Gabhala* of the O'Clerys, and Keating's "History of Ireland," they put in at Dun-na-mbrac, in Corca-Duibhne, now Corcaguiny, a barony in the west of Kerry. There is no place in Corcaguiny at present known as having borne the name; and the Editor is of opinion that "Corca-Duibhne" is an error of transcribers for "Corca-Luighe," and that the place referred to is Dunnamba, in Corca Luighe, now Dunamark in the parish of Kilcommoge, barony of Bantry, and county of Cork.

[35] *Ard-Ladhrann—i.e.*, Ladhra's Hill or Height. This was the name of a place on the sea-coast, in the east of the present county of Wexford. The name is now obsolete; but the Editor thinks that it was applied originally to Ardamine, in the east of the county of Wexford, where there is a curious moat near the sea-coast.—See Colgan's "Acta Sanctorum," pp. 210, 217, and Duald Mac Firbis's Genealogical work (Marquis of Drogheda's copy, pp. 23, 210, 217). The tribe of Cinel-Cobhthaigh were seated at this place.

[36] *The first that died, etc.*—Literally, "the first *dead* [man] of Ireland." Dr. O'Conor renders this: "Occisus est Ladra apud Ard-Ladron, et ab eo nominatur. Erat ista prima occisio in Hibernia." But this is very incorrect, and shows that this translator had no critical knowledge of the language of these Annals. Connell Mageoghegan, who translated the Annals of Clonmacnoise in 1627, renders it thus: "He was the first that ever *dyed* in Ireland, of whom Ard Leyrenn (where he died, and was interred) took the name."

[37] *Sliab Beatha—i.e.*, Bith's Mountain. Now *anglicé* Slieve Beagh, a mountain on the confines of the counties of Fermanagh and Monaghan.

[38] *Carn of Sliabh Beatha.*—This *carn* still exists, and it is situated on that part of the mountain of Slieve Beagh which extends across a portion of the parish of Clones belonging to the county of Fermanagh. If this carn be ever explored, it may furnish evidences of the true period of the arrival of Bith.

terred in Carn-Ceasra.[39] From Fintan is (named) Feart-Fintain,[40] over Loch Deirgdheirc.

From the Deluge until Parthalon took possession of Ireland, 278 years; and the age of the world when he arrived in it, 2520. The age of the world[41] when Parthalon came into Ireland, 2520 years. These were the chieftains who were with him: Slainge, Laighlinne, and Rudhraidhe, his three sons; Dealgnat, Nerbha, Ciochbha, and Cerbnad, their four wives.

SECOND EXTRACT FROM THE "ANNALS OF THE FOUR MASTERS," VOL. II., PAGES 743–781.

The Age of Christ 1000. The twenty-second year of Maelseachlainn. Maelpoil, Bishop of Cluain-mic-Nois, and successor of Feichin, and Flaithemh, Abbot of Corcach, died. Fearghal, son of Conaing, lord of Oileach, died. Dubhdara Ua Maelduin,

[39] *Carn Ceasra, in Connaught.*—O'Flaherty states in his "Ogygia," part iii. c.i., that Knocmea, a hill in the barony of Clare and county of Galway, is thought to be this Carn Ceasra, and that Cuil-Ceasra was near it. This hill has on its summit a very ancient carn, or sepulchral heap of stones; but the name of Ceasair is not remembered in connection with it, for it is believed that this is the carn of Finnbheara, who is believed by the peasantry to be king of the fairies of Connaught. Geraldus Cambrensis states (ubi supra) that the place where Ceasair was buried was called *Caesarae Tumulus* in his own time: "Littus igitur in quo navis illa primum applicuit, nameularum littus vocatur, and in quo praefata tumulus nominatur." But O'Flaherty's opinion must be wrong, for in Eochaidh O'Flynn's poem on the early colonization of Ireland, as in the "Book of Leinster," fol. 3, Carn-Ceasra is placed over the fruitful [river] Boyle. It is distinctly stated in the *Leabhar-Gabhala* of the O'Clerys that Carn-Ceasair was on the bank of the river Boyle, and that Cuil-Ceasra was in the same neighborhood. Cuil-Ceasra is mentioned in the Annals of Kilronan, at the year 1571, as on the river Boyle.

[40] *Fearth Fintan—i.e.*, Fintain's Grave. This place, which was otherwise called Tultuine, is described as in the territory of Aradh, over Loch Deirgdheirc, now Lough Derg, an expansion of the Shannon between Killaloe and Portumna. According to a wild legend, preserved in Leabhar-na-h-Uidhri, in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, this Fintan survived the Deluge, and lived till the reign of Dermot, son of Fergus-Ceirbheoil, having during this period undergone various transmigrations; from which O'Flaherty infers that the Irish Druids held the doctrine of the Metempsychosis: "Ex hac autem fabula colligere est Pythagoricae ac latonicae scholae de animarum migratione, seu in quaevis corpora reditu deliramenta apud Ethnicos nostros viguiss"—"Ogygia," p. 4. This Fintan is still remembered in the traditions of the country as the Mathusala of Ireland, and it is believed in Connaught that he was a saint, and that he was buried at a locality called Kilfintany, in the south of the parish of Kilcommon, barony of Erris, and county of Mayo. Dr. Hanmer says that this traditional fable gave rise to a proverb, common in Ireland in his own time: "*If I had lived Fintan's years, I could say much.*"

[41] *The age of the world.*—The Annals of Clonmacnoise synchronize the arrival of Parthalon with the twenty-first year of the age of the Patriarch Abraham, and in the twelfth year of the reign of Semiramis, Empress of Assyria, A M. 1969, or 313 years after the Flood. O'Flaherty adopts this chronology in his "Ogygia," part iii. c. ii. Giraldus Cambrensis writes that "Bartholanus Serae filius de stirpe Japhet filii Noe" came to Ireland in the three hundredth year after the Deluge.

lord of Feara-Luirg,[42] was slain. Laidhgnen Ua Leoggan was slain by the Ulidians. Niall Ua Ruairc was slain by the Cinel-Conaill and Hugh Ua Neill. Ceannfaeladh, son of Conchobhar, lord of [Ui-Conaill] Gabhra, and Righbhardan, son of Dubhcron, died. A great depredation by the men of Munster in the south of Meath, on the Nones of January; but Aenghus, son of Carrach, with a few of his people, overtook them, so that they left behind the spoils and a slaughter of heads with him. The causeway of Ath-Luain was made by Maelseachlainn, son of Domhnall, and by Cathal, son of Conchobhar. The causeway of Ath-liag[43] was made by Maelseachlainn to the middle of the river. Diarmaid Ua Lachtnain, lord of Teathbha, was killed by his own people.

The Age of Christ 1001. The twenty-third year of Maelseachlainn. Colum, Abbot of Imleach-Ibhair [died]. Treinfher, son of Celecan, Prior of Ard-Macha, was slain. Conaing Ua Fiachrach, Abbot of Teach-Mochua; Cele, son of Suibhne, Abbot of Slaine; Cathalan Ua Corcrain, Abbot of Daimhinis Maenach; Ostiarius[44] of Ceanannus; and Flann, son of Eogham, chief Brehon[45] of Leath-Chuinn, died. Maelmhuaidh, son of Duibhghilla, lord of Dealbhna-Beathra, died. Sitric, son of Amhlaeibh, set out on a predatory excursion into Ulidia, in his ships, and he plundered Cill-cleithe[46]

[42] *Feara-Luirg—i.e.*, the men of Lurg—now a barony in the north of the county of Fermanagh. The family name, O'Maelduin, is now anglicized Muldoon, without the prefix Ua or O'.

[43] *The Causeway of Ath liag.*—This is imperfectly given by the Four Masters. It should be: "The causeway, or artificial ford, of Ath-liag" [at Lanesborough] "was made by Maelseachlainn, King of Ireland, and Cathal Ua Conchobhair, King of Connaught, each carrying his portion of the work to the middle of the Shannon."

The Annals of Ulster record the following events under this year:

"A.D. 1000.—A change of abbots at Ardmach, viz., Maelmuire mac Eocha, instead of Muregan of Bohdovnai. Forgall mac Conaing, King of Aileach, died. Neil O'Royrke killed by Kindred-Owen and Conell. Maelpoil, Coarb of Fechin, *mortuus est*. An army by Munstermen into the south of Meath, where Aengus mac Carrai mett them, rescued their praies, and committed theire slaghter. The battle" [*recte*, the causeway] "of Athlone by Maelseachlainn and Caell O'Conor."—"Cod. Clarend.," tom. 49. Most of the same events are given in the Annals of Clonmacnoise at the year 994, as follows:

"A.D. 994" [*recte*, 1001].—"They of the borders of Munster came to the neather parts of Meath, and there made a great preye, and were overtaken by Enos mac Carrhie Calma, who took many of their heads. Ferall mac Conyng, Prince of Aileagh, died. Neale O'Royrck was killed by Tyrconnell, and Hugh O'Neale of Tyrone. Moylepoyle, Bushopp of Clonvicknose, and Couarb of Saint Feichyn, died. King Moyleseaghlyn, and Cahall O'Connor of Connaught, made a bridge at Athlone over the Synan. Dermott O'Laghtna, prince of the land of Teaffa, was killed by some of his own men. King Moyleseaghlyn made a bridge at Ath-Lyag" [now Lanesborough] "to the one halfe of the river."

[44] *Ostiarius—i.e.*, the porter and bell-ringer. See Petrie's "Round Towers," pp. 377, 378.

[45] *Chief brehon—i.e.*, the chief judge.

[46] *Cill-cleithe.*—Now Kilclief, in the barony of Lecale and county of Down.

and Inis Cumhscraigh,[47] and carried off many prisoners from both. An army was led by Aedh, son of Domhnall Ua Neill, to Tailltin, but he returned back in peace and tranquillity. Connaught was plundered by Aedh, son of Domhnall. Ceamachan, son of Flann, lord of Luighne, went upon a predatory excursion into Tearnmhagh, and he was killed by Muircheartach Ua Ciardha, Tanist of Cairbre. A hosting by Brian, with the foreigners,[48] Leinstermen, and Munstermen to Ath-Luain, so that he weakened the Ui-Neill of the South and the Connaughtmen, and took their hostages. After this Brian and Maelseachlainn, accompanied by the men of Ireland, as well Meathmen, Connaughtmen, Munstermen, and Leinstermen, as the foreigners, proceeded to Dun-Dealgan,[49] in Conaille-Muirtheimhne. Aedh, son of Domhnall Ua Neill, heir-apparent to the sovereignty of Ireland, and Eochaidh, son of Ardghar, King of Ulidia, with the Ulidians, Cinel-Conaill, Cinel-Eoghain, and Airghialla, repaired to the same place to meet them, and did not permit them to advance further, so that they separated in peace, without hostages or booty, spoils or pledges. Meirleachan, *i.e.*, the son of Conn, lord of Gaileanga and Brodubh, *i.e.*, the son of Diarmaid, were slain by Maelseachlainn. A change of abbots at Ard-Macha, *i.e.*, Maelmuire, son of Eochaidh, in the place of Muireagan, of Both-Domhnaigh. An army[50] was led by Brian to Ath-cliath, and he received the hostages of Meath and Connaught.

[47] *Inis-Cumhscraigh—i.e.*, Cumhscrach's Island, now Inishcourcey, a peninsula formed by the western branch of Loch Cuan near Saul, in the county of Down. See Harris's "History of the County of Down," p. 37; "The Dublin Journal," vol. i., pp. 104, 396; and Reeves's "Eccles. Antiq. of Down and Connor," etc., pp. 44, 93, 379.

[48] *With the foreigners.*—Since Brian conceived the ambitious project of deposing the monarch, Maelseachlainn, he invariably joined the Danes against him, and this is sufficient to prove that the subjugation of the Danes was not Brian's chief object. The Munster writers, with a view of exonerating Brian from the odium of usurpation, and investing his acts with the sanction of popular approval, have asserted that he had been, previously to his first attack upon the monarch, solicited by the king and chieftains of Connaught to depose Maelseachlainn and become supreme monarch himself; but no authority for this assertion is to be found in any of our authentic annals.

[49] *Dun-Dealgan.*—Now Dundalk, in the county of Louth.

[50] *An Army, etc.*—It is stated in the Royal Irish Academy copy of these Annals that this entry is from *Leabhar Lecain*. The Annals of Ulster record the following events under this year:

"A.D. 1001.—An army by Bryan to Athlone, that he carried with him the pledges of Connaught and Meath. The forces of Hugh mac Donell into Tailten, and went back in peace. Trenir mac Celegan, Secnap of Ardmach, killed by Macleginn mac Cairill, King of Fernvay. The praies of Connaught with Hugh mac Donell. Merlechan, King of Galeng, and Broda mac Diarmada *occisi sunt* by Maelseachlainn. Colum, Airchinnech of Imlech Ivair, and Cahalan, Airchinnech of Daivinis, *mortui sunt*. Cernachan mac Flainn, King of Luigne, went to Fernvai for booty, where Murtagh O'Kiargay, heyre of Carbry,

The Age of Christ 1002. The first year of Brian, son of Ceinneidigh, son of Lorcan, in sovereignty over Ireland. Seventy-six years[51] was his age at that time. Dunchadh Ua Manchain, successor of Caeimhghin; Flannchadh Ua Ruaidhine, successor of Ciaran, son of the artificer, of the tribe of Corca-Mogha; Eoghan, son of Ceallach, archinneach of Ard-Breachain; [and] Donnghal, son of Beoan, Abbot of Tuaim-Greine [died]. A great depredation by Donnchadh, son of Donnchadh-Finn, and the Ui-Meith, and they plundered Lann Leire; but Cathal, son of Labhraidh, and the men of Breagha overtook and defeated them, and they left behind their booty; and they were afterwards slaughtered or led captive, together with Sinnach Uah Uarghusa, lord of Ui-Meith. Cathal, son of Labhraidh, and Lorcan, son of Brotaidh, fell fighting face to face. Donnghal, son of Donncothaigh, lord of Gaillanga, was slain by Trotan, son of Bolgargait (or Tortan, son of Bolgargaith), son of Maelmordha, lord of Feara Cul, in his own house. Geallach, son of Diarmaid, lord of Osraighe, was slain by Donnchadh, son of Gillaphadraig, the son of his father's brother. Aedh, son of O'Coinfhiacla, lord of Teashbha, was slain by the Ui Conchille. Conchobhar,[52] son of Maelseachlainn, lord of Corca-Modhruadh, and Aicher Ua Traighthech, with many others, were slain by the men Umhall. Aedh, son of Echthighern, was slain in the oratory of Fearna-mor-Maedhog by Mael-na-mbo.[53]

was killed. Forces by Bryan and Maelseachlainn to Dun Delgan—*i.e.*, Dundalk—to seek hostages, but returned with cessation."

Of these entries the Annals of Clonmacnoise contain only the two following:

"A.D. 995" [*recte*, 1002].—"Moylemoye mac Dowgill, prince of Delvin Beathra (now called Mac Coghlan's Countrey), died. Colume, Abbot of Imleach, died."

[51] *Seventy-six Years.*—See A.D. 925, where it is stated that Brian, son of Kennedy, was born in that year; and that he was twenty-four years older than King Maelseaghlainn, whom he deposed. This is very much to be doubted, for, according to the Annals of Ulster, Brian, son of Kennedy, was born in 941, which looks more likely to be the true date. He was, therefore, about sixty-one years old when he deposed Maelseachlainn, who was then about fifty-three.

[52] *Conchobhar.*—He was the progenitor after whom the family of O'Conchobhair, or O'Conor, of Corcomroe, in the west of the county of Clare, took their hereditary surname.

[53] *Mael-na-mbo—i.e.*, chief of the cows. His real name was Donnchadh, and he was the grandfather of Murchadh, after whom the Mac Murroughs of Leinster took their hereditary surname.

The Annals of Ulster notice the following events under this year:

"A.D. 1002.—*Brienus regnare incepit.* Flanncha O'Ruain, Coarb of Kiaran; Duncha O'Manchan, Coarb of Caemgin; Donngal mac Beoan, Airchinnech of Tuomgrene; Owen mac Cellay, Airchinnech of Ardlrekan, *quieverunt in Christo.* Sinach O'h Uargusa, King of Meith" [Ui Meith], "and Cahal mac Lavraa, heyre of Meath, fell one with another" [*recte*, fell the one by the other]. "Ceallach mac Diarmada, King of Ossory; Hugh

The Age of Christ 1003. The second year of Brian. Aenghus, son of Breasal, successor of Cainneach, died on his pilgrimage at Ard Macha. Dubhshlaine Ua Lorcain, Abbot of Imleach Ibhair, died. Eochaidh Ua Flannagain,[54] airchinneach of the Lis-aeidheadh[55] of Ard-Macha, and of Cluain-Fiachna,[56] the most distinguished historian of the Irish, died. An army was led by Brian and Maelseachlainn into North Connaught, as far as Traigh-Eothaile,[57] to proceed around Ireland; but they were prevented by the Ui-Neill of the North. Domhnall, son of Flannagan, lord of Feara-Li, died. Iarnan, son of Finn, son of Duibhghilla, was slain by Corc, son of Aedh, son of Duibhghilla, in the doorway of the oratory of Gailinne,[58] by treachery. Two of his own people slew this Corc immediately, by which the name of God and Machonog was magnified. Brian, son of Maelruanaidh, lord of West Connaught, was slain by his own people. The two O'Canannains were slain by O'Maeldoraidh. Muireadhach, son of Diar-

O'Coniacla, King of Theva; Conor Mac Maelsechlainn, King of Coremurua; and Acher surnamed of the fat," [were] "all killed. Hugh mac Echtiern killed within the oratory of Ferna-more-Maog."—"Cod. Clarend.," tom. 49.

The accession of Brian to the monarchy of Ireland is noticed in the Annals of Clonmacnoise under the year 996; but the translator has so interpolated the text with his own ideas of the merits of Brian as to render it useless as an authority. His words are:

"A.D. 996.—Bryan Borowe took the kingdom and government thereof out of the hands of King Moyleseaghlyn, *in such a manner as I do not intend to relate in this place*" [Tighernach says *per dolum*—Ed.] "He was very well worthy of the government, and reigned twelve years, the most famous king of his time, or that ever was before or after him, of the Irish nation. For manhood, fortune, maners, laws, liberality, religion, and other good parts, he never had his peer among them all; though some chroniclers of the kingdome made comparisons between him and Con Kedcagh, Conarie More, and King Neale of the Nine Hostages; yett he, in regard of the state of the kingdome, when he came to the government thereof, was judged to bear the bell from them all."

[54] *Eochaidh Ua Flannagain.*—Connell Mageoghegan, who had some of his writings, calls him "Eoghie O'Flannagan, Archdean of Armagh and Clonfeaghna." See note *b*, under A.M. 2224; and extract from *Leabhar-na-h Uidhri* in Petrie's "Round Towers of Ireland," pp. 103, 104. O'Reilly has given no account of this writer in his "Descriptive Catalogue of Irish Writers."

[55] *Lis-aeidheadh—i.e.*, Fort of the Guests.

[56] *Cluain Fiuchna.*—Now Clonfeakle, a parish in the north of the county of Armagh. The ancient parish church stood in the townland of Tullydowey, in a curve of the river Blackwater, on the north or Tyrone side. See the Ordnance Survey of the county of Tyrone, sheet 62. Joceline calls this church *Cluain-fiacail*, in his "Life of St. Patrick," c. 87; but in the Taxation of 1306, and in the Registries of the Archbishops Sweteman, Swayne, Mey, Octavian, and Dowdall, it is called by the name of Cluain-Fiachna, variously orthographied, thus: "Ecclesia de Clonfecyna," Taxation 1306; "Ecclesia parochialis de Clonfekyna," *Regist. Milv. Sweteman*, A.D. 1367, fol. 45, *b*; "Clonfeguna," *Reg. Swayne*, A.D. 1428, fol. 14, *b*; "Clonfekena," *Reg. Mey*, i. 23, *b*, iv. 16, *b*; "Clonfekena," *Reg. Octavian*, fol. 46, *b*; "Clonfekena," *Reg. Dowdall*, A.D. 1535, p. 251.

[57] *Traigh-Eothile.*—A large strand near Ballysadare in the county of Sligo.

[58] *Gailinne.*—Now Gallen, in the barony of Garrycastle and King's County.

maid, lord of Ciarraighe-Luachra, died. Naebhan, son of Maelchiarain, chief artificer of Ireland, died. The battle of Craebh-tulcha,[59] between the Ulidians and the Cinel-Eoghain, in which the Ulidians were defeated. In this battle were slain Eochaidh, son of Ardghair, King of Ulidia, and Dubhtuinne, his brother; and the two sons of Eochaidh—*i.e.*, Cuduiligh and Domhnall; Gairbhidh, lord of Ui-Eathach; Gillapadraig, son of Tomaltach; Cumuscach, son of Flathrai; Dubhshlangha, son of Aedh; Cathal, son of Etroch; Conene, son of Muircheartach, and the most part of the Ulidians in like manner, and the battle extended as far as Dun-Eathach[60] and Druimbo.[61] Donnchadh Ua Loingsigh, lord of Dal-Araidhe and royal heir of Ulidia, was slain on the following day by the Cinel-Eoghain. Aedh, son of Domhnall Ua Neill, lord of Oileach, and heir-apparent to the sovereignty of Ireland, fell in the heat of the conflict, in the fifteenth year of his reign and the twenty-ninth of his age. A battle between Tadhg Ua Ceallaigh with the Ui-Maine, and the men of West Meath assisting the Ui-Maine [on the one side], and the Ui-Fiachrach Aidhne, aided by West Connaught [on the other], wherein fell Gillaceallaigh, son of Comhaltan Ua Cleirigh, lord of Ui-Fiachrach; Conchobhar, son of Ubban; Ceannfaeladh, son of Ruaidhri, and many others. Finn,

[59] *Craebh-tulcha—i.e.*, the Spreading Tree of the Hill. This is probably the place now called Crewe, situated near Glenavy, in the barony of Upper Massareene, and county of Antrim.

[60] *Dun Eathach.*—Now Duneight, in the parish of Blaris, or Lisburn, on the River Lagan. See Reeves's "Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Down and Connor," etc., pp. 47, 342.

[61] *Druim-bo—i.e.*, Hill of the Cow—now Dunbo, a townland containing the ruins of an ancient Irish Round Tower, situated in a parish of the same name, in the barony of Upper Castlereagh, and county of Down. *Ibid.*, p. 342, note *j*.

The Annals of Ulster record the following events under this year:

"A.D. 1033.—Aenghus mac Bresail, Coarb of Cainnech, in Ardmach, *in peregrinatione quievit.* Eocha O'Flannagan, Airchinnech of Lissoigl" [at Ardmach], "and Cluoan Fiachna, cheife poet and chronicler, 68 *anno etatis sue obiit.* Gillakellai mac Comaltan, King of Fiachrach Aigne, and Byran mac Maelruanai, *occisi sunt.* Donell mac Flannagan, King of Fer-Li, and Mureach mac Diarmada, King of Ciarray Luoachra, *moriuntur.* The battle of Krivtelcha, betwene Ulster and Kindred-Owen, where Ulstermen were overthrowne. Eocha mac Ardgar, King of Ulster, there killed Duvtuinne, his brother, his two sonns, Cuduly and Donell, and the slaughter of the whole army both good and bade, viz., Garvith, King of O'Nehach, Gilpatrick mac Tomaltay, Gumascach mac Flathroy, Duvslanga mac Hugh, Cahalan mac Etroch, Conene mac Murtagh, and most of Ulstermen; and pursued the slaughter to Dunechdach and to Drumbo, where Hugh mac Daniell, King of Ailech, was killed; but Kindred-Owen saith that he was killed by themselves. Donncha O'Longsi, King of Dalnarai, killed by Kindred-Owen *per dolum.* Forces by Bryan to Trachaila to make a circuit, untill he was prevented by Tyrone. Two O'Canannans killed by O'Muldoray. Duvslane O'Lorkan, Airchinnech of Imlech Ivair, *quievit.* Maelsechlainn, King of Tarach, fell off his horse, that he was like to die."—"Cod. Clarend.," tom. 49.

son of Marcan, Tanist of Ui Maine, fell in the heat of the conflict. Domhnall, son of Flannagan, died. Madadhan, son of Aenghus, chief of Gaileanga, Beaga, and Feara-Cul, was slain.

The Age of Christ 1004. The third year of Brian. Domhnall, son of Maichniadh, Abbot of Mainstir-Buithe, a bishop and holy senior, died. St. Aedh, lector of Frefoit, bishop, wise man, and pilgrim, died after a good life at Ard-Macha, with great honor and veneration. In lamentation of him was said :

" The wise man, the archbishop,
The saint of God of comely face,
Apostleship has departed from us,
Since Aedh departed from the side of Teamhair,[62]
Since Aedh of sweet Breaghmhagh liveth not,
Of bright renown, in sweet verses sung ;
A loss is the gem, shining and pleasant,
The learning of Ireland has perished in him."

Maelbrighde Ua Rimheadha, Abbot of Ia, died. Domhnall, son of Niall, Abbot of Cill-Lamhraighe,[63] died. Foghartach, Abbot of Leithghlinn and Saighir, died. Muireadhach, lord of Conaille, was slain by the Mughdhorna. Gillacomhghaill, son of Ardghar, and his son, and two hundred along with them, were slain by Maelruanaidh, son of Ardghar, contending for the kingdom of Ulidia. A hosting by Brian, son of Ceinneidigh, with the men of the South of Ireland, into Cinel-Eoghain and Ulidia, to demand hostages. They proceeded through Meath, where they remained a night at Tailltin. They afterwards marched northwards, and remained a week at Ard-Macha ; and Brian left twenty ounces of gold [as an offering] upon the altar at Ard-Macha. After that they went into Dal-Araidhe, and carried off the pledges of the Dal-Araidhe and Dal-Fiatach in general. Ingeirci, lord of Conailli, was slain. Ath-cliath was burned by the people of South Breagha by secrecy. Leath-Chathail was plundered by Flaithbheartach Ua Neill, and Aedh, son of Tomaltach, lord of Leath-Chathail, was slain by

[62] *From the side of Teamhair.*—This alludes to the position of Trefoid, now Trevet, in Meath. This passage is incorrectly translated by Dr. O'Conor, which is less excusable as Colgan renders it correctly (Trias Thaum.)

[63] *Cill-Lamhraighe.*—In the gloss to the *Feilire-Aenguis*, at 6th of December, the church of Cill-Lamhraighe, of which Gobban Mac Ui Lanairech was the patron, is placed in Ui Cairthenn, in the west of Ossory. It is the church now called Killamery, situated in the barony of Kells, in the county of Kilkenny. There is a tombstone with a very ancient inscription near this church.

him. A battle was gained at Loch-Bricrenn [64] by Flaithbheartach over the Ui-Eathach and the Ulidians, where Artan, royal heir of Ui-Eathach, was slain.

The Age of Christ 1005. The fourth year of Brian. Finghin, Abbot of Ros Cre, died. Dunchadh, son of Dunadhach, lector of Cluain-mic-Nois, and its anchorite afterwards, head of its rule and history, died; he was the senior of the race of Conn-na-mbocht. Maelruanaidh, son of Aedh Ua Dubhda, lord of Ui Fiachrach-Muirisge, and his son, *i.e.*, Maelseachlainn, and his brother, *i.e.*, Gebhennach, son of Aedh, died. A great prey was made by Flaithbheartach, son of Muircheartach, lord of Aileach, in Conaille-Muirtheimhne; but Maelseachlainn, King of Teamhair, overtook him [and his party], and they lost two hundred men by killing and capturing, together with the lord of Ui-Fiachrach Arda-sratha. Cathal, son of Dunchadh, lord of Gaileanga Mora, was slain. Echmhilidh Ua h Aitidhe, lord of Ui-Eathach, was slain by the Ulidians themselves.

Extract from the Book of Cluain-mic-Nois,[65] and the Book of the Island,[66] *i.e.*, the Island of the Saints in Loch Ribh. A great army was led by Brian, son of Ceinneidigh, into Cinel-Conail and Cinel-Eoghain to demand hostages. The route they took was through the middle of Connaught, over Eas-Ruaidh, through the middle of Tir-Conaill, through Cinel-Eoghain, over

[64] *Loch-Bricrenn.*—Now Loughbrickland, in the county of Down. The Annals of Ulster record the following events under this year:

"A.D. 1004.—Hugh O'Flanagan, Airchinnech of Maine-Coluim-Cill" [now Moone, in the south of the county of Kildare.—Ed.]; "Ragnal mac Gofray, King of Islands; Conor mac Daniell, King of Loch Behech; Maelbryde O'Rimea, Abbot of Aei; Donell mac Macnia, Airchinnech of Mainister, *in Christo mortui sunt.* Gilcomgail, King of Ulster, killed Maelruanay, his owne brother. Hugh mac Tomalty killed by Flavertagh O'Nell, the day he spoyled Lecale. Muregan of Bothdonay, Coarb of Patrick, in the 72d year of his age, died. Hugh of Treod, cheife in learning and prayer, *mortuus est* in Ardmach. A battle betwcen the men of Scotland at Monedir, where the King of Scotland, Cinaeth-mac-Duiv, was slain. An overthrow at Lochbrickrenn given to Ulstermen and O'Nehachs, where Artan, heyre of Ehaches, fell. Great forces by Bryan, with the lord and nobility of Ireland about him to Ardmach, and left 20 ounces of gold upon Patrick's altar, and went back with pledges of all Ireland with him."—"Cod. Clarend.," tom. 49.

[65] *Book of Cluain-mic-Nois.*—This is probably the chronicle translated by Connell Mageoghegan in 1627; but this passage is not to be found in the translation.

[66] *The Book of the Island.*—This was a book of Annals, which were continued by Augustin Magraidin to his own time, A.D. 1405. Ware had a part of these annals, with some additions made after Magraidin's death. See Harris's edition of Ware's "Writers of Ireland," p. 87; Colgan's "Acta Sanctorum," p. 5; and Archdall's "Monast. Heb.," p. 442. These annals have not yet been identified, if extant.

Feartas Camsa,[67] into Dal-Reada, into Dal-Araidhe, into Ulidia, into Conaille-Muirtheimhne, and they arrived about Lammas at Bealach-duin.[68] The Leinstermen then proceeded southward across Breagha to their territory, and the foreigners[69] by sea round eastwards [southwards ?] to their fortress. The Munstermen also and the Osraighi went through Meath westwards[70] to their countries. The Ulidians rendered hostages on this occasion ; but they [Brian Borumha and his party] did not obtain the hostages of the races of Conall and Eoghan. Mael-na-mbo, lord of Ui-Ceinnsealaigh, was killed by his own tribe. Maelruanaidh, son of Ardghar, King of Ulidia, was slain by Madadhan, son of Domhnall, after being one half-year in the government of the province. Madadhan, son of Domhnall, King of Ulidia, was killed by the Torc, *i.e.*, Dubhtuinne, in the middle of Dun-Leathghlaise, in violation of the guarantees of the saints of Ireland. Dubhtuinne, *i.e.*, the Torc, King of Ulidia, was slain, through the miracles of God and Patrick, by Muireadhach, son of Madadhan, in revenge of his father. Muiregen Bocht, of Both-Domhnaigh, successor of Patrick, died ; seventy years his age.

The Age of Christ 1006. The fifth year of Brian. Ceannfailadh, airchinneach of Druim-mor-Mocholmog; Caicher, son of Maenach, Abbot of Mungairid; and Ceallach Ua Meanngorain, airchinneach

[67] *Feartas-Camsa.*—*i.e.*, the ford or crossing of Camus. This was the name of a ford on the river Bann, near the old church of Camus-Macosquin. See Colgan's "Acta Sanctorum," p. 147 ; and Reeves's "Ecclesiastical Antiquities" of Down and Connor, etc., pp. 342-388.

[68] *Bealach-duin*—From the references to the sea and the plain of Bregia in this passage, it would appear that the Bealach-duin here mentioned was in the present county of Louth. It is probably intended for Bealach-Duna-Dealgan—*i.e.*, the road or pass of Dundalk.

[69] *The Foreigners.*—*i.e.*, the Danes, who were Brian Borumha's allies, and who assisted him in deposing Maelseachlainn II., and in weakening the power of the northern Ui Neill.

[70] *Westwards.*—The writer is not very accurate here in describing the points of the compass. Westwards will apply to the men of Connaught, but not to those of Ossory, who dwelt southwards of the point of their dispersion.

The Annals of Ulster record the following events under this year :

"A.D. 1005.—Armeach mac Coscrai, bishop and scribe of Ardmach, and Finguine, abbot of Roscre, *mortui sunt.* Maelruanai O'Duvdai, his sonn, Maelsechlainn, and his cosen, Gevvennach, *mortui sunt.* Ehnmili O'Haty, King of Ouchach, by Ulster, Maelruanai mac Flannagan, by the Conells, and Cahalan, King of Galeng, *occisi sunt.* Forces about Ireland by Bryan into Connaught, over Esroe, into Tir-Conell, through Kindred-Owen, over Fertas-Camsa, in Ulster, in Aenach-Conaill until Lammas to Bealach-Maion" [*recte, duin*], "until they submitted to Patrick's reliques" [*recte*, to Patrick's clergy], "and to his Coarb, Maelmuire mac Eochaa. Battle between Scotsmen and Saxons, where Scotsmen were discomfitted with a great slaughter of their good men. Maelnambo, King of Cinnselai, killed by his owne [*a suis occisus est*] ; "Gilcomgaill, mac Ardgair, mic Macdugan, King of Ulster, killed by his brother, Maelruanai mac Ardgair."—"Cod. Clarend.," tom. 49.

of Coreach, died. Fiachra Ua Focarta, priest of Cluain-fearta-Brenainn, died. Of him was said:

> 'Of all I traversed of Ireland,
> Both field and church,
> I did not get cold or want,
> Till I reached the fair Cluain-fearta.
> O Christ! we would not have parted in happiness
> Were it not for Fiachra of the sweet language."

Tuathal Ua Maoilmacha, a learned man, and comharba of Patrick in Munster; and Robhartach Ua h Ailghinsa, anchorite of Cluain-mic-Nois, died; he was of the tribe of Breaghmnaine. Trenfhear Ua Baigheallain,[71] lord of Dartraighe, was slain by the Cinel-Conaill on Loch-Eirne. Coconnacht, son of Dunadhaigh, chief of Sil-Anmchadha, was slain by Murchadh, son of Brian [Borumha] Ua Dunghalaigh, lord of Muscraighe-thire; slew him in the vicinity of Lothra. Muireadhach, son of Crichan, resigned the successorship of Colum Cille for the sake of God. The renewal of the fair of Tailltin by Maelseachlainn; and Feardomhnac was appointed to the successorship of Colum Cill, by advice of the men of Ireland. The Great Gospel of Colum Cill was stolen at night from the western Erdomh[72] of the great church of Ceanannus. This was the principal relic of the Western world on account of its singular cover, and it was found after twenty nights and two months, its gold having been stolen off it and a sod over it. An army was led

[71] *Trenfhear Ua Baoigheallain.*—This name would now be anglicized Traynor O'Boylan. The O'Boylans, now Boylans, were chiefs of Dartry-Coininse, the present barony of Dartry, in the county of Monaghan, adjoining Lough Erne.

[72] *Erdomh, i.e.*, the *porticus*, sacristy, or lateral building attached to the great church of Kells. See Petrie's "Round Towers of Ireland," pp. 433–438.

The Annals of Ulster notice the following events under this year:

"A.D. 1006.—Maelruana mac Ardgair killed by Madagan mac Donell. Cellach O'Menngoran, Airchinnech of Cork, *quievit*. Trener O'Boyllan, King of Dartry, killed by Kindred-Connell at Loch Erne. Madagan mac Donell, king of Ulster, killed by Tork, in St. Bride's Church, in the midest of Dundalenglas. Cuconnacht mac Dunai killed by Bryan *per dolum*. An army by Flahvertach O'Nell into Ulster, that he brought seven pledges from them, and killed the King of Lecale, Cu-Ula mac Aengusa. Forces by Bryan into Kindred-Owen to Dunerainn, nere Ardmach, and brought with him Criciden, Coarb of Finnen Maibile, who was captive from Ulster with Kindred-Owen. The Tork, King of Ulster, killed by Mureach mac Crichain, renounced" [*recte*, resigned] "the coarbship of Colum Cill for God. The renewing of the faire of Aenach Taillten by Maelsechlainn. Ferdovnach" [was installed] "in the coarbship of Columkill by the advice of Ireland in that faire. The book called Socel mor, or Great Gospell of Colum Cill, stolen."—"Cod. Clarend.," tom. 49. The entry relating to the stealing of the Gospel of St. Columbkille is left imperfect in the old translation of the Annals of Ulster, but in O'Conor's edition the passage is complete, and agrees with the text of the Four Masters.

by Flaithbheartach Ua Neillin to Ulidia, and carried off seven hostages from them, and slew the lord of Leath-Chathail, *i.e.*, Cunladh, son of Aenghus. Domhnall, son of Dubhtuinne, King of Ulidia, was slain by Muireadhach, son of Madudhan, and Uarghaeth of Sliabh Fuaid. Airmeadhach, son of Cosgrach, bishop and scribe of Ard-Macha, died.

The Age of Christ 1007. The sixth year of Brian. Muircadhach, a distinguished bishop, son of the brother of Ainmire Bocht, was suffocated in a cave[73] in Gaileanga of Corann. Feardomhnach, successor of Finnen of Cluain-Iraird, died. Finshnechta Ua Fiachra, Abbot of Teach-Mochna ; and Tuashal O'Conchobhair, successor of Finntan, died. Maelmaire Ua Gearagain, successor of Cainneach and Ceileachair, son of Donncuan, son of Ceinneidigh, Abbot of Tir-da-ghlas, died. A victory was gained by Aenghus, son of Carrach, over the Feara Ceall, wherein fell Demon Gatlach Ua Maelmhuaidh. Great frost and snow from the eighth of the ides of January till Easter. Muireadhach, [74] son of Dubhtuinne, King of Ulidia [was slain].

The Age of Christ 1008. The seventh year of Brian. Cathal, son of Carlus, successor of Cainneach ; Maelmuire Ua h Uchtain, comharba of Ceanannus, died. Echthighearn Ua Goirmghilla, died. Dubhchobhlaigh, daughter of the King of Connaught and wife of Brian, son of Ceinneidigh, died. Tadhg Dubhshuileach,[75] son of

[73] *A Cave.*—This is probably the cave of Keshcorran, in the barony of Corran and county of Sligo, connected with which curious legends still exist among the peasantry.

[74] *Muireadhach.*—This is inserted in a modern hand, and is left imperfect. The Annals of Ulster notice the following events under this year :

"A.D. 1007.—Ferdovnach, Coarb of Kells, vizt. Cenannas ; Celechair, mac Duncuan mic Cinedi, Coarb of Colum mac Crivthainn ; and Maelmuire, Coarb of Cainnech, *in Christo dormierunt.* Mureach mac Madugan, heyre of Ulster, killed by his own. Fachtna, Coarb of Finian of Clondraird, *quievit.* Great frost and snow from the first " [*recte*, sixth] "Id. of January untill Easter."—"Cod. Clarend.," tom. 49.

[75] *Tadhg Dubhshuileach.—i.e.*, Teige, Thaddaeus, or Timothy, the Blackeyed.

The Annals of Ulster record the following events under this year :

"A.D. 1008.—Extream revenge by Maelsechlainn upon Lenster. Cahal mac Carlusa, Coarbh of Cainnech, and Maelmuire O'Huchtan, Coarb of Kells, *mortui sunt.* Maelan-ingai-moir, i. of the great speare, King of O'Dorhainn, killed by Kindred-Owen in Ardmach, ind the midest of Trian-mor, for the uprising of both armyes. Donncha O'Cele blinded Flahvertach at Inis-Owen, and killed him after. An overthrow given to Connaght by Brefnymen ; and another by Connaght given them. An army by Flahvertach O'Nell to the men of Bregh, from whom he brought many cowes. Maelmorra, King of Lenster, gott a fall, and burst" [broke] "his legg.

" Duvchavlay, daughter of the King of Connaght, wife to Bryan mac Cinnedy, *mortua est.* The oratory of Ardmach this yeare is covered with lead" [*Oratorium Ardmacha in hoc anno plumbo tegitur*]. " Clothna mac Aengusa, chief poet of Ireland, died."—"Cod. Clarend.," tom. 49.

the King of Connaught, was slain by the Conmaicni. Gussan, son of Ua Treassach, lord of Ui-Bairrche, died. Madudhan, lord of Sil-Anmchadha, was slain by his brother. An army was led by Flaithbheartach Ua Neill against the men of Breagha, and carried off a great cattle spoil. A battle was gained over the Conmaicni by the men of Breifne. A battle was gained over the men of Breifne by the Connaughtmen. Clothna, son of Aenghus, chief poet of Ireland in his time, died. Gusan, son of Treasach, lord of Ui-Bairche, died.

The Age of Christ 1009 [*recte* 1010]. The eighth year of Brian. Conaing, son of Aedhagan, a bishop, died at Cluain-mic-Nois; he was of the tribe of the Mughdhorna-Maighen. Crunnmhael, a bishop, died. Scannlan Ua Dunghalain, Abbot of Dun-Leathghlaise, was blinded. Diarmaid, successor of Bearrach; Muireadhach, son of Mochloingseach, airchinneach of Mucnamb; Maelsuthain Ua Cearbhaill, [one] of the family of Inis-Faithleann,[76] chief doctor of the Western world in his time, and lord of Eoghanacht of Loch-Lein,[77] died. Marcan,[78] son of Ceinneidigh, head of the clergy of Munster, died. The comharba of Colum, son of Crimhthainn, *i.e.*, of Tir-da-ghlas, Innis-Ceaitra, and Cill-Dalua, died. Cathal, son of Conchobhar, King of Connaught, died after penance; he was the grandson of Tadhg of the Tower. Dearbhail, daughter of Tadhg, son of Cathal, died. Cathal, son of Dubhdara, lord of Feara-Manach,[79] died. Muireadhach Ua h Aedha, lord of Muscraighe [died]. An army was led by Brian to Claenloch [80] of Sliabh-Fuaid, and he obtained the hostages of the Cinel-Eoghain and Ulidians. Aedh,

[76] *Inis-Faithleann.*—Now Innisfallen, an island in the Lower Lake of Killarney, in the county of Kerry, on which are the ruins of several ancient churches.

[77] *Eoghanacht Locha-Lein.*—A territory in the county of Kerry, comprised in the present barony of Magunihy, in the southeast of that county.

[78] *Marcan.*—He was a brother of Brian Borumha.

[79] *Feara-Manach.*—Now Fermanagh.

[80] *Claenloch.*—Situated near Newtown Hamilton, in the county of Armagh.

The Annals of Ulster record the following events under this year:

"A.D. 1009.—Cahal mac Conor, King of Connaght" [*in penitentia moritur*], "Mureach O'Hugh, King of Muskry, and Cahal mac Duvdara, King of Fermanach, *mortui sunt.* Maelsuhain O'Cerval, chiefe learned of Ireland, and King of Eoganacht Locha-Lein. Makan mac Cinnedy, Coarb of Colum mac Crivhainn, of Inis-Celtra; and Killdalua, and Mureach mac Mochloingse, Airchinnech of Mucknav, *in Christo dormierunt.* Hugh mac Cuinn, heyre of Aileach, and Duncuan, King of Mugorn, *occisi sunt.* Forces by Bryan to Claenloch of Sliave-Fuaid, that he got the pledges of Leth Cuinn, i." [*the northern*] "half of Irland. *Estas torrida, Autumnus fructuosus.* Scannlan O'Dungalain, Prince of Dundalehglas, was forcibly entered into his mansion" [*recte*, was forcibly entered upon in his mansion], "himself blinded after he was brought forth at Finavar by Nell mac Duvthuinne. Dervaile, Tegmac Cahal's daughter, *mortua est.*"—"Cod. Clarend.," tom. 49.

son of Conn, royal heir of Oileach; and Donncuan, lord of Mughdhorna, were slain.

The Age of Christ 1010 [*recte* 1011]. The ninth year of Brian. Muireadhach, son of Crichan, successor of Colum-Cille and Adamnan, a learned man, bishop, and virgin, lector of Ard-Macha, and intended successor of Patrick, died after the seventy-fourth year of his age, on the fifth of the calends of January, on Saturday night[81] precisely; and he was buried with great honor and veneration in the great church of Ard-Macha, before the altar. Flann Ua Donnchadha, successor of Oenna,[82] died. Flaithbheartach Ua Cethenen, successor of Tighearnach, a [venerable] senior and distinguished bishop, was mortally wounded by the men of Breifne, and he afterwards died in his own church at Cluain-Evis. Dubhthach, son of Iarnan, airchinneach of Dearmhach; Dalach of Disert-Tola, successor of Feichin and Tola, [and] a distinguished scribe; [and] Fachtna, successor of Finnen of Cluain-Iraird, died. An army was led by Brian to Magh-Corrann,[83] and he took with him the lord of Cinel-Conaill, *i.e.*, Maelruanaidh Ua Maeldoraidh, in obedience to Ceann-Coradh.[84] Maelruanaidh Ua Domhnaill,[85] lord of Cinel-Luighdheach, was slain by the men of Magh-Ithe. Oenghus Ua Lapain, lord of Cinel-Enda,[86] was slain by the Cenil-Eoghain of the Island.[87] Mur-

[81] *On Saturday Night.*—These criteria clearly show that the Annals of the Four Masters as well as the Annals of Ulster, are antedated at this period by one year. In the year 1010, the fifth of the Calends of January, or 28th of December, fell on Friday, as appears from the Dominical letters, and of the cycle of the moon. But the next year, 1011, the fifth before the Calends of January, or 28th of December, fell on Saturday.

[82] *Oenna—i.e.*, Endeus of Killeany in Aranmore, an island in the Bay of Galway.

[83] *Magh-Corrann.*—Not identified.

[84] *Ceann-Coradh—i.e.*, Head of the Weir, now anglicized Kincora. This was the name of a hill in the present town of Killaloe, in the county of Clare, where the kings of Thomond erected a palace. It extended from the present Roman Catholic chapel to the brow of the hill over the bridge, but not a vestige of it remains. The name is still retained in Kincora Lodge, situated not far from the original site of Brian Borumha's palace.

[85] *Ua Domhnaill.*—Now *anglicé* O'Donnell. This is the *first* notice of the surname Ua Domhnaill to be found in the Irish annals. This family, who, after the English invasion, became supreme princes or kings of Tirconnell, had been previously chiefs of the cantred of Cinel-Luighdheach, of which Kilmacrenan, in the county of Donegal, was the principal church and residence. They derive their hereditary surname from Domhnall, son of Eigneachan, who died in the year 901, who was son of Dalach, who died in 868, who was the youngest son of Muircheartach, son of Ceannfaeladh, son of Gorbh, son of Ronan, son of Lughaidh, from whom was derived the tribe-name of Cinel-Luigheach, son of Sedna, son of Fearghus Ceannfoda, *i.e.*, Fergus the Longheaded, son of Conall Gulban, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, monarch of Ireland in the beginning of the fifth century.

[86] *Cinel-Enda.*—A territory lying between Lough Foyle and Lough Swilly, in the present county of Donegal.

[87] *The Cinel-Eoghain of the Island—i.e.*, of Inis-Eoghain, now the barony of Inishowen,

chadh, son of Brian, with the men of Munster, the Leinstermen with the Ui Neill of the South, and Flaithbheartach, son of Muircheartach, lord of Oileach, with the soldiers of the North, to plunder Cinel-Luighdheach, and they carried off three hundred and a great prey of cattle. Domhnall, son of Brian, son of Ceinneidigh, son of the King of Ireland, died. An army was led by Flaithbheartach Ua Neill to Dun-Eathach; and he burned the fortress and demolished the town, and he carried off pledges from Niall, son of Dubhthuinne. Aedh, son of Mathghamhain, royal heir of Caiseal, died. Fealan, son of Dunlaing, lord of Ui-Buidhe, died.

The Age of Christ 1011 [*rectè* 1012]. The tenth year of Brian. A great malady [88]—namely, lumps and griping—at Ard-Macha from Allhallowtide till May, so that a great number of the seniors and students died, together with Ceannfaeladh of Sabhall, bishop, anchorite, and pilgrim; Maelbrighde Mac-an-Ghobhann, lector of Ard-Macha; and Scolaighe, son of Clercen, a noble priest of Ard-Macha. These, and many others along with them, died with this sickness. Martin, Abbot of Lughmhadh; Cian, successor of Cainneach; Caenchomrac Ua Scannlain, airchinneach of Daimhinis; Maclonain, Abbot of Ros-Cre; and Connmhach Ua Tomhrair, priest and chief singer of Cluain-mic-Nois, died. An army was led by Flaithbheartach, son of Muircheartach, into Cinel-Conaill,

in the county of Donegal. The Annals of Ulster record the following events under this year:

"A.D. 1010" [*recte*, 1011].—"Dunaach in Colum Cill's in Ardmach; Flaihvertagh O'Cebinan, Coarb of Tiarnach, cheife bushop and anchorite, killed by Brefnemen in his owne cittie. Mureach O'Crichan, Coarb of Colum Cill, and Lector of Ardmach, *in Christo mortuus est.* Flavertach O'Nell, King of Ailech, with the young men of the Fochla, and Murcha Bryan's sonn, with Mounsternmen, Lenster, and the south O'Nells, spoyled Kindred-Conell, from whence they brought 300 captives with many cowes. Bryan and Maelsechlainn againe in campe at Anaghduiv.

"Maelruanay O'Donell, King of Kindred-Lugach, killed by the men of Magh-Itha. Aengus O'Lapan, King of Kindred-Enni, killed by Kindred-Owen of the Iland. Hugh mac Mathganna, heyre of Cashill, *mortuus est.* An army by Flaivertach O'Nell against mac Duvthuinne to Dun-Echach, burnt the said Dun, broocke the towne, and tooke Nell mac Duvthuinne's pledges.

"An army by Bryan to Macorainn, and carried with him the King of Kindred-Conell close" [prisoner] "to Cenn-Cora, i. Maelruanai O'Maeldorai. Delach of Disert-Tolai, Coarb of Fechin" [*bona senectute*], "*in Christo mortuus est.*"—"Cod. Clarend.," tom. 49.

[88] *A great malady.*—This passage is translated by Colgan as follows:

"A.D. 1011.—Ardmacha a festo omnium Sanctorum usque ad initium Maii, magna mortalitate infestatur; quâ Kennfailadius, de Saballo, Episcopus, Anachoreta et Peregrinus; Maelbrigidus Macangobhann, Scholasticus, sen Lector Ardmachanus; Scolagius, filius Clercheni, nobilis Praebyter Ardmachanus, et alii innumeri Seniores et studiosi Ardmachani interierunt."—"Trias Thaum," p. 298.

until he arrived at Magh-Cedne;[89] he carried off a great prey of cows, and returned safe to his house. An army was led by Flaithbheartach, son of Muircheartach, a second time into Cinel-Conaill, until he reached Druim-Cliabh and Tracht-Eothaile,[90] where Niall, son of Gillaphadraig, son of Fearghal, was slain, and Maelruanaidh Ua Maeldoraidh was defeated; but no [other] one was lost there. An army was led in their absence by Maelseachlainn into Tir-Eoghain, as far as Magh-da-ghabhal,[91] which they burned; they preyed as far as Tealach-Oog,[92] and, having obtained spoils, they returned back to his house. An army was afterwards led by Flaithbheartach till he arrived at Ard-Uladh,[93] so that the whole of the Ardes was plundered by him; and he bore off from thence spoils the most numerous that a king had ever borne, both prisoners and cattle without number. A battle was gained over Niall, son of Dubhtuinne—*i.e.*, the battle of the Mullachs[94]—by Nial, son of Eochaidh, son of Ardghar, where many were slain, together with Muircheartach, son of Artan, Tanist of Ui-Eathach; and he afterwards deposed Niall, son of Dubhthuinne. Ailell, son of Gebhennach, royal heir of Ui-Maine,

[89] *Magh-Cedne.*—Now Moy, a plain situated between the rivers Erne and Drowes, in the south of the county of Donegal. See note *m*, under A.D. 1301.

[90] *Tracht-Eothaile—i.e.*, the strand of Eothaile, now Trawohelly, a great strand near Ballysadare, in the county of Sligo.

[91] *Magh-da-ghabhal.*—Plain of the Two Forks. Not identified.

[92] *Tealach-Oog.*—Now Tullaghoge, in the barony of Dungannon and county of Tyrone.

[93] *Ard-Uladh.—i.e., altitudo Ulterum,* now the Ardes, in the east of the county of Down.

[94] *The Mullachs—i.e.*, the summits. There are many places of this name, but nothing has been discovered to fix the site of this battle.

The Annals of Ulster record the following events under this year:

"A.D. 1011.—A certain disease that year at Ardmach, whereof died many. Maelbride Macangovan, Ferleginn" [Lector] "of Ardmach, and Scolai mac Clearkean, priest of the same, died thereof, and Cenfaela of the Savall, i. chosen *Scule-friend.*" "An army by Flavertach mac Murtagh, King of Ailech, upon Kindred-Conell, untill he came to Macetne, from whence he brought a great pray of cowes, and returned saufe again. An army by him againe to the Conells as farr as Drumcliav and Tracht-Neothaile (i. shore of Neothaile), and killed" [Gil] "Patrick mac Fergaile, sonn of Nell, and broke of Maelruanai O'Maeldorai, but none killed. An army behind them" [*i.e.*, in their absence] "into Tyrone by Maelsechlainn, and to Madagaval, and burnt the same; prayed Tullanoog and carried them" [the preyes] "away. An army yet by Flavertach into Ard-Ula, and spoyled and gott the greatest bootyes that ever king had there, both men and chattle, that cannot be numbered. Forces by Bryan into Magh-Murthevin, that he gave fredom to Patrick's churches by that voyage. A discomfiture of Nell mac Duvthuinne by Nell mac Eochaa, where Murtagh mac Artan, heyre of Onehachs, was killed, and mac Eochaa raigned after. Caenchorack O'Scanlan, Airchinnech of Daivinis," [and] "Macklonan, Airchinnech of Roscree, *mortui sunt.* Aengus, Airchinnech of Slane, killed by the heyre of Duva," [*i.e.*, was killed by the Airchinnech of Dowth]. Crinan mac Gormlaa, King of the Conells, killed [by Cucuailgne].—"Cod. Clarend.," tom. 49.

died. Crinan, son of Gormladh, lord of Conaille, was killed by Cucuailgne.

The Age of Christ 1012. The twelfth year of Brian. Mac-Maine, son of Cosgrach, comharba of Cill-Dalua[95] [died]. The Prior of Saighir was killed. Cian Ua Geargain, successor of Cainneach, [and] Dearbhail, daughter of Conghalach, son of Maelmithigh, [*i.e.*,] daughter of the King of Ireland, died. Domhnall —*i.e.*, the Cat—royal heir of Connaught, was killed by Maelruanaidh Ua Maeldoraidh, and Magh-Aei was totally plundered and burned by him, after defeating and slaughtering the Connaughtmen. A great depredation was committed by Ualgharg Ua Ciardha, lord of Cairbre, and the son of Niall O'Ruairc, and the men of Feathbha in Gaileanga; but a few good men of the household of Maelseachlainn overtook them, and being at the time intoxicated after drinking, they [imprudently] gave them battle through pride. There were slain in it Donnchadh, son of Maelseachlainn; Dubhtaichligh Ua Maelchallann,[96] lord of Dealbhna Beag;[97] Donnchadh, son of Donnchadh Finn, royal heir of Teamhair; Cearnachan, son of Flann, lord of Luighne; Seanan Ua Leochain, lord of Gaileanga; and many others along with them. Maelseachlainn afterwards overtook them [with his forces], and the spoils were left behind to him; and Ualgharg Ua Ciardha, lord of Cairbre, and many others besides them, were slain. Great forces were led by Maelseachlainn into the territory of the foreigners, and he burned the country as far as Edar;[98] but Sitric and Maelmordha overtook one of his preying parties, and slew two hundred of them, together with Flann, son of Maelseachlainn, the son of Lorcan, son of Echthegern, lord of Cinel-Meachair, and numbers of others. This was the defeat of Draighnen,[99] in commemoration of which this quatrain was composed:

[95] *Cill-Dalua—i.e.*, the Church of St. Lua, Dalua, or Molua, who erected a church here about the beginning of the sixth century; now *anglicè* Killaloe, a well-known town, the head of an ancient bishop's see, situated on the western bank of the river Shannon, in the southeast of the county of Clare.

[96] *O'Maelchallann.*—Now *anglicè* Mulholland, without the prefix O. There were several distinct families of this name in Ireland.—See Reeves's "Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Down and Connor," etc., pp. 370 to 375.

[97] *Dealbhna-Beag.*—Now the barony of Fore, or Demifore, in the northwest of the county of Meath.

[98] *Edar.*—Otherwise called Beann-Edair, which is still known throughout Ireland as the Irish name of the Hill of Howth, in the county of Dublin.

[99] *Draighnen.*—Now Drinan, near Kinsaly, in the county of Dublin.

"Not well on Monday on the expedition
Did the Meathmen go to overrun.
The foreigners, it was heard, were joyful
Of the journey at the Draighnen."

An army was led by Flaithbheartach, lord of Aileach, to Maighen-Attaed,[100] by the son of Ceanannus, and Maelseachlainn left the hill [undisputed] to him. Gillamochonna, son of Foghartach, lord of South Breagha, plunderer of the foreigners and flood of the glory of the East of Ireland, died. A depredation by Murchadh, son of Brian, in Leinster; he plundered the country as far as Gleann-da-locha and Cill-Maighneann,[101] and burned the whole country and carried off great spoils and innumerable prisoners. A great fleet of the foreigners arrived in Munster, so that they burned Corcach; but God immediately took vengeance on them for that deed, for Amhlaeibh, son of Sitric—*i.e.*, the son of the lord of the foreigners—and Mathghamhain, son of Dubhghall, and many others, were slain by Cathal, son of Domhnall, son of Dubhdabhoireann. Muircheartach, son of Aedh O'Neill, was slain by the Dal-Riada, with a number of others along with him. A great war between the foreigners and the Gaeidhil. An army was led by Brian to Ath-an-chairthinn,[102] and he there encamped and laid siege to the foreigners for three months. Many fortresses were erected by Brian, namely, Cathair-Cinn-coradh,[103] Inis-Gaill-duibh,[104] and Inis-Locha-Saighleann [etc.] The Leinstermen and foreigners were at war with Brian; and Brian encamped at Sliabh Mairge to defend Munster, and Leinster was plundered by him as far as Ath-cliath. A great depredation upon the Conailli by Maelseachlainn, in revenge of the profanation of the Finnfaidheach and of the breaking of Patrick's crosier by the Conailli—*i.e.*, by the sons of Cucuailgne.

The Age of Christ 1013 [*rectè* 1014]. Ronan, successor of Fechin; Flaithbheartach, son of Domhnall—*i.e.*, of the Clann-Colmain—successor of Ciaran and Finnen; and Conn Ua Duigraidh,

[100] *Maighen-Attaed—i.e.*, Attaedh's little Plain. This would be anglicized Moynatty, but the name is obsolete.

[101] *Cill Maighneann.*—Now Kilmainham, near Dublin.

[102] *Ath-an-chairthinn—i.e.*, Ford of the Rock. Situation unknown.

[103] *Cathair-Cinn-coradh—i.e.*, the Stone Fort of Kincora at Killaloe.

[104] *Inis-Gaill-duibh—i.e.*, the Island of the Black Foreigner. It is stated in the Dublin copy of the Annals of Innisfallen, at the year 1016, that this was the name of an island in the Shannon, but it has not been yet identified. It was probably another name for the King's Island at Limerick.

successor of Caeimhghin, died. Cairbre Fial,[105] son of Cathal, anchorite of Gleann-da-locha, [and] Naemhan Ua Seinchinn, died; these were both anchorites. Dunlang, son of Tuathal, King of Leinster, died. Cairbre, son of Cleirchen,[106] lord of Ui Fidhgeinte, was treacherously slain by Maelcoluim Caenraigheach.[107] A battle between the Ui-Eathach[108] themselves—*i.e.*, between Cian, son of Maelmhuaidh,[109] and Domhnall, son of Dubh-da-bhoireann[110]—in which were slain Cian, Cathal, and Roghallach, three sons of Maelmhuaidh, with a great slaughter along with them. An army was led by Donnchadh, son of Brian, to the South of Ireland; and he slew Cathal, son of Domhnall, and carried off hostages from Domhnall. An army was led by the foreigners and Leinstermen into Meath, and afterwards into Breagha; and they plundered Tearmonn-Fichine,[111] and carried off many captives and countless cattle. An army was led by Brian, son of Ceinneidigh, son of Lorcan, King of Ireland, and by Maelseachlainn, son of Domhnall, King of Teamhair, to Ath-cliath. The foreigners of the West of Europe assembled against Brian and Maelseachlainn, and they took with them ten hundred men with coats of mail. A spirited, fierce, violent, vengeful, and furious battle was fought between them, the likeness of which was not to be found in that time, at Cluaintarbh,[112] on the Friday before Easter precisely. In this battle were slain

[105] *Cairbre Fial—i.e.*, Carbry the Hospitable or Munificent.

[106] *Cleirchen.*—He was the ancestor of the family of O'Cleirchen, now pronounced in Irish O'Cleireachain, and anglicized Cleary and Clarke, a name still extant in the county of Limerick.

[107] *Maelcoluim Caenraigheach—i.e.*, Malcolm of Kenry, now a barony in the north of the county of Limerick.

[108] *The Ui Eathach.*—This was the tribe name of the O'Mahonys and O'Donohoes of South Munster.

[109] *Cian, son of Maelmhuaidh—i.e.*, Kean, son of Molloy. He is the ancestor of the family of O'Mahony.

[110] *Domhnall, son of Dubh-da-bhoireann—i.e.*, Donnell, or Daniel, son of Duv-Davoran. He was the ancestor of the O'Donohoes. Both these chieftains fought at the battle of Clontarf, and the Four Masters have therefore misplaced this entry.

[111] *Tearmonn Feichine—i.e.*, asylum Sancti Fechini, the Termon, or Sanctuary, of St. Feichin, now Termonfeckin, in the barony of Ferard and county of Louth.—See Ussher's "Primordia," p. 966; and Archdall's "Monas. Hib.," p. 491.

[112] *Cluain-tarbh—i.e.*, the Plain, Lawn, or Meadows of the Bulls, now Clontarf, near the city of Dublin. In Dr. O'Conor's edition this is headed, "Cath Coradh Cluana tarbh," which is translated "*Proelium Heroicum Cluantarbhia*," but it simply means "Battle of the Fishing Weir of Cluain-tarbh." The Danes were better armed in this battle than the Irish, for they had one thousand men dressed in armor from head to foot. In a dialogue between the Banshee Oeibhill, or Oeibhinn, of Craglea, and the hero, Kineth O'Hartagan, the former is represented as advising the latter to shun the battle, as the Gaeidhil were dressed only in satin shirts, while the Danes were in one mass of iron.

Brian, son of Ceinneidigh, monarch of Ireland, who was the Augustus of all the West of Europe, in the eighty-eighth year of his age ;[113] Murchadh, son of Brian, heir apparent to the sovereignty of Ireland, in the sixty-third [114] year of his age ; Conaing, son of Donncuan, the son of Brian's brother ; Toirdhealbhach, son of Murchadh,[115] son of Brian ; Mothla, son of Domhnall, son of Faelan,[116] lord of the Deisi-Mumhan ; Eocha, son of Dunadhach—*i.e.*, chief of Clann-Scannlain ; Nial Ua Cuinn ;[117] Cuduiligh, son of Ceinneidigh, the three companions[118] of Brian ; Tadhg Ua Ceallaigh,[119] lord of Ui-Maine ; Maelruanaidh na Paidre Ua h Eidhin,[120] lord of Aidhne ; Geibhean-

[113] *In the eighty-eighth year of his age.*—This is also stated to have been Brian's age in the Annals of Clonmacnoise, as well as the Annals of Innisfallen, and other accounts of this battle. But the Annals of Ulster state that Brian was born in the year 941, according to which he was in the seventy-third year of his age when he was slain, and this seems correct.—See Colgan's "Acta Sanctorum," p. 106, note 3 ; and "Ogygia," p. 435.

[114] *Sixty-third.*—This should probably be fifty-third, or, perhaps, forty-third. The eldest son of Murchadh was fifteen years old at this time, according to the Annals of Clonmacnoise. This looks very like the truth ; the grandson was fifteen, the eldest son forty-three, and Brian himself seventy-three.

[115] *Toirdhealbhach, son of Murchadh.*—"Terrence, the king's grandchild, then but of the age of 15 years, was found drouned neer the fishing weare of Clontarfe, with both his hands fast bound in the hair of a Dane's head, whom he pursued to the sea at the time of the flight of the Danes."—Ann. Clon.

[116] *Faelan.*—He was the progenitor after whom the O'Faelains, or O'Phelans, of the Desies, took their hereditary surname. This Mothla was the first who was called O'Faelain, *i.e.*, *Nepos Foilani.*

[117] *Niall Ua Cuinn.*—He is the ancestor of the O'Quins of Muintir-Iffernain, a distinguished sept of the Dal-g-Cais, who were originally seated at Inchiquin and Corofin, in the county of Clare. The Earl of Dunraven is the present head of this family.

[118] *Three Companions.*—In Mageoghegan's translation of the Annals of Clonmacnoise, these are called "three noblemen of the king's bed-chamber." In the translation of the Dublin copy of the Annals of Innisfallen they are called "Brian's three companions or aides-de-camp."

[119] *Tadhg O'Ceallaig—i.e.*, Teige, Thaddaeus, or Timothy O'Kelly. From him all the septs of the O'Kellys of Hy-Many are descended. According to a wild tradition among the O'Kellys of this race, after the fall of their ancestor, Teige Mor, in the battle of Clontarf, a certain animal like a dog (ever since used in the crest of the O'Kellys of Hy-Many) issued from the sea to protect the body from the Danes, and remained guarding it till it was carried away by the Ui-Maine.—See "Tribes and Customs of Hy-Many," p. 99. There is a very curious poem relating to this chieftain in a fragment of the Book of Hy-Many, now preserved in a manuscript in the British Museum, Egerton, 90. It gives a list of the sub-chiefs of Hy-Many who were contemporary with Tadhg Mor O'Ceallaigh, who is therein stated to have been the principal hero in the battle next after Brian, and it adds that he did more to break down the power of the Danes than Brian himself. According to the tradition in the country, the Connaughtmen were dreadfully slaughtered in this battle, and very few of the O'Kellys or O'Heynes survived it.

[120] *Maelruanaidh na Paidri O'h Eidhin—i.e.*, Mulrony O'Heyne of the Prayer. He was the first person ever called O'Heidhin, as being the grandson of Eidhin, the progenitor of the family, brother Maelfabhaill, from whence the O'Heynes, now Heynes, chiefs of Hy-Fiachrach-Aidhne, in the county of Galway, are descended.—See "Genealogies, etc., of Hy-Fiachrach," p. 398.

nach, son of Dubhagan,[121] lord of Feara-Maighe; Mac-Beatha,[122] son of Muireadhach-Claen, lord of Ciarraighe-Luachra; Domhnall, son of Diarmaid,[123] lord of Corca-Bhaiscinn; Scannlan, son of Cathal,[124] lord of Eoghanacht-Locha Lein; and Domhnall, son of Eimhin,[125] son of Cainneach, great steward of Mair in Alba. The forces were afterwards routed by dint of battling, bravery, and striking by Maelseachlainn,[126] from Tulcainn [127] to Ath-cliath, against the foreigners

[121] *Dubhagan.*—He was descended from the Druid Mogh Roth, and from Cuanna Mac Gailchine, commonly called Laech Liathmhuine. From this Dubhagan descends the family of the Ui Dubhagain, now Duggan, formerly chiefs of Fermcy, in the county of Cork, of whom the principal branch is now represented by the Cronins of Park, near Killarney, in the county of Kerry, who are paternally descended from the O'Dubhagains of Fermoy.

[122] *Mac Beatha, son of Muireadhach Claen.*—He was evidently the ancestor of O'Conor Kerry, though in the pedigrees the only Mac Beatha to be found is made Mac Beatha, son of Conchobhar, but it should clearly be Mac Beatha, son of Muireadhach Claen, son of Conchobhar, the progenitor from whom the O'Conors Kerry derive their hereditary surname.

Daniel O'Connell O'Connor Kerry of the Austrian service is one of the representatives of this family. The following are also of the O'Connor Kerry sept: Daniel Connor, Esq., of Manche, in the county of Cork; Feargus O'Connor, Esq., M.P., who is son of the late Roger O'Connor Kierrie, Esq., of Dangan Castle, author of the "Chronicles of Eri"; Daniel Conner, Esq., of Ballybriton; and William Conner, Esq., of Mitchels, Bandon, county of Cork; also William Conner, Esq., late of Inch, near Athy, in the Queen's County, author of "The True Political Economy of Ireland," etc., who is the son of the celebrated Arthur Condorcet O'Connor, General of Division in France, now living, in the eighty-sixth year of his age; who is the son of Roger Conner, Esq., of Connerville; son of William Conner, Esq., of Connerville; son of Mr. Daniel Connor, of Swithin's Alley, Temple Bar, London, merchant, and afterwards of Bandon, in the county of Cork; son of Mr. Cornelius Conner, of Cork, whose will is dated 1719; son of Daniel Conner; who was the relative of O'Connor Kerry. This Cork branch descends from Philip Conner, merchant, of London, to whom his relative, John O'Connor Kerry, conveyed Asdee by deed, dated August, 1598.

[123] *Domhnall, son of Diarmaid.*—This Domhnall was the progenitor of the family of O'Domhnaill, O'Donnell, of East Corca Bhaiscinn, now the barony of Clonderalaw, in the present county of Clare. According to Dual mac Firbis's genealogical work, a Bishop Conor O'Donnell, of Raphoe, was the nineteenth in descent from this Domhnall. The editor does not know of any member of this family. The O'Donnels of Limerick and Tipperary, of whom Colonel Sir Charles O'Donnel is the present head, are descended from Shane Luirg, one of the sons of Turlough of the Wine O'Donnell, Prince of Tirconnell in the beginning of the fifteenth century.

[124] *Scannlan, son of Cathal.*—He was the ancestor of the family of O'Cearbhaill, who had been lords or chieftains of Eoghanacht Locha-Lein before the O'Donohoes, a branch of the Ui-Eathach Munnhan, dispossessed them.

[125] *Domhnall, son of Eimhin.*—He was chief of the Eoghanachts of Magh Geirrginn, or Marr, in Scotland, and descended from Maine Leamhna (the brother of Cairbre Luachra, ancestor of the O'Moriartys of Kerry), son of Corc, son of Lughaidh, son of Oilioll Flannbeg, son of Fiacha Muilleathan, son of Eoghan Mor, son of Oilioll Olum, King of Munster, and common ancestor of King Brian and of this Domhnall of Marr, who assisted him against the common enemy.—See O'Flaherty's "Ogygia," part iii c. 81.

[126] *By Maelseachlainn.*—This fact is suppressed in all the Munster accounts of this action, which state that Maelseachlainn did not take any part in the battle. The Munster writers, and among others Keating, introduce Maelseachlainn as giving a ludicrous account of the terrors of the battle, in which he is made to say that he did not join either side, being paralyzed with fear by the horrific scenes of slaughter passing before his eyes.

[127] *Tulcainn.*—Now the Tolka, a small river which flows through the village of Finglas,

and the Leinstermen; and there fell Maelmordha,[128] son of Murchadh, son of Finn, King of Leinster; the son of Brogarbhan, son of Conchobhar,[129] Tanist of Ui-Failghe; and Tuathal, son of Ugaire,[130] royal heir of Leinster; and a countless slaughter of the Leinstermen along with them. There were also slain Dubhghall, son of Amhlaeibh, and Gillaciarain, son of Gluniairn, two Tanists of the foreigners; Scchfrith, son of Loder, Earl of Innsih Orc;[131] Brodar, chief of the Danes of Denmark, who was the person that slew Brian. The ten hundred in armor [132] were cut to pieces, and at the least three thousand of the foreigners were there slain. It was of the death of Brian and of this battle the [following] quatrain was composed:

"Thirteen years, one thousand complete,
Since Christ was born, not long since the date,
Of prosperous years—accurate the enumeration—
Until the foreigners were slaughtered together with Brian."

Maelmuire, son of Eochaidh, successor of Patrick, proceeded with

and, passing under Ballybough Bridge and Annesley Bridge, unites with the sea near Clontarf.

[128] *Maelmordha.*—He was not the ancestor of the Mac Morroughs, or Kafanaghs, as generally supposed, but was the father of Bran, the progenitor after whom the Ui Broin, or O'Byrnes, of Leinster have taken their hereditary surname.

[129] *The son of Brogarbhan, son of Conchobhar.*—This should be Brogarbhan, son of Conchobhar. He is the ancestor of O'Conor Faly.

[130] *Tuathal, son of Ugaire.*—This is a mistake, because Tuathal, son of Ugaire, died in 956. It should be, as in the Annals of Innisfallen, mac Tuathail—*i.e.*, "the son Tuthal, son of Ugaire," or "Dunlaing, son of Tuathal, son of Ugaire." This Tuathal was the progenitor after whom the Ui-Tuathail or O'Tooles, of Ui-Muireadhaigh, Ui Mail, and Feara-Cualann, in Leinster, took their hereditary surname.

[131] *Insi-h Orc—i.e.*, the Orcades, or Orkney Islands, on the north of Scotland.

[132] *The ten hundred in armor.*— In the Niala Saga, published in Johnston's "Ant. Celto-Scand," a Norse prince is introduced as asking, some time after this battle, what had become of his men, and the answer was that "they were all killed."

This seems to allude to the division in coats of mail, and is sufficient to prove that the Irish had gained a real and great victory. According to the Cath-Chluana-tarbh, and the account of the battle inserted in the Dublin copy of the Annals of Innisfallen, thirteen thousand Danes and three thousand Leinstermen were slain; but that this is an exaggeration of modern popular writers will appear from the authentic Irish annals.

The Annals of Ulster state that seven thousand of the Danes perished by field and flood. The Annals of Boyle, which are very ancient, make the number of Danes slain the one thousand who were dressed in coats of mail and three thousand others. The probability is, therefore, that the Annals of Ulster include the Leinstermen in their sum total of the slain on the Danish side, and in this sense there is no discrepancy between them and the Annals of Boyle, which count the loss of the Danes only. In the Chronicle of Ademar, monk of St. Eparchius of Angouleme, it is stated that this battle lasted for three days, that all the Norsemen were killed, and that crowds of their women in despair threw themselves into the sea; but the Irish accounts agree that it lasted only from sunrise to sunset on Good Friday.

the seniors and relics to Sord-Choluim-Chille;[133] and they carried from thence the body of Brian, King of Ireland, and the body of Murchadh, his son, and the head of Conaing, and the head of Mothla. Maelmuire and his clergy waked the bodies with great

[133] *Sord-Choluim-Chille.*—Now Swords, in the county of Dublin. Ware says that, according to some, the bodies of Brian and his son, Murchadh, as well as those of O'Kelly, Doulan O'Hartegan, and Gilla-Barred, were buried at Kilmainham, a mile from Dublin, near the old stone cross.—See Dublin *P. Journal*, vol. i. p. 68.

The most circumstantial account of the battle of Clontarf accessible to the editor is that given in the "Cath Chluanatarbh," from which, and from other romantic accounts of this great battle, a copious description has been given in the Dublin copy of the Annals of Innisfallen, compiled by Dr. O'Brien and John Conry; but it has been too much amplified and modernized to be received as an authority. It also gives the names of chiefs as fighting on the side of Brian, who were not in the battle, as Tadhg O'Conor, son of Cathal, King of Connaught; Maguire, Prince of Fermanagh, etc. These falsifications, so unworthy of Dr. O'Brien, have been given by Mr. Moore as true history, which very much disfigures his otherwise excellent account of this important event. It is stated in the Annals of Clonmacnoise that "the O'Neals forsooke King Brian in this battle, and so did all Connaught, except" [Hugh, the son of] "Ferall O'Rourke and Teige O'Kelly. The Leinstermen did not only forsake him, but were the first that opposed themselves against him of the Danes' side, only O'Morrey" [O'Mordha or O'More] "and O'Nollan excepted." The following chiefs are mentioned in the account of the battle of Clontarf in the Dublin copy of the Annals of Innisfallen as fighting in the second division of Brian's army, viz.: Cian, son of Maelmuaidh, son of Bran (ancestor of O'Mahoney), and Domhnall, son of Dubhdabhoireann (ancestor of O'Donohoe), who took the chief command of the forces of the race Eoghan Mor; Mothla, son of Faelan, King of the Desies; Muircheartach, son of Amnchadh, chief of the Ui-Liathain; Scannlan, son of Cathal, chief of Loch-Lein; Loingseach, son of Lunlaing, chief of Ui-Conaill-Gabhra; Cathal, son of Donnabhan, chief of Cairbre Aebhdha; Mac Beatha, son of Muireadhach, chief of Ciarraigh-Laiachra; Geibheannach, son of Dubhagan, chief of Feara-Maighe-Feine; O'Cearbhaill, King of Eile; another O'Cearbhaill, King of Oirghialla, and Mag Uidhir, King of Feara-Manach. This account omits some curious legendary touches respecting Oebhinn (now Aoibhill) of Craigliath (Craglea, near Killaloe), the Leanan Sidhe, or familiar sprite, of Dal-g Cais, which are given in the romantic story called "Cath-Chluana tarbh," as well as in some Munster copies of the Annals of Innisfallen, and in the Annals of Kilronan, and also in some ancient accounts of the battle in various manuscripts in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. It is said that this banshee enveloped in a magical cloud Dunlaing O'Hartagain (a chief hero attendant on Murchadh, Brian's eldest son), to prevent him from joining the battle. But O'Hartagain, nevertheless, made his way to Murchadh, who, on reproaching him for his delay, was informed that Oebhinn was the cause. Whereupon O'Hartagain conducted Murchadh to where she was, and a conversation ensued in which she predicted the fall of Brian, as well as of Murchadh, O'Hartigain, and other chief men of their army:

> "Murchadh shall fall; Brian shall fall;
> Ye all shall fall in one litter;
> This plain shall be red to-morrow with thy proud blood!"

Mr. Moore, who dwells with particular interest on this battle, and who describes it well, notwithstanding some mistakes into which he has been led by Dr. O'Conor's mistranslations, has the following remarks on the Irish and Norse accounts of it in his "History of Ireland": "It would seem a reproach to the bards of Brian's day to suppose that an event so proudly national as his victory, so full of appeals, as well to the heart as to the imagination, should have been suffered to pass unsung. And yet, though some poems in the native language are still extant, supposed to have been written by an ollamh, or doctor, attached to the court of Brian, and describing the solitude of the halls of Kin-

honor and veneration, and they were interred at Ard-Macha in a new tomb.

A battle between the two sons of Brian—*i.e.*, Donnchadh and Tadhg. Donnchadh was defeated, and Ruaidhri Ua Donnagain, lord of Aradh, and many others along with him, fell in the battle.

cora after the death of their royal master, there appears to be in none of these ancient poems an allusion to the inspiriting theme of Clontarf. By the bards of the north, however, that field of death, and the name of its veteran victor, Brian, were not so lightly forgotten.

"Traditions of the dreams and portentous appearances that preceded the battle formed one of the mournful themes of Scaldic song; and a Norse ode of this description which has been made familiar to English readers breathes, both in its feeling and imagery, all that gloomy wildness which might be expected from an imagination darkened by defeat."—Vol. ii. pp. 128, 129. This battle is the theme of an Icelandic poem, translated by the English poet, Gray, "The Fatal Sisters."—See Johnston's "Antiquitates Celto-Scandicae," Hafn., 1786.

The Annals of Ulster give the following events under this year:

"A.D. 1013" [*al.* 1014].—"*Hic est annus octavus circuli Decimnovenalis et hic est* 582 *annus ab adventu Sancti Patricii ad baptizandos Scotos.* St. Gregorie's feast at Shrovetide, and the Sunday next after Easter, in summer this yeare, *quod non auditum est ab antiquis temporibus.* An army by Bryan, mac Cinnedy, mic Lorkan, King of Ireland, and by Maelsechlainn mac Donell, King of Tarach, to Dublin. Lenster great and small gathered before them, together with the Galls of Dublin, and so many of the Gentiles of Denmark, and fought a courageous battle between them, the like [of which] was not seene.

"Gentiles and Lenster dispersed first altogether, in which battle fell of the adverse part of the Galls" [*in quo bello cecederunt ex adversa caterva Gallorum*], "Maelmora mac Murcha, King of Leinster; Donell mac Ferall" [*recte*, Donell O'Ferall, of the race of Finnchadh Mac Garchon], "King of the Fortuaths, i. outward parts of Leinster; and of the Galls were slaine Duvgall mac Aulair, Sinchrai mac Lodar, Earle of Innsi Hork; Gilkyaran mac Gluniarn, heyre of Galls; Ottir Duv; Suartgar; Duncha O'Herailv; Grisene, Luimni, and Aulaiv mac Lagmainn; and Brodar, who killed Bryan, i. cheife of the Denmark navy, and 7,000 between killing and drowning; and, in greveing the battle, there were lost of the Irish, Bryan mac Kennedy (Archking of Ireland, of Galls and Welsh, the Cesar of the northwest of Europe all); and his sonn, Murcha, and his grandsonn, Tirlagh mac Murcha, and Conaing, mac Duncuan, mic Cinedy, heyre of Mounster; Mothla, mac Donell, mic Faelain, King of Dessyes, in Mounster; Eochaa mac Dunaai, Nell O'Cuinn, and" [Cudniligh] "mac Kinnedy, Bryan's three bedfellowes; the two Kings of O'Mani, O'Kelli, and Maelruanai O'Heyn, King of Aigne; and Gevinach O'Duvagan, King of Fermai; Magvcha mac Muireaiklyn, King of Kerry Luochra; Daniell mac Dermada, King of Corcabascin; Scannlan, mac Cahas, King of Eoganacht Lochlen; Donell mac Evin, mic Cainni, a great *murmor* in Scotland" [*rectè* Morrmoer of Marr, in Scotland], "and many more nobles. Maelmuire mac Eocha, Patrick's Coarb, went to Lord Colum Cill, with learned men and reliques in his company, and brought from thence the body of Bryan, the body of Murcha, his sonn, the heads of Conaing and Mothla, and buried them in Ardmach, in a new tombe. Twelve nights were the people and reliques" [*rectè*, clergy] "of Patrick at the wake of the bodyes, *propter honorem Regis peniti.* Dunlaing mac Tuohall, King of Leinster, died. A battle between Kyan mac Maeilmuai and Donell mac Duvaavorenn, where Kyan, Cahell, and Ragallach, three sonns of Maelmuai, were killed. Teige mac Bryan put Dunch mac Bryan to flight, where Roary O'Donnagan, King of Ara, was slaine. An army by O'Maeldorai and O'Royrk into Magh Nali, where they killed Donell mac Cahall, and spoyled the Magh" [*i.e.*, the Maghery, of plain of Connaught], "and caryed their captives; *licet non in eaden vice.* Dalriarai dispersed by Ulster, where many were killed. Flavertach mac Donell, Coarb of Kyaran and Finnen; and Ronan, Coarb of Fechin; and Conn O'Digrai, *in Christo dormierunt.* The annals of this year are many."—"Cod. Clarend.," tom. 49.

An army was led by Ua Maeldoraidh and O'Ruairc into Magh Aei, and they slew Domhnall, son of Cathal, and plundered the plain, and carried off the hostages of Connaught.

THIRD SELECTION—VOL. V., PP. 1825 TO 1843.

The Age of Christ 1585. The Earl of Kildare died in England, namely, Garrett, the son of Garrett, son of Garrett, son of Thomas, son of John Cam. This earl had been five years under arrest, kept from his patrimonial inheritance, until he died at this time. Henry his son was appointed his successor by the English Council. Henry was then permitted to go westwards[134] to his patrimonial inheritance.

Mac William Burke (Richard, the son of Oliver, son of John) died, and no person was elected his successor; but the Blind Abbot held his place, as he thought, in spite of the English. Gormly, the daughter of O'Rourke—*i.e.*, of Brian, son of Owen[135]—a woman who had spent her life with husbands worthy of her, a prosperous and serene woman, who had never merited blame or censure from the Church or the literati, or any reproach on account of her hospitality or name,[136] died. Brian, son of Teige, son of Brian, son of Owen O'Rourke, made an incursion into Dartry Mac Clancy in the very beginning of the month of January, and despatched marauding squadrons through the fastnesses of Dartry to collect preys, and they obtained great spoils. Mac Clancy, with a numerous body of Scots and Irishmen, pursued and overtook them. Brian proceeded to resist them, and they continued fighting and skirmishing with each other as they went along, until they came face to face at Beanna-bo,[137] in Breifny.

When the men of Breifny and O'Rourke's people heard that Brian had gone to Dartry, they assembled together to meet him at a certain narrow pass by which they thought[138] he would come on to them. They perceived him approaching at a slow pace and with great haughtiness, sustaining the attacks of his enemies; and

[134] *To go westwards—i.e.*, to return to Ireland.

[135] *Son of Owen*—Charles O'Conor of Belanagare adds that she was the daughter of Brian Ballagh, son of Owen, son of Tiernan, son of Teige O'Rourke.

[136] *Name—i.e.*, her fame for goodness.

[137] *Beanna-bo—i.e.*, the Peaks of the Cows, now Benbo, a remarkable mountain near the parish of Drumleas, barony of Dromahaire, and county of Lietrim, extending from near Manor Hamilton in the direction of Sligo for about three miles. According to the tradition in the country, this mountain is pregnant with gold mines.

[138] *They thought.*—This should be, They knew.

although [they, as] his own true followers,[139] should have succored him [on such an emergency], it was not so that they acted, but they gave their day's support[140] in battle to his enemies, so that the heroic soldier was attacked on both sides. He was met by shouts before and behind, [and] he was so surrounded on every side that he could not move backwards or forwards. In this conflict many men were slain around him, and [among the rest] was cut off a company of gallowglasses of the Mac Sheehys, who were the surviving remnant and remains of the slaughter of the gallowglasses of the Geraldines, who were along with Brian on that day, and who had gone about from territory to territory offering themselves for hire after the extermination of the noblemen by whom they had been employed previously; and they would not have been thus cut off had they not been attacked by too many hands and overwhelmed by numbers.

The men of Breifny and O'Rourke's people gave protection to Brian in this perilous situation, and carried him off under their protection to be guarded. On the third day afterwards [however], they came to the resolution of malevolently and maliciously putting him to death, he being under their clemency and their protection. O'Rourke was accused[141] of participating in this unbecoming deed.

Edmund Dorcha [the Dark], the son of Donnell, son of Murrough, son of Rory More, and Turlough, the son of Edmund Oge, son of Edmund, son of Turlough Mac Sheehy, were both executed at Dublin. There was much rain this year, so that the greater part of the corn in Ireland was destroyed.

Dermot, the son of Donnell Mag Congail[142] (Mac Goingle), died on the 14th of June.

A proclamation of Parliament[143] was issued to the men of Ireland, commanding their chiefs to assemble in Dublin precisely on

[139] *His own true followers*—*i.e.*, these were his own followers who posted themselves in the narrow pass to intercept his retreat. It looks strange that the Four Masters should not have told us why his own followers should have acted thus; but we may conjecture that they did so by order of O'Rourke, who, having submitted to the Government this year, did not wish that Brian should thus violate the law. See "Chorographical Description of Iar-Connaught," edited by Mr. Hardiman, p. 346.

[140] *Their day's support.*—This is a common Irish phrase.

[141] *Was accused.*—Literally, "A bad share of this evil deed was ascribed to O'Rourke."

[142] *Mag-Congail.*—Now *anglicè* Magonigle, a name still common in the south of the county of Donegal.

[143] *Parliament.*—For some curious notices of the Parliaments held in Elizabeth's reign, the reader is referred to Hardiman's edition of the "Statute of Kilkenny," Introduction, p. xiii. *et seq.*

May-day,[144] for the greater part of the people of Ireland were at this time obedient to their sovereign; and accordingly they all at that summons did meet in Dublin face to face. Thither came the chiefs of Kinel-Connell[145] and Kinel-Owen—namely, O'Neill (Turlough Luineach,[146] the son of Niall Conallagh, son of Art, son of Con, son of Henry, son of Owen), and Hugh, the son of Ferdoragh, son of Con Bacagh, son of Con, son of Henry, son of Owen—*i.e.*, the young Baron O'Neill, who obtained the title of Earl of Tyrone at this Parliament; and O'Donnell (Hugh Roe, the son of Manus,[147] son of Hugh Duv, son of Hugh Roe, son of Niall Garv, son of Turlough of the Wine); Maguire[148] (Cuconnaught,

[144] *Precisely on May-day.*—This Parliament assembled at Dublin on the 26th of April, 1585, according to the original record of it preserved in the Rolls' Office, Dublin. See Appendix to the "Statute of Kilkenny," p. 139.

[145] *Kinel-Connell.*—It looks very strange that the Four Masters should mention Kinell-Connell first in order, as O'Donnell was not acknowledged as a member of this Parliament. See lists of the "Lords, spirituall and temporall, etc., etc., as were summoned into Parliament holden before the Right Honorable Sir John Perrot, Knyght, Lord Deputie-Generall of the realme of Ireland, xxvi° die Aprilis, anno regni Regine nostre Elizabeth vicesimo septimo," printed in the third Appendix to Hardiman's edition of the "Statute of Kilkenny," p. 139.

[146] *Turlough Luineach.*—He came to Dublin to attend this Parliament, but it does not appear that he took his seat, as his name is not in the official list. It appears, by patent to Elizabeth, that the queen intended to create him Earl of Clan O'Neill and Baron of Clogher, but the patent was never perfected. His rival, Hugh, son of Ferdoragh, is entered twice in this list, once as Lord of Dunganyne, and again as Earl of Tyrone. This latter title was evidently interlined after his claim had been allowed by this Parliament. The first title should have been cancelled after the interlining of the higher title. Turlough Luineach is supposed by our historians to have sat in this Parliament, but they have not told us in what capacity. It is stated in "Perrott's Life" that it was the pride of Perrott that he could prevail on the old Irish leaders, not only to exchange their savage (?) state for the condition of English subjects, but to appear publicly in the English garb, and to make some effort to accommodate themselves to the manners of his court, but that it was not without the utmost reluctance and confusion that they thus appeared to resign their ancient manners. That Turlough Luineach in his old age, encumbered with his fashionable habiliments, expressed his discontent with a good-humored simplicity: "Prithee, my lord," said he, "let my chaplain attend me in his Irish mantle; thus shall your English rabble be diverted from my uncouth figure and laugh at him." Sir Richard Cox, who embraced every opportunity of traducing the Irish, asserts that "the Irish Lords were obliged to wear robes, and, the better to induce them to it, the Deputy bestowed robes on Turlough Lynogh and other principal men of the Irish, which they embraced like fetters." The representatives of these chieftains, Turlough and Hugh, are now unknown, but there are various persons of the name Mac Baron, now in humble circumstances, in the county of Tyrone, who claim descent from Cormac mac Baron, the brother of Hugh, Earl of Tyrone.

[147] *Hugh Roe, the son of Manus.*—He became chief of Tirconnell on the death of his elder brother, Calvagh, in 1566. The race of this Hugh have been long extinct. The O'Donnells of Castlebar, in Ireland, and the more illustrious O'Donnells of Austria and Spain, are descended from his eldest brother, Calvagh.

[148] *Maguire.*—The chieftain of Fermanagh did not attend as a member of this Parliament. This Cuconnaught was the ancestor of the late Constantine Maguire, Esq., of Tempo.

the son of Cuconnaught, son of Brian,[149] son of Philip, son of Thomas) ; O'Doherty (John Oge, the son of John, son of Felim, son of Conor Carragh) ; O'Boyle[150] (Turlough, the son of Niall, son of Turlough Oge, son of Turlough More) ; and O'Gallagher[151] (Owen, the son of Tuathal, son of John, son of Rory, son of Hugh). To this assembly also repaired Mac Mahon[152] (Ross, the son of Art, son of Brian of the Early Rising, son of Redmond, son of Glasney) ; O'Kane[153] (Rory, the son of Manus, son of Donough the

[149] *O'Doherty*, chief of Inishowen, did not attend as a member of this Parliament. There are various respectable branches of this family in Inishowen, but the eldest branch is not determined. The most distinguished man of the name in Ireland is the Honorable Chief Justice Doherty ; and Mr. Thomas Doherty, of Muff, so remarkable for his gigantic stature, has, by honest industry, realized a larger property than the chieftains of Inishowen had ever enjoyed.

[150] *O'Boyle*, chief of Boylagh, in the west of the county of Donegal, did not attend as a member of this Parliament. This family are dwindled into petty farmers and cottiers.

[151] *O'Gallagher*, O'Donnell's marshal, who had a small tract of land in the barony of Tirhugh, did not attend as a member of this Parliament. Though the family is one of the most regal of the Milesian race, there are none of the name at present above the rank of farmers in the original country of Tirhugh, and very few in any part of Ireland. Captain Gallagher, of Kill of Grange, near Dublin, and Henry Gallagher Esq., Baldoyle, Raheny, form the aristocracy of this name at present.

[152] *Mac Mahon*, chief of Oriel, did not attend this Parliament as a member. The present representative of this family is unknown to the Editor. The Baron Hartland, of Strokestown, in the County Roscommon, and Sir Ross Mahon, of Castlegar, in the county of Galway, are said to be of this race, but their pedigrees are unknown. Sir Beresford Mac Mahon, the son of the late Sir William Mac Mahon, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, is of a very obscure branch of the Mac Mahons of the county of Clare, his grandfather having been a gentleman's servant and his pedigree unknown.

[153] *O'Kane*, chief of Oireacht-Ui-Chathain, did not attend as a member. The present representative of this family is unknown. The only person of the name in the county of Londonderry, whose pedigree was confidently traced to Donnell Cleireach O Kane of Dungiven, when the Editor examined the county of Londonderry in 1834, was George O'Kane, who was gardener to Francis Bruce, of Downhill. Sir Richard Cane [O'Cathain], of the county of Waterford, and Sir Robert Kane, of Dublin, the distinguished chemist who has reflected so much honor on his name and country in the nineteenth century, are undoubtedly of this race, but their pedigrees are not satisfactorily made out. There are several of the name in Boston and other parts of America, some of whom are related to Sir Robert Kane of Dublin, and are distinguished for scientific and literary attainments.

[The foregoing note by Dr. O'Donovan calls for some explanation.

It is more likely to mislead the reader than to throw any new light on the subject of which it treats. From its perusal a person would be likely to conclude that the O'Kane family had almost dwindled down to *one* person in the county of Londonderry. But such is not at all the fact. The present writer has made an earnest and careful research into the history of this ancient Irish family ; and, as so little is generally known about it, he feels that it is quite proper just here to add a few words. The *O'Kanes* (sometimes written *O'Cahan*, and in Irish *O'Cathain*), are descended, according to the learned works on Irish genealogy, from Eogan—after whom the county of Tyrone is named—son of Niall of the Nine Hostages. Little is known of the O'Kanes until the tenth century, when sirnames became hereditary in Ireland. The *first* of the name was Casey O'Kane. He lived about A.D. 1000. The O'Kanes inhabited and were princes or rulers of a district which stretches from the Foyle to the east of the Bann, and is bounded on the north by

Hospitable, son of John, son of Aibhne); Con, the son of Niall Oge, son of Niall, son of Con, son of Hugh Boy O'Neill, as repre-

the sea and on the south by the hills of Munterlooney. The whole region is now comprised in the baronies of Tikeeran, Keenaght, and Coleraine, in the county of Londonderry, which was once known as "O'Kane's country."

"Great benefactors to the Church," writes Father Meehan, "were the O'Kanes; for they founded and endowed the monastery of the Regular Canons of St. Augustine at Dungiven, where the sculptured tomb of the greatest of their race, Cooey-na-Gall, still exists." This abbey was founded by Dermot O'Kane in the year 1100. The town of Dungiven was founded by the O'Kanes in 1297. According to Father Meehan, their principal seats or castles were Ainoch, Dungiven, and Limavady, the latter of which "stands upon a time-worn cliff a hundred feet above the point where the Roe forms a cataract of exceeding beauty."

The chief of the O'Kane sept, adds the same accurate writer, was a high functionary whenever *the O'Neill* was inaugurated on the royal hill of Tullaghoge, for it was his office to cast the gold shoe over the head of the prince-elect. Whenever the latter made war, O'Kane was also to furnish him with a contingent of 140 horse and 400 light and heavy infantry.

The O'Kanes have ever been the stern and unchanging foes of English power and English misrule in Ireland. And even out of Ireland they made their power felt. We are told that on the field of Bannockburn their bright swords flashed in the sun and fell on the English troops with terrific force, thus materially aiding the brave Bruce to achieve a glorious victory.

The bard O'Duggan, who died in 1370, wrote:

"Of the valiant race of Eogan,
The now fair chief of Kianacht is O'Kane."

The family reached the zenith of its greatness in the person of Cooey O'Kane, known in history as *Cooey-na-Gall—i.e.*, hunter of the English, or foreigners. His death is thus recorded in the "Annals of the Four Masters": "The age of Christ 1385. Cooey O'Kane, lord of Oireacht-Ui-Chathain, died, while at the pinnacle of prosperity and renown." "He was buried," writes Dr. O'Donovan, "in the old church of Dungiven, where his tomb is still preserved, of which an illustration is given in the Dublin *Penny Journal*, vol. i. p. 405. It is an altar tomb of much architectural beauty, situated in the south side of the chancel. O'Kane is represented in armor, in the usual recumbent position, with one hand resting on his sword, and on the front of the tomb are figures of six warriors sculptured in relievo." Dr. Petrie also describes this tomb as possessing much architectural beauty. "Dungiven is to this day," says Father Meehan, "the burying-place of the O'Kanes." Its cemetery is regarded as one of the most extraordinary in Ireland.

There is still preserved in the English State Paper Office a singular document, which gives an interesting picture of the state of Ireland in 1515. In it the O'Kanes are mentioned as among the great Irish chiefs of that day. They were ever the faithful allies of the O'Neills in the contest with England. Even in 1585, when Shane O'Neill was attainted by Elizabeth, English power, as Father Meehan remarks, was not able to transform the territory of the O'Kanes into shire ground. In the long and gallant struggle of Hugh O'Neill with the armies of England, his chief ally was his son-in-law, Donald O'Kane, who supported him with "1,200 foot and 300 horse, the ablest men that Ulster yielded." Sometime after O'Neill's flight, Donald O'Kane was arrested, immured in Dublin Castle, and finally sent to the Tower of London, where, after about seventeen years' imprisonment, he died in 1627.

The territory of the O'Kanes was forfeited to the English crown. "It was," writes Montgomery, first Protestant Bishop of Derry, who got his share of the plundered land, "large, pleasant, and fruitful; twenty-four miles in length between Lough Foyle and the Bann; and in breadth, from the sea-coast towards the lower part of Tyrone, fourteen miles." In that rich domain, in Glenconkeine alone, a number of English thieves and adventurers, in 1609, felled oak to the value of about $300,000 for the purpose of building

sentative of the O'Neills of Clannaboy;[154] and Magennis[155] (Hugh, the son of Donnell Oge, son of Donnell Duv).

Thither came also the chiefs of the Rough Third of Connaught —namely, O'Rourke[156] (Brian, the son of Brian, son of Owen); O'Reilly (John Roe,[157] the son of Hugh Conallagh, son of Maelmora, son of John, son of Cathal), and his uncle, Edmond, son of Maelmora,[158] both of whom were then at strife with each other concerning the lordship of their country; also both the O'Farrells —viz., O'Farrell Bane[159] (William, the son of Donnell, son of Cormac), and O'Farrell Boy[160] (Fachtna, the son of Brian, son of Rory, son of Cathal).

the town of Londonderry. Thus this ancient and noble Irish family was robbed and plundered by the grasping, shameless, and ferocious government of England.

After the confiscation of their broad lands, many of the O'Kanes took service in the Catholic armies of Spain and Austria. One of these, Gen. Daniel O'Kane, won high distinction in the Netherlands. In 1642 he came to Ireland as a Lieutenant-General to the celebrated Owen Roe O'Neill. He fell in battle, gloriously fighting for the freedom of his native Isle. "This Daniel O'Kane," says Father Meehan, "was singularly gifted as a linguist and general scholar, and was much lamented by his chief."

Though reduced to the condition of tenantry to English adventurers, the descendants of Cooey-na-Gall still continued to hold a large portion of the county of Londonderry. And there many of the name, highly respectable families, can be found even to this day. At the beginning of the present century, the representative of the oldest branch of the race was Dermot O'Kane, who held a considerable district of country in the territory of his ancestors. This venerable man died about the year 1830. His eldest son, Bernard O'Kane, emigrated to the United States in 1817, making his residence in Philadelphia, where he died. Bernard O'Kane's family consisted of but two daughters, who now reside in Brooklyn, N. Y., and one of whom—the mother of the present writer—was born in Philadelphia.]

[154] *O'Neills of Clannaboy.*—Con, the son of Niall Oge, did not attend this Parliament as a member; but his nephew, Shane Mac Brian, the ancestor of the present Viscount O'Neill, is marked in the official list as one of the knights for the county of Antrim.

[155] *Magennis.*—Sir Hugh Magennis, chief of Iveagh, was elected one of the knights of Parliament for the county of Down this year, his colleague being Sir Nicholas Bagnell. Captain Magennis, the nephew of the late Lord Enniskillen, represents a respectable branch of this family.

[156] *O'Rourke.*—He did not attend this Parliament as a member. There is a Prince O'Rourke in Russia, whose immediate ancestors, as Counts O'Rourke, attained high distinction in that empire. He is said to be the chief of his name. Ambrose O'Rourke, Esq., J.P., of Ballybollen, County Antrim, descends from the house of Dromahaire.

[157] *John Roe.*—The official list of the members of this Parliament gives Philip O'Reyly as the colleague of Edmond. He was the brother of John Roe.

[158] *Edmond, the son of Maelmora.*—He was Tanist of East Breifny, and was elected one of the knights of Parliament for the county of Cavan. The present representative of this Edmond is Myles John O'Reilly, Esq, late of the Heath House, and now living in France.

[159] *O'Farrell Bane.*—William O'Fferrall was duly elected one of the knights of Parliament for the county of Longford. Mr. O'Farrell, of Dublin, the tax collector, is the representative of this family, according to Dr. George Petrie; but the editor is not acquainted with the evidences which prove his descent.

[160] *O'Farrell Boy.*—Ffaghny O'Fferrall was duly elected one of the knights of Parliament for the county of Longford, and his name appears on the official list. The editor

Thither also repaired the Sil-Murray, with their dependants—namely, the son of O'Conor Don [161] (Hugh, the son of Dermot, son of Carbry, son of Owen Caech, son of Felim Geanneach); O'Conor Roe [162] (Teigh Oge, the son of Teige Boy, son of Cathal Roe); O'Conor Sligo [163] (Donnell, the son of Teige, son of Cathal Oge, son of Donnell, son of Owen, son of Donnell, son of Murtough); and a deputy from Mac Dermot of Moylurg [164]—namely, Brian, son of Rory, son of Teige, son of Rory Oge—for Mac Dermot himself (*i.e.*, Teige, the son of Owen) was a very old man; and O'Beirn [165] (Carbry, the son of Teige, son of Carbry, son of Melaghlin).

Thither went also Teige, the son of William, son of Teige Duv

does not know who the present representative of this Fachtna, or of the O'Farrell Boy, is.

[161] *O'Conor Don.*—He was not a member of this Parliament. This family is now represent d by the member from Roscommon, Denis, the son of Owen, son of Denis, son of Charles the historian, son of Donough Liath, son of Cathal, son of Cathal, son of Hugh O'Conor Don of Ballintober, who is the person mentioned in the text. The only other surviving members of this family are Denis O'Conor of Mountdruid, Arthur O'Conor of Elphin, and Matthew O'Conor, Esqrs., sons of Matthew, son of Denis, son of Charles O'Conor of Belanagare, the historian.

[162] *O'Conor Roe.*—He did not attend as a member of this Parliament. The knights elected for the county of Roscommon were Sir Richard Byngham and Thomas Dillon. The late Peter O'Conor Roe. of Tomona, in the county of Roscommon, who left one illegitimate son, Thomas of Ballintober, was the last recognized head of this family. There is another family of the O'Conors Roe, living in the village of Lanesborough, who retain a small property in Slieve Baune; and there are others of undoubted legitimate descent living in and near the town of Roscommon, but they are reduced to utter poverty.

[163] *O'Conor Sligo.*—Sir Donald O'Conor Slygagh was not a member of this Parliament. The knights elected for the county of Slygagh were Sir Valantyn Browne, Ja. Crofton, and Jo. Marbury. The last chief of the O'Conor Sligo family was Daniel O'Conner Sligoe, who was a lieutenant-general in the Austrian service; he died at Brussels on the 7th of February, 1756, and was buried in the church of St. Gudule, where the last female of the house of Hapsburg erected a monument to him. Some of the collateral branches of this family who remained in Ireland are still respectable; but the present senior representative of the name is a struggling farmer, as the late Matthew O'Conor, of Mountdruid, who knew him intimately, often told the Editor.

[164] *Mac Dermot of Moylurg.*—His deputy did not attend as a member of this Parliament. This family is now represented by Charles Mac Dermot, Esq., of Coolavin, who ridiculously styles himself "Prince of Coolavin," a small barony to which his ancestors had no claim.

[165] *O'Beirne.*—He was chief of Tir-Briuin-na-Sinna, a beautiful district lying between Elphin and Jamestown, in the east of the county of Roscommon. Mr. O'Beirne, of Dangan-I-Beirne, *alias* Dangan Bonacuillinn, in the parish of Kilmore, near the Shannon, in this territory, is the undoubted head of this family. He still possesses a small remnant of Tir-Briuin. O'Beirne did not attend this Parliament as a member.

O'Kelly;[166] and O'Madden[167] (Donnell, the son of John, son of Breasal).

Thither likewise went the Earl of Clanrickard[168] (Ulick, the son of Rickard, son of Ulick-na-g Ceann), and the two sons of Gilla-Duv O'Shaughnessy[169]—*i.e.*, John and Dermot. None worthy of note went thither from West Connaught, with the exception of Murrough of the Battle-Axes, the son of Teige, son of Murrough, son of Rory O'Flaherty.[170]

Thither in like manner went the Earl of Thomond[171] (Donough, the son of Conor, son of Donough, son of Conor, son of Turlough, son of Teige O'Brien); and Sir Turlough,[172] the son of Donnell,

[166] *Teige, son of William, etc., O'Kelly.*—He was the head of the branch of the O'Kellys seated at Mullaghmore, in the county of Galway. This Teige was not chief of his name, nor did he attend this Parliament as a member. The race of this Teige are now extinct, but the families of Screen and Gallagh are still extant and highly respectable. See "Tribes and Customs of Hy-Many," p. 121. The knights of Parliament elected for the county of Galway were Thomas le Straunge and Francis Shane, who was a disguised O'Fferall.

[167] *O'Madden.*—He did not attend as a member. The present representative of this Donnell, the son of John O'Madden, is Ambrose Madden of Streamston, Esq., who is the son of Breasal, son of Ambrose, son of Breasal, son of Daniel, son of John, son of Anmhadh, son of Donnell mentioned in the text. See "Tribes and Customs of Hy-Many," p. 152.

[168] *The Earl of Clanrickard.*—In the list of the "Temporal Lordes" of this Parliament, printed by Mr. Hardiman, "the Earle of Clanricard" is given as the fourth in order. He is now represented by the Marquis of Clanricarde.

[169] *O'Shaughnessy.*—Neither of these sons of O'Shaughnessy was a member of this Parliament. See "Genealogies, Tribes, etc., of Hy-Fiachrach," pp. 378, 386, 388. The present head of this family is Mr. Bartholomew O'Shaughnessy of Galway. The Very Rev. and Ven. Terence O'Shaughnessy, R. C. Dean of Killaloe, Dr. Wm. O'Shaughnessy of Calcutta, F.R.S., and all the O'Shaughnessys of the county of Clare, are not of the senior branch of this family, but descended from Roger, the third son of Lieutenant-Colonel William O'Shaughnessy, who was made free of the Corporation of Galway in 1648, and who was the son of Sir Dermot II., who died in 1606, who was the son of Sir Roger I., who was the son of Sir Dermot O'Shaughnessy, who was knighted by King Henry VIII., A.D. 1533. A branch of this family have changed their names to Sandys; and Mr. Levy, the well known musician of the Royal Dublin Theatre, who is one of the descendants of Lieutenant-Colonel William O'Shaughnessy of 1648, has suppressed his father's name and retained that of his mother, contrary to the usage of most nations.

[170] *O'Flaherty.*—Sir Murrough na doe O'Fflahertie was not a member of this Parliament. This chieftain is now represented by Thomas Henry O'Fflahertie of Lemonfield, in the county of Galway, who is the son of Sir John O'Fflahertie, the son of Murrough, son of Brian Oge, son of Brian Oge na Samhthach, son of Teige, who was son of Murrough nah Tuagh, or Murrough of the Battle-Axes, who was appointed "chief of all the O'Fflahertie" by Queen Elizabeth. See Genealogical Table in "Chorographical Description of Iar-Connaught," edited by Mr. Hardiman, p. 362.

[171] *The Earl of Thomond.*—In the official list printed by Mr. Hardiman, the "Earle of Tomond" is given as fifth in order among the "Temporal Lordes." The race of this Donough, son of Connor, is extinct. The present Marquis of Thomond descends from Dermot, who was the son of Murrough, first Earl of Thomond, from whose second son, Donough, the family of Dromoland are descended.

[172] *Sir Turlough.*—He was duly elected one of the knights of Parliament for the county of Clare. According to a pedigree of the O'Briens, preserved in a paper manuscript in

son of Conor, son of Turlough, son of Teige O'Brien, who had been elected a knight of Parliament for the county of Clare.

Thither went Turlough, son of Teige, son of Conor O'Brien;[173] and also the lord of the western part of Clann-Coilein—namely, Mac Namara[174] (John, the son of Teige); and Boethius, the son of Hugh, son of Boethius Mac Clancy,[175] the second knight of Parliament elected to represent the county of Clare.

Thither repaired the son of O'Loughlin of Burren[176] (Rossa, the son of Owny, son of Melaghlin, son of Rury, son of Ana); Mac-I-Brien Ara,[177] Bishop of Killaloe—namely, Murtough, son of Tur-

the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, No. 23, p. 61, this Sir Turlough had a son Donnell, who married Ellen, the daughter of Edmond Fitzgerald, knight of Glinn, by whom he had two sons—1, Teige, the grandfather of Christopher O'Brien, Esq. [of Ennistimon], who was living in 1713 when this pedigree was compiled; and 2, Murtough, who married Slaine, daughter of John Mac Namara of Moyreask, by whom he had a son Donnell, who married the daughter of Major Donough Roe Mac Namara, by whom he had issue living in 1713, but the compiler of this pedigree does not name the issue of Donnell Spainneach. According to the tradition in the country, Terence O'Brien, Esq., of Glencolumbkille, is the great-grandson of a Donnell Spaineach, son of Colonel Murtough O'Brien; but Terence O'Brien himself asserts that he descends from a Donnell Spaineach, who was the son of a General Murtough O'Brien, who was a son of Dermot, fifth Baron of Inchiquin, but the editor has not been able to find any evidence to prove that Dermot, the fifth Baron of Inchiquin, had a son Murtough.

[173] *Turlough, the Son of Teige, etc., O'Brien.*—He did not attend as a member of this Parliament. The Lord of Inchiquin sat in this Parliament among the peers, though the Four Masters take no notice of him.

[174] *Mac Namara.*—He did not attend as a member of this Parliament. The race of this John is extinct. Major Mac Namara, M.P., is descended from a junior branch of the eastern Mac Namara family, but his pedigree is not satisfactorily made out. Major Daniel Mac Mamara Bourchier descends by the mother's side from the senior branch of the western Mac Namaras.

[175] *Boethius Mac Clancy.*—"Boetius Clanchy," who was the Brehon of Thomond and a good scholar, was duly elected one of the two knights to represent the county of Clare in this Parliament. He was afterwards appointed High Sheriff of the county of Clare, an office for which he was very well qualified, and, according to the tradition in the country, murdered some Spaniards belonging to the great Armada, who were driven on the coast of Clare in 1588.

[176] *O'Loughlin of Burren.*—He did not attend as a member of this Parliament. Mr. O'Loughlin, of Newton, is the present senior representative of this family. Sir Colman O'Loughlin represents a junior branch.

[177] *Mac-I-Brien Ara.*—This bishop was the son of Turlough Mac-I-Brien Ara, who made his submission to Queen Elizabeth in 1567. On the death of his elder brother, Donough, Murtough or Maurice, Bishop of Killaloe, became the head of this family. Murtough O'Brien Ara was appointed Bishop of Killaloe by Queen Elizabeth, by letters-patent dated the 15th of May, 1570, and had his writ of restitution to the temporalities the same day. He received the profits of this see six years before his consecration, but, being at last consecrated, he sat about thirty-six years after. He died on the last day of April, 1613, having voluntarily resigned a year before his death. See Harris's edition of "Ware's Bishops," p. 595, where Harris states that the Arra from whence this bishop's family, for the sake of distinction, were called O'Brien-Ara, is a barony in the county of Limerick. But this is an error of Harris, who ought to have known that Mac-I-Brien was seated on the east side of Lough Derg, in the

lough, son of Murtough, son of Donnell, son of Teige; O'Carroll [178] (Calvagh, the son of William Odhar, son of Ferganainm, son of Mulrony, son of John); Mac Coghlan [179] (John, the son of Art, son of Cormac); and O'Dwyer [180] of Coill-na-manach (Philip, son of Owny).

Thither went Mac Brien of Hy-Cuanagh, [181] namely, Murtough, the son of Turlough, son of Murtough; the lord of Carrigogunnell [182] and of Fasach-Luimnighe [183]—namely, Brian Duv, the son of Donough, son of Mahon, son of Donough, son of Brian Duv O'Brien; and Conor-na-Moinge [of the Long Hair], son of William Ceach, son of Dermot O'Mulryan, [184] lord of Uaithne-Ui-Mhaoilriain. To this Parliament repaired some of the chiefs of the descendants of Eoghan More, [185] with their dependants—namely, Mac

barony of Ara, or Duharra, in the county of Tipperary. The castle of Ballina, near the bridge of Killaloe, and the castles of Castletown and Knoc-an-Ein-fhinn, now Birdhill, in this barony, belonged to this family. It should be here remarked that the "Busshopp of Killalowe" appears in the list of spiritual lords of this Parliament. The race of this bishop has become extinct, but some of the line of Donnell Connaughtagh Mac-I-Brien Ara are still possessed of some property in the territory. Mr. O'Brien, of Kincora Lodge, Killaloe, is of this race. See pedigree of Mac-I Brien Ara, preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, H. 1, 7.

[178] *O'Carroll.*—He did not attend this Parliament as a member of it. This Calvagh was the third illegitimate son of Sir William O Carroll, chief of Ely O'Carroll, comprising at this period the baronies of Clonlisk and Ballybritt, in the south of King's County. The present chief of this family is unknown. The grandfather of Marchioness Wellesley, who died in America, was its undoubted representative.

[179] *Mac Coghlan.*—He did not attend this Parliament as a member of it. The last chief of this family died some forty years since without issue, and his estates passed to the Dalys and Armstrongs. General Coghlan is of an obscure branch of this family.

[180] *O'Dwyer.*—He was not a member of this Parliament. Coill-na-manach is the present barony of Kilnamanagh, in the county of Tipperary. The present chief of this name is unknown to the editor. There is a Colonel Dwyer of Ballyquirk Castle, in the parish of Lorha, barony of Lower Ormond, and county of Tipperary, but the editor does not know his descent.

[181] *Mac-Brian of Hy-Cuanagh.*—He was not a member of this Parliament. The two knights elected for the county of Limerick were Thomas Norris and Richard Bourke. Mac Brian Cuanach was seated in the barony of Coonagh, in the county of Limerick, where the ruins of his splendid mansion are still to be seen in the townland and parish of Castletown. The present representative of this family is unknown to the editor.

[182] *The Lord of Carrigogunnell.*—He was not a member of this Parliament. The present representative of this family is unknown to the editor.

[183] *Fasagh Luimnighe—i.e.*, the forest or wilderness of Limerick. This was a name for a part of the territory of Pobblebrien, near the city of Limerick.

[184] *O'Mulryan.*—Chief of the two Ownys, one a barony or half-barony, as it was till recently called, in the county of Limerick, and the other a barony in the county of Tipperary. He was not a member of this Parliament. The Ryans of Ballymakeogh, near Newport, in Tipperary, now extinct, were the senior branch of this family. Edmond O'Ryan, Esq., of Bansha House, near the town of Tipperary, and George Ryan, Esq., of Inch House, were considered the chief representatives of this family in 1848, when the editor examined the county of Tipperary for the Ordnance Survey.

[185] *Eoghan More—i.e.*, the son of Oilioll Olum, King of Munster in the third century, and ancestor of the dominant families of Munster.

Carthy More [186] (Donnell, the son of Donnell, son of Cormac Ladhrach); Mac Carthy Cairbreach [187] (Owen, son of Donnell, son of Fineen, son of Donnell, son of Dermot-an-Duna); and the sons of his two brothers—namely, Donnell, son of Cormac-na-h Aine, and Fineen, the son of Donough.

Thither also went the two chiefs who were at strife with each other concerning the lordship of Duhallow [188]—namely, Dermot, the son of Owen, son of Donough an-Bhothair, son of Owen, son of Donough; and Donough, the son of Cormac Oge, son of Cormac, son of Donough.

Thither likewise went O'Sullivan Beare [189] (Owen, son of Dermot, son of Donnell, son of Donough, son of Dermot Balbh); O'Sullivan More [190] (Owen, the son of Donnell, son of Donnell, son of Donnell-na Sgreadaighe); O'Mahony [191] the Western—namely,

[186] *Mac Carthy More.*—He is entered in the list next after "The Earle of Tomond," as "The Earle of Clancare," that being an anglicized abbreviation, and not Glencare, the vale of the river Carthach, in the county of Kerry, as ignorantly assumed by most Anglo-Irish writers. The race of this Earl is extinct.

[187] *Mac Carthy Cairbreach.*—He was Sir Owen Mac Carthy Reagh, chief of Carbery, in the county of Cork. He was not a member of this Parliament. The present representative of this family is said to be the Count Mac Carthy of France, whose pedigree has been published by Monsieur Laine, who was genealogist to Charles X.

[188] *Duhallow.*—Neither of these chiefs was member of this Parliament. The knights elected to represent the county of Cork in this Parliament were John Norries, Lord President, William Cogan, and John Fitz Edmond. The editor does not know the present chief of this family.

[189] *O'Sullivan Beare* was not a member of this Parliament. The present representative of this family is unknown. There are several respectable gentlemen of the race in the baronies of Beare and Bantry, but the editor has not been able to ascertain their pedigrees. The editor is not aware how the Baron O'Sullivan de Grass, the present Ambassador of Belgium at the Court of Vienna, descends; the family claim to be the representatives of the O'Sullivans. It is probable that they descend either directly or collaterally with the O'Sullivan who was one of the faithful companions of Prince Charles Edward in his perilous wanderings after the defeat of Culloden. One of the Baron's brothers is married to the sister of the present Sir Roger Palmer, Bart.

[190] *O'Sullivan More.*—He was not a member of this Parliament. The two knights elected to represent the county of Kerry in this Parliament were John Fitzgerald and Thomas Spring. The representative of O'Sullivan More in the last century was O'Sullivan of Tomies, near Killarney. Timothy O'Sullivan, Esq., of Prospect, near Kenmare, represents O'Sullivan of Cappanacush, from which house the O'Sullivan More was elected, in case of failure of issue in the senior branch. Mac Gillicuddy of the Reeks, near Killarney, whose pedigree is very well known, represents another branch of this family of O'Sullivan More; and Sir Charles Sullivan, of Thames Ditton, County Surrey, is said, in "Burke's Peerage," to be of this family.

[191] *O'Mahony—i.e.*, O'Mahony, of Foun Iartharach, or Ivahagh, in the southwest of Carbery, in the county of Cork. He was not a member of this Parliament. The present representative of this family is supposed to be O'Mahony of Dunlow, near Killarney. There is a Count O'Mahony of France, who resides, or recently resided, at Fribourg, in Switzerland, and who, no doubt, descends from "*le fameux Mahony*" of the early days of the Irish Brigade.

Conor, the son of Conor Fin Oge, son of Conor Fin, son of Conor O'Mahony; and O'Driscoll More [192] (Fineen, the son of Conor, son of Fineen, son of Conor).

Thither likewise repaired Mac Gillapatrick [193] of Ossory (Fineen, the son of Brian, son of Fineen); Mageoghegan [194] (Coula, the son of Conor, son of Leyny); and O'Molloy [195] (Connell, the son of Cahir).

None worthy of notice are said to have gone to that Parliament of the race of Laoighseach Leannmor [196] son of Conall Cearnach; or of the race of Rossa Failghe, [197] the son of Cahir More, from

[192] *O'Driscoll More.*—He was chief of Collymore, a territory of which Baltimore was the chief town, in the county of Cork. Sir Fineen or Florence O'Driscoll More was not a member of this Parliament. Con O'Driscoll, called the Admiral, was the last known chief of this family. Alexander O'Driscoll, Esq., J. P. of the county of Cork, comes from a junior branch.

[193] *Mac Gillapatrick.*—The Lord of Upper Ossory sat in this Parliament among the "Temporall Lordes." The late Earl of Ossory was the chief of this name. He left one illegitimate son, who inherits his estates, and who claims legitimacy, as his mother had been privately married to the Earl, his father, by a Roman Catholic priest.

[194] *Mageoghegan.*—He was the chief of Kineleaghe, a territory now included in the barony of Moycashel, in the county of Westmeath. He was not a member of this Parliament. The two knights elected to represent the county of Westmeath in this Parliament were "Ed. Nugend de Disert" and "Ed. Nugent de Morton." The present chief of the Mageoghegans is John Augustus O'Neill [Mageoghegan], Esq., of Bunowen Castle, in the county of Galway, the grandson of Richard Geoghegan, so remarkable in Ireland for his learning and knowledge of the fine arts. Sir Richard Nagle, of Jamestown and Donore Castle, in the county of Westmeath, is maternally descended from the senior branch of this family, but he cannot be considered the chief of the Mageoghegans, as he is not of the name by paternal descent.

[195] *O'Molloy.*—He was chief of a territory comprising the baronies of Fircall, Ballycowan, and Ballyboy, in the present King's County, but he did not attend as a member of this Parliament. This Connell was the father of the illustrious Cahir or Carolus O'Molloy, whose hospitality the Rev. P. Fr. Francis O'Molloy thus lauds in an incidental remark in his "Irish Prosody," published at Rome in the year 1677, p. 180: "Difficile quidem factu apparet hoc metri genus, verum difficilius creditu quod superius allatum, etc., refert; verissimum tamem, cuius ipse oculares vidi et audiui testes fide dignissimos; nempè quod Carolus Conalli filius Molloyorum princeps. Avus Illustrissimi nunc viuentis, vastato Hiberniæ Regno fame, flammâ ferro, sub Elizabetha Regina in summis Annonae penurijs, imitatos a sepso Christo Natalitijs per dies duodecim tractauerit, nongentos sexaginta homines in domo propriâ." There are several respectable gentlemen of the Molloys of this race. Daniel Molloy, Esq., of Clonbela, near Birr, in the King's County, is the present head of the family, according to the tradition in the country, but the editor does not know his pedigree.

[196] *Race of Laoighseach Leannmor—i.e.*, Laoighseach, or Lewis of the large mantle. He is otherwise called Laoighseach Ceannmhor—*i.e.*, of the large head, and Laoighseach Lannmhor—*i.e.*, of the large sword. He is the ancestor of the O'Mores and their correlatives, the seven septs of Leix. The present representative of the O'Mores is unknown. R. More O'Farrell, M.P., descends from the senior branch of them by the mother's side; and Garrett Moore, Esq., of Cloghan Castle, calls himself the O'Moore, though he does not know his pedigree beyond the year 1611, and there is strong evidence to show that he is an offset of the English family of the Moors of Drogheda.

[197] *Race of Rossa Failghe—i.e.*, the O'Conors Faly, who had but little property in Ireland at this period. The present chief is unknown.

Offaly; or of the descendants of Daire Barach,[198] the son of Cahir More; or of the Kavanaghs,[199] Byrnes, Tooles,[200] O'Dunnes, or O'Dempsys.[201] To this Parliament, however, went the senior of Gaval-Rannall—namely, Fiagh,[202] the son of Hugh, son of John, son of Donnell Glas of Glenmalure.

All these nobles assembled in Dublin and remained there for some time, but the business of the Parliament was not finished[203] this year. They then departed for their respective homes.

[198] *Daire Barach.*—The principal family of his race extant at this period was Mac Gorman, who was then seated in the barony of Ibrickan and county of Clare. There are several respectable gentlemen of this family who now call themselves O'Gorman.

[199] *Kavanaghs.*—The family of Borris-Idrone are the senior branch of this family. There are several highly respectable families of the name living in the neighborhood of Vienna. These are supposed to be descended from the celebrated Brian-na-Stroice of Drummin, son of Morgan, son of Dowling Kavanagh of Ballyleigh, in the county of Carlow, who distinguished himself by his valor at the battles of the Boyne and Aughrim. His son, John Baptista Kavanagh, left Ireland after the capitulation of Limerick, and became Baron Gniditz in Bohemia, and died in 1774. His father, Brian-*na-Stroice*, who is said to have been the largest officer in James's service, remained in Ireland, and lived at Drummin till February, 1735, when he died in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and was buried at St. Mullin's, where there is a curious monument to his memory. See Ryan's "History and Antiquities of the County of Carlow," p. 350. From Maurice, the elder brother of Brian-*na-Stroice*, is lineally descended John Kavanagh (son of Dowling, son of Morgan, son of Maurice, son of Morgan, son of Dowling of Ballyleigh, son of Dermot, son of Murrough, brother of Cahir, Baron of Ballyane), of Bauck, near St. Mullin's, in the county of Carlow, who possesses a small estate in fee. From Rose, the daughter of Dowling Kavanagh of Ballyleigh, who was married in the year 1670 to Cornelius O'Donovan of Ballymountain, in the barony of Igrine and county of Kilkenny, the editor is the fourth in descent.

[200] *Tooles.*—The head of this family in the last century was Laurence O'Toole, Esq., of Buxtown, alias Fairfield, in the county of Wexford.

[201] *O'Dunnes, O'Dempseys.*—The present head of the O'Dunnes is Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Dunne of Brittas, in the Queen's County, who is the son of the late General Edward Dunne, son of Francis, son of Edward, son of Terence, son of Charles, son of Barnaby, patentee, 15 Car. i., son of Brian, son of Teige, son of Teige, son of Leyny, son of Rory, son of Donough, son of Amhalgaidh. The O'Dempseys have dwindled into plebeians, and Mr. Dempsey, of Liverpool, merchant, is now the most distinguished man of that name.

[202] *Fiagh, the son of Hugh.*—He was not a member of this Parliament, although Plowden asserts that Fiagh Mac Hugh "took his seat" as representative for Glenmalure. The late Garrett Byrne, Esq., of Ballymanus, in the county of Wicklow, who was expatriated in 1798, was probably the head of the race of Hugh Duv O'Byrne, whose descendants were rivals of the family of Fiagh Mac Hugh.—See "History of the Rebellion of 1798," by P. O'Kelly, Esq., p. 185. The Lord de Tabley descends from Melaghlin Duff O'Byrne, of Ballintlea, in Wicklow, who was of the senior or chieftain branch of the O'Byrnes, not of the Gaval-Rannall.

[203] *The Parliament was not finished.*—This Parliament was prorogued on the 29th of May, having passed the two following acts:

1. An act to attaint James Eustace, Viscount Baltinglass, and others, which is commonly called the statute of Baltinglass, and makes estates tail forfeitable for treason, and provides against the fraudulent conveyances of the attainted.

2. An act for the restitution in blood of Laurence Delahide, whose ancestor had been attainted in the reign of Henry VIII.

The Lord Deputy intended to suspend Poyning's Act, that he might the more speedily

The Governor of the province of Connaught, with a number of other men of distinction, and of the Council of Dublin, went to the province of Connaught, to hold, in the first place, a session in the monastery of Ennis, in the county of Clare. Here they enacted unusual ordinances—namely, that ten shillings should be paid to the queen for every quarter of land in the country, as well ecclesiastical as lay lands, excepting the liberties[204] which they themselves consented to grant to the gentlemen of the country; and that, over and above the queen's rent, five shillings should be paid to the lord of Thomond for every quarter of land, free and unfree,[205] in the whole country, except the liberties and church land.

pass such laws as he thought necessary; but some of the Anglo-Irish members, who were by no means disposed to entrust the Lord Deputy with the power of assenting to any laws which might be procured in Parliament, overthrew the bill at the third reading. The second session of this Parliament was on the 28th of April, 1586, when it passed the celebrated act "That all conveyances made, or pretended to be made, by any person attainted within thirteen years before the act, shall be entered on record in the Exchequer within a year, or be void."—See Spenser's "View of the State of Ireland," Dublin reprint of 1809, p. 41. This Parliament was dissolved on the 14th of May, 1536.

On the 15th of July, 1585, Perrott issued a commission, directed to Sir Richard Bingham, Governor of Connaught, the Earls of Thomond and Clanricard, the Baron of Athenry, Sir Turlough O'Brien, Sir Richard Bourke Mac William Eighter, Sir Donald O'Conor Sligo, Sir Brian O'Rourke, Sir Murrough-na-Doe O'Flahertie, and others, reciting: "Where our province of Connaught and Thomond, through the contynuall dissention of the lords and chieftans, challenging authorities, cuttings, and cessings, under pretexte of defending the people under their several rules, have run to all errors, and understanding the good inclination of these our subjects, through the good mynysterie of our truly and well-beloved Sir John Perrott, our deputy, etc., to embrace all good wayes and means that may be devised to conserve them in our obedience, and their rights and titles reduced from the uncertaintye wherein it stood, to continue certain for ever hereafter."

The following proposals were made by these commissioners: "The chieftains of countries, gentlemen and freeholders of the province of Connaught, to pass unto the Queen's Majestie, her heirs and successors, a grant of ten Shillings English, or a marke Irish, upon every quarter of land containing 120 acres, manured or to be manured, that bears either horne or corne, in lieu and consideration to be discharged from other cess, taxation, or challenge, excepting the rising out of horse and foote, for the service of the Prince and state, such as should be particularly agreed upon, and some certaine dayes' labour for building and fortification for the safety of the people and kingdome."—"Government of Ireland under Sir John Perrott, Knight," 4to, London, 1626, p. 80.

The Commissioners commenced with the county of Clare, or Thomond. Then followed the districts comprehended within the newly-created county of Galway. "Indentures of Composition" were entered into for these territories, which were printed for the first time in the appendix to Hardiman's edition of O'Flaherty's "Chorographical Description of Iar-Connaught," pp. 309–362. See also Cox's "Hibernia Anglicana," A.D. 1585.

[204] *Liberties.*—Queen Elizabeth, in her letter to the deputy, Sir Henry, dated 7th October, 1577, says that the Earl of Thomond pretended an ancient freedom to the whole barony of Ibreckan, and desired the like in the other baronies.

[205] *Free and unfree.*—It is not easy to determine what the Four Masters intend here—that is to say, whether they spoke in reference to English or Irish tenure. The editor therefore has translated the words literally, leaving the reader to form his own opinion.

They took from the Earl of Thomond the district of Kinel-Fearmaich,[206] which had been theretofore under tribute to his ancestors, and gave the lordship of it to the Baron of Inchiquin,[207] Murrough, the son of Murrough, son of Dermot O'Brien. It was also ordained and agreed that Turlough, the son of Donnell, son of Conor O'Brien, should have the rents and court of Corcomroe [the castle of Dumhach] in succession to his father, to whom it had been first given out of the lordship of Thomond by the Earl of Thomond —namely, Conor, the son of Donough O'Brien.

They deprived of title and tribute every head or chief of a sept, and every other lord of a triocha-ched throughout the whole country (with the exception of Mac Namara, lord of the western part of the district of Clann-Coilein) who did not subscribe his signature to this ordinance of theirs). They acted a like ordinance in the counties of Galway, Roscommon, Mayo, and Sligo.

FOURTH SELECTION, VOL. VI., PP. 2373 TO 2375.

The Age of Christ 1616. O'Neill[208] (Hugh, son of Ferdorcha, son of Con Bacagh, son of Con, son of Henry, son of Owen), who had been baron from the death of his father to the year when the celebrated Parliament was held in Dublin, 1584 [*rectè* 1585], and who was styled Earl of Tyrone at that Parliament, and who was afterwards styled O'Neill, died at an advanced age, after having

According to the Irish notion, it meant land held by the chief's relatives free of rent, and was land held by strangers (or natives who had forfeited their privileges by crime or otherwise), at high rents and for services of an ignoble nature. If they use the term with reference to the English law, as received in Thomond since the creation of the earldom, they must have taken to denote lands held in frank-tenement, or knight's service, which was esteemed the most honorable species of tenure among the English; and land held in pure villenage.

[206] *Kinel Fearmaic.*—In the description of the county of Clare, written about this period, and now preserved in the Manuscript Library of Trinity College, Dublin, E. ii. 14, this territory is called Troghkeyd Kynel Veroge, or the barony of Tullagh-I-Dea. It comprised the following parishes, viz: Ratb, Kilnamona, Killinaboy, Kilvedain, Kilvily, Dysart, Ruane, Kilnoe, Kilkeedy, Inishcronan. From this list it is clear that the whole of the cantred of Kinel-Fermaic is included in the present barony of Inchiquin, except the parish of Inishcronan, and we have sufficient evidence to prove that this parish did not originally belong to Kinel-Fermaic, although attached to it at this period, for it was anciently a portion of Hy-Caisin, or Mac Namara's original territory, and was a part of the deanery of Ogashin, according to the "Liber Regalis Visitationis."

[207] *The Baron of Inchiquin.*—This Murrough, who was the fourth Baron of Inchiquin, attended the Parliament of 1585, though the Four Masters take no notice of him. The probability is that they mistook him for Turlough, the son of Teige, son of Conor O'Brien, a personage who appears to have been called into historical existence by an error of transcription.

[208] The celebrated Hugh O'Neill of Irish history.

passed his life in prosperity and happiness, in valiant and illustrious achievements, in honor and nobleness. The place at which he died was Rome, and his death occurred on the 20th of July, after exemplary penance for his sins, and gaining the victory of the world and the devil.

Although he died far from Armagh, the burial-place of his ancestors, it was a token that God was pleased with his life that the Lord permitted him a no worse[209] burial place—namely, Rome, the head city of the Christians.

The person who here died was a powerful, mighty lord, endowed with wisdom, subtlety, and profundity of mind and intellect; a warlike, valorous, predatory, enterprising lord in defending his religion and his patrimony against his enemies; a pious and charitable lord, mild and gentle with his friends; fierce and stern towards his enemies, until he had brought them to submission and obedience to his authority; a lord who had not coveted to possess himself of the illegal or excessive property of any other, except such as had been hereditary in his ancestors from a remote period; a lord with the authority and praiseworthy characteristics of a prince, who had not suffered theft or robbery, abduction or rape, spite or animosity, to prevail during his reign, but had kept all under the authority of the law, as was meet for a prince.[210]

[209] *No worse—i.e.*, than Armagh.

[210] This is the last historical fact recorded by the Four Masters.

SIR RICHARD STEELE,

THE FOUNDER OF ENGLISH PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

"I am far from wishing to depreciate Addison's talents, but I am anxious to do justice to Steele, who was, I think, upon the whole, a less artificial and more original writer."—WILLIAM HAZLITT.

"As an essayist his fame will be lasting."—DR. J. S. HART.

RICHARD STEELE was born in Dublin about the year 1675. His father* was a counsellor-at-law and private secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. At an early age Richard was sent to the Charter House School, London; there he made the acquaintance of Joseph Addison, his fellow-pupil and somewhat his senior. He afterwards joined Addison at Oxford, having entered Merton College in 1692. Young Steele, it appears, applied himself chiefly to the study of literature, discovered an inclination to become a dramatic author, and even wrote a comedy.

Unfortunately, he imbibed a predilection for the army, and, no doubt foolishly dazzled by the glitter and show of the richly-laced scarlet coats and white, waving plumes of the Horse Guards, he entered that corps a private, leaving Oxford without a degree. This displeased all his friends. It was the starting-point of Steele's career on the road of folly. In fact, the rash step cost him a fortune; for a wealthy Irish relative in the county of Wexford, indignant at the news, cut the name of the reckless fellow out of his will, regarding him as a disgrace to his family. But a total disregard for his interest whenever it interfered with his inclination uniformly marked Steele's conduct. It was at the bottom of his almost life-long troubles, and certainly was the cause of the endless pecuniary embarrassments in which he was involved. His agreeable manners, however, and frank, open jovialty won him many friends in the army. He was soon promoted, and as rollicking Captain Richard Steele he was indeed considered a pleasant companion.

[1] Steele's father was an Englishman.

Steele was no sooner an officer than he began to lead a wild, dissipated life. He gave himself up to every excess. But he had his better moments. Serious reflection would bring about repentance. He would deeply regret his reckless career, and would feel strongly disposed to amend. "There is not, perhaps, on record," writes one of his biographers, "a more striking instance of a mind, strongly imbued with moral and religious feelings, waging for years an unsuccessful war with overbearing passions and corrupt habits than was exhibited in Steele. Plunged in dissipation and intemperance, he was constantly agonized by shame and remorse for his folly and his waste of time and talent. In these intervals of reviving virtue he composed, as a manual for his own private use, 'The Christian Hero,' but it failed to work the desired reformation, and day after day still continued to be an alternation of intemperance and compunction. He then determined to print his work, impressed with the idea that when his professions were before the public he would be compelled to assimilate his practice to them. The only result of this experiment was to excite the pity of the worthy and the derision of the dissolute." The idea of a fast-living soldier, who could never resist the attractions of the "Rose Tavern" or the delight of giving a sound thrashing to the watch at midnight, appearing in print as a religious character, seemed to have in it something irresistibly comic.

In spite of Steele's follies, his friendly disposition and natural goodness of heart could not be hidden. He now earnestly began to use his pen in another line; and we are happy to bear testimony to the fact that his writings were always conducive to virtue. He produced three comedies, "The Funeral; or, Grief à la Mode," "The Tender Husband; or, The Accomplished Fools," and "The Lying Lover," which were performed in 1702 and the two following years. The sober tone of the last drew down the hisses of a loose audience, and Steele, in disgust, withdrew from dramatic authorship. To the honor of this gifted Irishman, let it never be forgotten that he was the first dramatist after the Restoration to introduce virtue on the English stage.

"Steele's 'Conscious Lovers,'" writes the learned Hallam, "is the *first* comedy which can be called moral."[2]

"The comedies of Steele," says the critic Hazlitt, "were the *first*

[2] "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," vol. iii. Steele wrote "The Conscious Lovers" in 1722. It was his last play.

that were written expressly with a view not to imitate the manners, but to reform the morals, of the age."[3]

The state of society in England at this period was truly deplorable. From about the time of the accession of William III., of Boyne celebrity, through the reigns of the first two Georges, there was little change; coarseness and corruption ruled in places high and low. "That this brutal, selfish, and vulgar tone of social intercourse," writes Prof. Shaw, "was at once a result and an indication of a deep and general deterioration of morals is more than probable. It partly arose from the unfortunate mixture of politics in the whole texture, so to speak, of society, and may be attributed partly to the increased influence of the popular element in our political constitution, and in some degree to that roughness and ferocity of manners which a long-continued period of warfare seldom fails to communicate to a nation. Gambling was exceedingly prevalent, and drunkenness, so long, alas! the vice of Englishmen, was universally habitual. Swearing and gross indecency of language were universally indulged in. The barbarous and brutalizing sports of the cock-pit and the bull-ring were still pursued. As to the pleasures of the intellect and the taste, they were either absolutely unknown or confined to a few, and those few regarded as pedants or as humorists."[4]

"That general knowledge," says Dr. Johnson, speaking of this period, "which now circulates in common talk was then rarely to be found. Men not professing learning were not ashamed of ignorance, and in the female world any acquaintance with books was distinguished only to be censured." Such was English society in the days of Steele, or little more than a century and a half ago!

The first to combat the follies of that coarse age—the first who manfully labored to raise up the English nation from its brutal ignorance and grovelling condition, was the Irish Richard Steele. The year 1709 marks the opening of a great era in English literature—the birth of the *first* English periodical worthy of the name. Taking the name of *Isaac Bickerstaff*,[5] Steele began *The Tatler* in concert with Swift, with whom at this time he was in habits of intimacy. The first number was issued on April 12. He began

[3] "Lectures on the Comic English writers," lect. viii.

[4] "Outlines of English Literature."

[5] His friend Swift had assumed that name the preceding year, and had made it famous by several predictions which he wrote. Steele thought the popularity of *The Tatler* would be increased by attaching such a name to it.

this journal for the good of the people, and, as he adds, "for our more convenient support in the service of the public. It is certain that many other schemes have been proposed to me, as a friend offered to show me in a treatise he had written, which he called 'The Whole Art of Life; or, The Introduction to Great Men, illustrated in a Pack of Cards,' but, being a novice at all manner of play, I declined the offer!"

The professed intention of *The Tatler*, whose gay essays are very pleasant and its serious ones very instructive, was to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and ostentation, and to recommend simplicity in dress, discourse, and behavior. Steele, above all others, was the man best qualified for this sort of work. His vivacity, readiness of intellect, profound acquaintance with life in all its phases, and undeniable goodness of heart and intention made him just the person to fill the office of periodical censor of manners. *The Tatlers* were penny papers, published three times a week. Two hundred and seventy-one numbers appeared, after which *The Tatler* no longer tattled.[6] "It was through these," writes Prof. Morley, "and the daily *Spectators* which succeeded them, that *the people of England really learned to read.*[7] The few leaves of sound reason and fancy were but a light tax on uncultivated powers of attention. Exquisite grace and true kindliness, here associated with familiar ways and common incidents of every-day life, gave many an honest man fresh sense of the best happiness that lies in common duties honestly performed."[8]

About two months after *The Tatler* ended Steele began *The Spectator*, which has become one of the most famous names in the history of British periodical literature. It is looked upon as an English classic. In its rich pages appeared the best things ever written by Steele and Addison.[9] The seven inimitable articles of Steele which we reproduce in the present volume are all from *The Spectator*, and we think that every reader of sound sense and good taste will thank us for them.

[6] The first number of *The Tatler* is dated April 12, 1709; the last number, January 2, 1711—in all, 271 numbers, of which Steele wrote 164.

[7] We are glad to have the testimony of this learned English professor that from a native of Ireland, scarcely two hundred years ago, "*the people of England really learned to read.*"

[8] Morley's "English Writers."

[9] The first number of *The Spectator* is dated March 1, 1711; the last, Dec. 20, 1714—in all, 635 numbers, 240 of which were written by Steele, 274 by Addison, and the rest by others. *The Spectator* was issued daily.

Encouraged by the remarkable success of *The Spectator*, Steele started *The Guardian* in the spring of 1713. It was a daily journal, and lived about eight months. Steele and Addison were the chief contributors. Steele's entry, however, into Parliamentary life as a member for Stockbridge relaxed his efforts as an essayist; and though he was afterwards concerned in other periodicals, neither his purse nor his reputation won much by them. For writing a pamphlet of a political character, entitled "The Crisis," he was expelled from the House of Commons. But we cannot dwell at length upon the events of his life.

On the accession of George I., Steele again found himself in favor. He was knighted in 1715, and received several very lucrative appointments.

It is truly lamentable to know that all the distresses and difficulties which this distinguished writer experienced in his many reverses of fortune had failed to teach him prudence. Towards the end of his life we find him plunged in debt, and poverty even staring him in the face. There is little doubt but that the retrospect of his past improvidence and folly, by agitating him with remorse and sorrow, produced a serious effect upon his constitution. Early in 1726 he was seized with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the free enjoyment of his intellectual faculties. In these unhappy circumstances the once jovial, light-hearted Sir Richard Steele left London. His pecuniary distress, however, did not subvert his high moral principles, and before leaving London he surrendered all his property to his creditors. He retired to Wales, taking up his residence near Caermarthen. In this seclusion, supported by the benevolence of his creditors, he lingered for nearly two years. He died on September 2, 1729. According to his own desire, he was buried privately, and in the quiet churchyard of Caermarthen rests all that is earthly of Sir Richard Steele.

Steele was twice married. His second wife was the amiable and accomplished Miss Mary Scurrlock, a Welsh lady, to whom he was devotedly attached.[10]

It is the custom among a large class of English critics to place Addison as an essayist above Steele. Here we enter our solemn protest against any such arbitrary classification. Both were great

[10] This was the "dear Prue" who, by preserving some four hundred of her husband's letters, has enabled us to form truer ideas of the kind-hearted Steele than we could get from any other source.

writers and inimitable essayists, but Addison is not necessarily the first because his social position was higher and because he was a native of England. Yet it appears these reasons—poor ones, indeed—have induced many to give him precedence to Steele.

One of the first marks of true genius is originality. In this quality Steele's superiority is not to be questioned. Had Addison never lived, Steele would still have been a famous essayist, and *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* would have lived, moved, and had their being. Steele originated those periodicals. Addison was merely a contributor. He, indeed, enriched Steele's *Spectators*. Steele himself did the same. Without Steele there would have been no *Spectator*, and Addison, it is reasonable to conclude, would not to-day be known as an essayist to the literary world. "*The Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*," writes Prof. Morley, "were all of them Steele's journals, begun and ended by him, at his sole discretion. In these three he wrote 510 papers; Addison, 369." [11]

"Steele," says Hazlitt, "seems to have gone into his closet chiefly to set down what he observed out of doors. Addison seems to have spent most of his time in his study, and to have spun out and wire-drawn the hints which he borrowed from Steele, or took from nature, to the utmost. I am far from wishing to depreciate Addison's talents, but I am anxious to do justice to Steele, who was, I think, upon the whole a less artificial and more original writer. The humorous descriptions of Steele resemble loose skeletons, or fragments of a comedy; those of Addison are rather comments on the original text." [12]

Steele's definition of a Christian was, "One who was always a benefactor with the mien of a receiver." Here he was writing his own character, "of which," says a learned critic, "the one fault was that he was more ready to give than to receive, more prompt to ascribe honors to others than to claim them for himself." [13]

His wit was fresh and natural. It came with no stinted flow. He wrote as he lived, freely and carelessly, scattering the coinage of his brain, as he did his guineas, with an unsparing hand. All who read his papers or his letters to Prue cannot help seeing the good heart of the rattle-brain shining out in every line. We can forgive, or at least forget, his tippling in taverns and his unthinking

[11] Morley's "English Writers."
[12] "Lectures on the English Comic Writers," lect. v.
[13] Morley's "English Writers."

extravagance, bad as these were, in consideration of the loving touch with which he handles the foibles of his neighbors, and the mirth without bitterness that flows from his gentle pen.[14]

"Steele," justly observes Dr. Allibone, "was one of the most amiable and one of the most improvident of men. His precepts were far better than his practice. Often sinning, often repenting, always good-natured, and generally in debt, he multiplied troubles as few men will, and bore them better than most men can." [15]

THE SPECTATOR CLUB.

"Ast alii sex
Et plures uno conclamant ore."
—Juv., Sat. vii. ver. 167.

"Six more, at least, join their consenting voice."

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square.[16] It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse, beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege,[17] fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson [18] in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper

[14] Collier, "History of English Literature."
[15] "Dictionary of Authors."
[16] At that time the genteelest part of the town.
[17] Prominent personages in the time of Charles II. and James II.
[18] This fellow was a noted sharper and swaggerer about town at the time here pointed out.

being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. Sir Roger is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior that he is rather beloved than esteemed.

His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up-stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum;[19] that he fills the chair at a quarter session with great abilities, and, three months ago, gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple,[20] a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorous father than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke.[21] The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage articles, leases, and tenures in the neighborhood, all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves when he should be enquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has

[19] The term *quorum* arose from the words used in the commission issued to certain special justices formerly appointed in England to enquire of and determine felonies and other misdemeanors, in which number it was directed that some particular justices, or one of them, should be always included, and that no business should be done without their presence, the commission commencing, *Quorum aliquem vestrum, etc.*—*Burrill.*

[20] Inner Temple is one of the Inns of court (or colleges) in which students of law reside and are instructed.—*Wharton.*

[21] Littleton's "Treatise on Tenures" has been annotated by Coke.

a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business. Exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russel Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at the play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London; a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valor, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, among which the greatest favorite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortune himself, and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as

should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but, having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even, regular behavior are in themselves obstacles to him, that must press through crowds who endeavor at the same end with himself—the favor of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk, excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or enquiring into it; for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me has as many to break through to come at me as I have to come at him; therefore he will conclude that a man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from a habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life; but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead or traces in his brain. His person is well turned and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile

when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat; and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth [22] danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company but myself—who rarely speak at all—but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well bred, fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned he is an honest, worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company, for he visits us but seldom; but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has had the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and, consequently, cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore, among divines, what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind and the integrity of his life create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

[22] Natural son of Charles the Second. He was beheaded at London in 1685.

LÆTITIA AND DAPHNE; OR, THE TRUE CHARMS OF A WOMAN.

A FRIEND of mine has two daughters, whom I will call Lætitia and Daphne; the former is one of the greatest beauties of the age in which she lives, the latter no way remarkable for any charms in her person. Upon this one circumstance of their outward form the good and ill of their lives seem to turn. Lætitia has not, from her very childhood, heard anything else but commendations of her features and complexion, by which means she is no other than nature made her—a very beautiful outside. The consciousness of her charms has rendered her insupportably vain and insolent towards all who have to do with her. Daphne, who was almost twenty before one civil thing had ever been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some accomplishments to make up for the want of those attractions which she saw in her sister. Poor Daphne was seldom submitted to in a debate wherein she was concerned; her discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good sense of it, and she was always under a necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while Lætitia was listened to with partiality, and approbation sat in the countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These causes have produced suitable effects, and Lætitia is as insipid a companion as Daphne is an agreeable one. Lætitia, confident of favor, has studied no arts to please; Daphne, despairing of any inclination towards her person, has depended only on her merit. Lætitia has always something in her air that is sullen, grave, and disconsolate. Daphne has a countenance that appears cheerful, open, and unconcerned. A young gentleman saw Lætitia this winter at a play, and became her captive. His fortune was such that he wanted very little introduction to speak his sentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with the utmost freedom into the family, where a constrained behavior, severe looks, and distant civilities were the highest favors he could obtain of Lætitia; while Daphne used him with the good-humor, familiarity, and innocence of a sister, insomuch that he would often say to her, "Dear Daphne, were you but as handsome as Lætitia!" She received such language with that ingenuous and pleasing mirth which is natural to a woman without design. He still sighed in vain for Lætitia, but found certain relief in the agreeable conversation of Daphne. At length, heartily tired with the haughty im-

pertinence of Lætitia, and charmed with the repeated instances of good-humor he had observed in Daphne, he one day told the latter that he had something to say to her he hoped she would be pleased with. "Faith, Daphne," continued he, "I am in love with you, and despise your sister sincerely." The manner of his declaring himself gave his mistress occasion for a very hearty laughter. "No," says he, "I knew you would laugh at me, but I will ask your father." He did so; the father received his intelligence with no less joy than surprise, and was very glad he had now no care left but for his beauty, which he thought he could carry to market at his leisure. I do not know anything that has pleased me so much a great while as this conquest of my friend Daphne's. All her acquaintance congratulated her upon her chance-medley, and laugh at that premeditating murderer, her sister. As it is an argument of a light mind to think the worse of ourselves for the imperfections of our persons, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the advantages of them. The female world seem to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this particular; for which reason I shall recommend the following extract out of a friend's letter [23] to the professed beauties, who are a people almost as unsufferable as the professed wits:

"Monsieur St. Evremond has concluded one of his essays with affirming that the last sighs of a handsome woman are not so much for the loss of her life as of her beauty. Perhaps this raillery is pursued too far, yet it is turned upon a very obvious remark, that woman's strongest passion is for her own beauty, and that she values it as her favorite distinction. From hence it is that all arts which pretend to improve it or preserve it meet with so general a reception among the sex. To say nothing of many false helps and contraband wares of beauty which are daily vended in this great mart, there is not a maiden gentlewoman of a good family, in any county of South Britain, who has not heard of the virtues of May-dew, or is unfurnished with some recipe or other in favor of her complexion; and I have known a physician of learning and sense, after eight years' study in the university, and a course of travels into most countries of Europe, owe the first raising of his fortunes to a cosmetic wash.

"This has given me occasion to consider how so universal a disposition in womankind, which springs from a laudable motive—the

[23] Mr. John Hughes.

desire of pleasing—and proceeds upon an opinion, not altogether groundless, that nature may be helped by art, may be turned to their advantage. And, methinks, it would be an acceptable service to take them out of the hands of quacks and pretenders, and to prevent their imposing upon themselves, by discovering to them the true secret and art of improving beauty.

"In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it will be necessary to lay down a few preliminary maxims, viz.:

"That no woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech;

"That pride destroys all symmetry and grace, and affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the small-pox;

"That no woman is capable of being beautiful who is not incapable of being false;

"And that what would be odious in a friend is deformity in a mistress.

"From these few principles, thus laid down, it will be easy to prove that the true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is that those who are the favorite work of nature—or, as Mr. Dryden expresses it, the porcelain clay of humankind—become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting their charms; and those who seem to have been neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable in a great measure of finishing what she has left imperfect.

"It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power to put them upon a level with their picture at Kneller's. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty, heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation! How faint and spiritless are the charms of a coquette when compared with the real loveliness of Sophronia's innocence, piety, good-humor, and truth—virtues which add a new softness to her sex, and even beautify her beauty! That agreeableness, which must otherwise have appeared no longer in the modest virgin, is now preserved in the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful wife. Colors artfully spread upon canvas may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes no care to add to

the natural graces of her person any excelling qualities may be allowed still to amuse as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

"When Adam is introduced by Milton, describing Eve in Paradise, and relating to the angel the impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her, like a Grecian Venus, by her shape or features; but by the lustre of her mind, which shone in them, and gave them their power of charming.

> "'Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye
> In all her gestures, dignity and love!'

"Without this irradiating power, the proudest fair one ought to know, whatever her glass may tell her to the contrary, that her most perfect features are uninformed and dead.

"I cannot better close this moral than by a short epitaph written by Ben Jonson, with a spirit which nothing could inspire but such an object as I have been describing:

> "'Underneath this stone doth lie
> As much virtue as could die,
> Which when alive did vigor give
> To as much beauty as could live.'"

AGE.

Of all the impertinent wishes which we hear expressed in conversation, there is not one more unworthy a gentlemen, or a man of liberal education, than that of wishing one's self younger. It is a certain sign of a foolish or a dissolute mind, if we want our youth again only for the strength of bones and sinews which we once were masters of; it is as absurd in an old man to wish for the strength of a youth as it would be in a young man to wish for the strength of a bull or a horse. These wishes are both equally out of nature, which should direct in all things that are not contradictory to justice, law, and reason.

Age, in a virtuous person of either sex, carries in it an authority which makes it preferable to all the pleasures of youth; if to be saluted, attended, or consulted with deference are instances of pleasure, they are such as never fail a virtuous old age. In the enumeration of the imperfections and advantages of the younger and later years of man, they are so near in their condition that me-

thinks it should be incredible we see so little commerce of kindness between them. If we consider youth and age with *Tully*, regarding the affinity to death, youth has many more chances to be nearer it than age. What youth can say more than an old man, "He shall live till night"? Youth catches distempers more easily, its sickness is more violent, and its recovery more doubtful. The youth, indeed, hopes for many more days; so cannot the old man. The youth's hopes are ill-grounded; for what is more foolish than to place any confidence upon an uncertainty? But the old man has not room so much as for hope; he is still happier than the youth; he has already enjoyed what the other does but hope for; one wishes to live long, the other has lived long. But, alas! is there anything in human life the duration of which can be called long? There is nothing, which must end, to be valued for its continuance. If hours, days, months, and years pass away, it is no matter what hour, what day, what month, or what year we die. The applause of a good actor is due to him at whatever scene of the play he makes his *exit*. It is thus in the life of a man of sense; a short life is sufficient to manifest himself a man of honor and virtue. When he ceases to be such, he has lived too long; and while he is such it is of no consequence to him how long he shall be so, provided he is so to his life's end.

DEFINITION OF A FINE GENTLEMAN.

"Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res."
—Hor., 1 Ep. xvii. 23.

"All fortune fitted Aristippus well."
—Creech.

The generality (the fair sex especially) have very false impressions of what should be intended when they say a "fine gentleman." I have revolved this subject in my thoughts, and settled, as it were, an idea of that character in my own imagination.

No man ought to have the esteem of the rest of the world for any actions which are disagreeable to those maxims which prevail as the standards of behavior in the country wherein he lives. What is opposite to the eternal rules of reason and good sense must be excluded from any place in the carriage of a well-bred man. When a gentleman speaks coarsely, he has dressed himself clean to no purpose. The clothing of our minds certainly ought to be

regarded before that of our bodies. To betray in a man's talk a corrupt imagination is a much greater offence against the conversation of gentlemen than any negligence of dress imaginable. But this sense of the matter is so far from being received among people even of condition that Vocifer even passes for a fine gentleman. He is loud, haughty, gentle, soft, lewd, and obsequious by turns, just as a little understanding and great impudence prompt him at the present moment. He passes among the silly part of our women for a man of wit, because he is generally in doubt. He contradicts with a shrug, and confutes with a certain sufficiency, in professing such and such a thing is above his capacity. What makes his character the pleasanter is that he is a professed deluder of women, and because the empty coxcomb has no regard to anything that is of itself sacred and inviolable. I have heard an unmarried lady of fortune say, "It is pity so fine a gentleman as Vocifer is so great an atheist." The crowds of such inconsiderable creatures that infest all places of assembling every reader will have in his eye from his own observation; but would it not be worth considering what sort of figure a man who formed himself upon those principles among us which are agreeable to the dictates of honor and religion would make in the familiar and ordinary occurrences of life?

I hardly have observed any one fill his several duties of life better than Ignotus. All the under parts of his behavior, and such as are exposed to common observation, have their rise in him from great and noble motives. A firm and unshaken expectation of another life makes him become this; humanity and good nature, fortified by the sense of virtue, has the same effect upon him as the neglect of all goodness has upon many others. Being firmly established in all matters of importance, that certain inattention which makes men's actions look easy appears in him with greater beauty; by a thorough contempt of little excellences, he is perfectly master of them. This temper of mind leaves him under no necessity of studying his air, and he has this peculiar distinction, that his negligence is unaffected.

He that can work himself into a pleasure in considering this being as an uncertain one, and think to reap an advantage by its discontinuance, is in a fair way of doing all things with a graceful unconcern and a gentleman-like ease. Such a one does not behold his life as a short, transient, perplexing state, made up of trifling pleasures and great anxieties, but sees it in quite another light; his

griefs are momentary and his joys immortal. Reflection upon death is not a gloomy and sad thought of resigning everything that he delights in, but it is a short night followed by an endless day. What I would here contend for is that the more virtuous the man is, the nearer he will naturally be to the character of genteel and agreeable. A man whose fortune is plentiful shows an ease in his countenance and confidence in his behavior which he that is under wants and difficulties cannot assume. It is thus with the state of the mind; he that governs his thoughts with the everlasting rules of reason and sense must have something so inexpressibly graceful in his words and actions that every circumstance must become him. The change of persons or things around him does not at all alter his situation, but he looks disinterested in the occurrences with which others are distracted, because the greatest purpose of his life is to maintain an indifference both to it and all its enjoyments. In a word, to be a fine gentleman is to be a generous and a brave man. What can make a man so much in constant good humor, and shine, as we call it, than to be supported by what can never fail him, and to believe that whatever happens to him was the best thing that could possibly befall him, or else He on whom it depends would not have permitted it to have befallen him at all!

SCANDAL-BEARERS BAD HEARTED.

"Quantum a rerum turpitudine abes, tantum te a verborum libertate sejungas"
—TULL.

"We should be as careful of our words as our actions, and as far from speaking as from doing ill."

IT is a certain sign of an ill heart to be inclined to defamation. They who are harmless and innocent can have no gratification that way; but it ever arises from a neglect of what is laudable in a man's self and an impatience of seeing it in another. Else why should virtue provoke? Why should beauty displease in such a degree that a man given to scandal never lets the mention of either pass by him without offering something to the diminution of it? A lady the other day at a visit, being attacked somewhat rudely by one whose own character has been very roughly treated, answered a great deal of heat and intemperance very calmly: "Good madam, spare me, who am none of your match; I speak ill of nobody, and

it is a new thing to me to be spoken ill of." Little minds think fame consists in the number of votes they have on their side among the multitude, whereas it is really the inseparable follower of good and worthy actions. Fame is as natural a follower of merit as shadow is of a body. It is true, when crowds press upon you, this shadow cannot be seen, but when they separate from around you it will again appear. The lazy, the idle, and the froward are the persons who are most pleased with the little tales which pass about the town to the disadvantage of the rest of the world. Were it not for the pleasure of speaking ill, there are numbers of people who are too lazy to go out of their own houses, and too ill-natured to open their lips in conversation. It was not a little diverting the other day to observe a lady reading a post-letter, and at these words, "After all her airs, he has heard some story or other, and the match is broke off," give orders in the midst of her reading, *Put to the horses.* That a young woman of merit has missed an advantageous settlement was news not to be delayed, lest somebody else should have given her malicious acquaintance that satisfaction before her. The unwillingness to receive good tidings is a quality as inseparable from a scandal-bearer as the readiness to divulge bad. But, alas! how wretchedly low and contemptible is that state of mind that cannot be pleased but by what is the subject of lamentation. This temper has ever been in the highest degree odious to gallant spirits. The Persian soldier who was heard reviling Alexander the Great was well admonished by his officer: "Sir, you are paid to fight against Alexander, and not to rail at him."

Cicero, in one of his pleadings, defending his client from general scandal, says very handsomely, and with much reason: "There are many who have particular engagements to the prosecutor; there are many who are known to have ill-will to him for whom I appear; there are many who are naturally addicted to defamation, and envious of any good to any man, who may have contributed to spread reports of this kind; for nothing is so swift as scandal, nothing is more easily sent abroad, nothing received with more welcome, nothing diffuses itself so universally. I shall not desire that if any report to our disadvantage has any ground for it, you would overlook or extenuate it; but if there be anything advanced without a person who can say whence he had it, or which is attested by one who forgot who told him it, or who had it from one of so

little consideration that he did not then think it worth his notice—all such testimonies as these, I know, you will think too slight to have any credit against the innocence and honor of your fellow-citizen." When an ill report is traced, it very often vanishes among such as the orator has here recited. And how despicable a creature must that be who is in pain for what passes among so frivolous a people! There is a town in Warwickshire of good note, and formerly pretty famous for much animosity and dissension, the chief families of which have now turned all their whispers, backbitings, envies, and private malices into mirth and entertainment, by means of a peevish old gentlewoman known by the title of the Lady Bluemantle. This heroine had for many years together outdone the whole sisterhood of gossips in invention, quick utterance, and unprovoked malice. This good body is of a lasting constitution, though extremely decayed in her eyes and decrepit in her feet. The two circumstances of being always at home from her lameness, and very attentive from her blindness, make her lodgings the receptacle of all that passes in town, good or bad; but for the latter she seems to have the better memory. There is another thing to be noted of her, which is that, as it is usual with old people, she has a livelier memory of things which passed when she was very young than of late years. Add to all this, that she does not only not love anybody, but she hates everybody. The statue in Rome does not serve to vent malice half so well as this old lady does to disappoint it. She does not know the author of anything that is told her, but can readily repeat the matter itself; therefore, though she exposes all the whole town, she offends no one body in it. She is so exquisitely restless and peevish that she quarrels with all about her, and sometimes in a freak will instantly change her habitation. To indulge this humor, she is led about the grounds belonging to the same house she is in, and the persons to whom she is to remove being in the plot, and ready to receive her at her own chamber again. At stated times the gentlewoman at whose house she supposes she is at the time is sent for to quarrel with, according to her common custom. When they have a mind to drive the jest, she is immediately urged to that degree, that she will board in a family with which she has never yet been; and away she will go this instant, and tell them all that the rest have been saying of them. By this means she has been an inhabitant of every house in the place without stirring from the same habitation; and the many

stories which everybody furnishes her with to favor that deceit make her the general intelligencer of the town of all that can be said by one woman against another. Thus groundless stories die away, and sometimes truths are smothered under the general word, when they have a mind to discountenance a thing: Oh! that is in my Lady Bluemantle's memoirs.

Whoever receives impressions to the disadvantage of others without examination is to be had in no other credit for intelligence than this good Lady Bluemantle, who is subjected to have her ears imposed upon for want of other helps to better information. Add to this that other scandal-bearers suspend the use of these faculties which she has lost rather than apply them to do justice to their neighbors, and I think, for the service of my fair readers, to acquaint them that there is a voluntary Lady Bluemantle at every visit in town.

FIDELIA; OR, THE DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

"Tibi scriptus, matrona, libellus."

—Mar

"A book the chastest matron may peruse."

She who shall lead the small, illustrious number of my female heroines shall be the amiable Fidelia.

Before I enter upon the particular parts of her character, it is necessary to preface that she is the only child of a decrepit father, whose life is bound up in hers. This gentleman has used Fidelia from her cradle with all the tenderness imaginable, and has viewed her growing perfections with the partiality of a parent, that soon thought her accomplished above the children of all other men, but never thought she was come to the utmost improvement of which she herself was capable. This fondness has had very happy effects upon his own happiness, for she reads, she dances, she sings, uses her spinet and lute to the utmost perfection; and the lady's use of all these excellences is to divert the old man in his easy-chair when he is out of the pangs of a chronical distemper. Fidelia is now in the twenty-third year of her age; but the application of many lovers, her vigorous time of life, her quick sense of all that is truly gallant and elegant in the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune, are not able to draw her from the side of her good old father.

Certain it is that there is no kind of affection so pure and angel-

ic as that of a father to a daughter. He beholds her both with and without regard to her sex. In love to our wives there is a desire, to our sons there is ambition; but in that to our daughters there is something which there are no words to express. Her life is designed wholly domestic, and she is so ready a friend and companion that everything that passes about a man is accompanied with the idea of her presence. Her sex also is naturally so much exposed to hazard, both as to fortune and to innocence, that there is, perhaps, a new cause of fondness arising from that consideration also. None but fathers can have a true sense of these sort of pleasures and sensations; but my familiarity with the father of Fidelia makes me let drop the words which I have heard him speak, and observe upon his tenderness toward her.

Fidelia, on her part, as I was going to say, as accomplished as she is, with all her beauty, wit, air, and mien, employs her whole time in care and attendance upon her father. How have I been charmed to see one of the most beauteous women the age has produced on her knees helping on an old man's slipper! Her filial regard for him is what she makes her diversion, her business, and her glory. When she was asked by a friend of her deceased mother to admit of the courtship of her son, she answered that she had a great respect and gratitude to her for the overture in behalf of one so near to her, but that during her father's life she should admit into her heart no value for anything that should interfere with her endeavor to make his remains of life as happy and easy as could be expected in his circumstances.

When the general crowd of female youth are consulting their glasses, preparing for balls, assemblies, or plays, for a young lady who could be regarded among the foremost in those places, either for her person, wit, fortune, or conversation, and yet contemn all these entertainments to sweeten the heavy hours of a decrepit parent, is a resignation truly heroic. Fidelia performs the duty of a nurse with all the beauty of a bride; nor does she neglect her person because of her attendance on him, when he is too ill to receive company, to whom she may make an appearance.

Fidelia, who gives up her youth, does not think it any sacrifice to add to it the spoiling of her dress. Her care and exactness in her habit convince her father of the alacrity of her mind, and she has of all women the best foundation for affecting the praise of a seeming negligence. What adds to the entertainment of the good old

man is that Fidelia, where merit and fortune cannot be overlooked by epistolary lovers, reads over the accounts of her conquests, plays on her spinet the gayest airs, to intimate to him the pleasures she despises for his sake.

Those who think themselves the patterns of good breeding and gallantry would be astonished to hear that in those intervals when the old gentleman is at ease and can bear company, there are at his house, in the most regular order, assemblies of people of the highest merit, where there is conversation without mention of the faults of the absent, benevolence between men and women without passion, and the highest subjects of morality treated of as a natural and accidental discourse; all which is owing to the genius of Fidelia, who at once makes her father's way to another world easy, and herself capable of being an honor to his name in this.

A QUAKER IN A STAGE-COACH.

"Qui, aut tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur."

—Tull.

"That man is guilty of impertinence who considers not the circumstances of time, or engrosses the conversation, or makes himself the subject of his discourse, or pays no regard to the company he is in."

Having notified to my good friend Sir —— that I would set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening, and, attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me enquired of the chamberlain in my hearing what company he had for the coach. The fellow answered, Miss Betty Arable, the great fortune, and the widow, her mother; a recruiting officer, who took a place because they were to go; young Squire Quickset, her cousin, that her mother wished her to be married to; and Ephraim, the Quaker, her guardian. I observed by what he had said that according to his office he dealt much in intelligence, and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports of the company.

The next morning at daybreak we were all called, and I, who know my own natural shyness, and endeavor to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make

no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was that the captain's half-pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the meantime the drummer, referring to the captain's equipage, was very loud that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled, upon which the cloak-bag was fixed in the seat of the coach; and the captain himself, according to a frequent though invidious behavior of military men, ordered his man to look sharp that none but one of the ladies would have the place he had taken fronting the coach-box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity, and we had not moved above two miles when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting. The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her "that indeed he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter. In a word," continued he, "I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character. You see me, madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me yourself, widow, or give me to her; I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha!"

This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the company.

"Come," said he, "resolve upon it; we will make a wedding at next town; we will awake this pleasant companion who is fallen asleep to be the brideman, and," giving the Quaker a clap on the knee, he concluded, "this sly saint, who, I will warrant, understands what is what as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father."

The Quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered: "Friend, I take it in good part that thou hast given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoreth of folly; thou art a person of a light mind; thy drum is a type of thee: it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy fulness but thy emptiness that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee, to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear

thee if thou wilt needs utter thy follies—we cannot help it, friend, I say; if thou wilt, we must hear thee; but if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou fleer at our friend, who feigned himself asleep and said nothing? But how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it is an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee; to speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high-road."

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain, with an unhappy and uncommon impudence, which can be convicted and support itself at the same time, cries: "Faith, friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old fellow, and I will be very orderly the ensuing part of my journey. I was going to give myself airs, but, ladies, I beg pardon."

The captain was so little out of humor, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future, and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodation fell under Ephraim; and the captain looked to all disputes on the road, as the good behavior of our coachman and the right we had of taking place as going to London of all vehicles coming from thence. The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them; but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good fortune that the whole journey was not spent in impertinences, which to the one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering. What, therefore, Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at London had to me an air not only of good understanding, but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim delivered himself as follows: "There is no ordinary part of human life which expresseth so much a good mind and a right inward man as his behavior upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem

the most unsuitable companions to him. Such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof, but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend," continued he, turning to the officer, "thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again; but be advised by a plain man: modes and apparel are but trifles to the real man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have toward each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceful demeanor, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it."

LETTERS FROM SIR RICHARD STEELE TO HIS WIFE

CHRISTMAS DAY.[24]

DEAR PRUE: I went the other day to see Betty[25] at Chelsea, who represented to me, in her pretty language, "that she seemed helpless and friendless, without anybody's taking notice of her at Christmas, when all the children but she and two more were with their relations." I have invited her to dinner to-day, with one of the teachers, and they are here now in the room, Betty and Moll very noisy and pleased together. Bess goes back again, as soon as she has dined, to Chelsea. I have stayed in to get a very advantageous affair despatched; for, I assure you, I love money at present as well as your ladyship, and am entirely yours.

I told Betty I had writ to you, and she made me open the letter again and give her humble duty to her mother, and desire to know when she shall have the honor to see her in town. She gives her love to Mrs. Bevans and all her cousins.

RICHARD STEELE.

[Undated.]

MY DEAREST PRUE: I have yours of the 7th instant, which turns wholly upon my taking care of my health, and advice to forbear embarking too deeply in public matters, which you enforce by reminding me of the ingratitude I have met with. I have as quick

[24] 1716. [25] His little daughter

sense of the ill-treatment I have received as is consistent with keeping up my own spirit and good-humor. Whenever I am a malcontent, I will take care not to be a gloomy one, but hope to keep some stings of wit and humor in my own defence. I am talking to my wife, and therefore may speak my heart and the vanity of it. I know, and you are witness, that I have served the royal family with an unreservedness due only to Heaven, and I am now (I thank my brother Whigs) not possessed of twenty shillings from the favor of the court. The playhouse it had been barbarity to deny at the players' request, and therefore I do not allow it a favor. But I banish the very memory of these things, nor will I expect anything but what I must strike out of myself. By Tuesday's post I think I shall be able to guess when I shall leave the town and turn all my thoughts to finish my comedy.[26] You will find I have got so much constancy and fortitude as to live my own way (within the rules of good breeding and decency) wherever I am; for I will not sacrifice your husband, and the father of the poor babes, to any one's humor in the world. But to provide for and do you good is all my ambition.

I have a list of twenty-one leases for the setting out £199 8s. *per annum*. I have not yet heard of Mr. Philips. I am, dear Prue, ever yours. RICHARD STEELE.

HAMPTON COURT, March 16, 1716-17.

DEAR PRUE: If you have written anything to me which I should have received last night, I beg your pardon that I cannot answer it till the next post. The House of Commons will be very busy the next week; and I had many things, public and private, for which I wanted four-and-twenty hours' retirement, and therefore came to visit your son. I came out of town yesterday, being Friday, and shall return to-morrow. Your son, at the present writing, is mighty well employed in tumbling on the floor of the room and sweeping the sand with a feather. He grows a most delightful child, and very full of play and spirit. He is also a very great scholar: he can read his primer, and I have brought down my Virgil. He makes most shrewd remarks upon the pictures. We are very intimate friends and play-fellows. He begins to be very ragged; and I hope I shall be pardoned if I equip him with new

[26] If this was his "Conscious Lovers," it remained unfinished till 1721.

clothes and frocks, or what Mrs. Evans and I shall think for his service. I am, dear Prue, ever yours,

RICHARD STEELE.

March 26, 1717.

MY DEAREST PRUE: I have received yours, wherein you give me the sensible affliction of letting me know of the continual pain in your head. I could not meet with necessary advice; but, according to the descriptions you give me, I am confident washing your head in cold water will cure you—I mean, having water poured on your head, and rubbed with a hand, from the crown of your head to the nape of your neck. When I lay in your place and on your pillow, I assure you, I fell into tears last night, to think that my charming little insolent might be then awake and in pain, and took it to be a sin to go asleep.

For this tender passion towards you, I must be contented that your Prueship will condescend to call yourself my well-wisher. I am going abroad, and write before I go out, lest accidents should happen to prevent my writing at all. If I can meet with further advice for you, I will send it in a letter to Alexander. I am, dear Prue, ever yours,

RICHARD STEELE.

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.

"The greatest wit of all time."—THACKERAY.

"He knew, almost beyond any man, the purity, the extent, the precision of the English language."—BLAIR.

"The most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age."—ADDISON.

"O Jonathan! of merry fame,
As swift in fancy as in name."

JONATHAN SWIFT, one of the most remarkable men in the history of literature, was born on November the 30th, 1667, at Hoey's Court, Dublin—"that renowned city," as he afterwards wrote, "where I had the honor to draw my first breath." His mother was poor, and he was ushered into the world about seven months after his father's death. It is related that his nurse taught the future Dean to spell at three years of age, and that "at five he was able to read any chapter in the Bible." In his sixth year Jonathan was sent by his uncle, Godwin Swift, to the school at Kilkenny, where he remained for eight years.

In 1682 he was admitted within the historic walls of Trinity College, Dublin. Young Swift first showed his wit and strong sense by his repugnance to the obscure, antiquated jargon which then filled the works on logic pursued in the undergraduate course. A logician by nature, he could well afford to despise the limping, stupid ways of the musty old books. The examination day came. The solemn professors asked hard questions. Swift refused to reply to the senseless jargon propounded to him. He was warned to study logic and to come before the grave faculty on a future occasion. But Jonathan, neglecting nearly everything else, resolutely bent his mind to poetry and history. Again came around the day of trial. We shall let another tell what happened:

"In 1685, in the great hall of Dublin University, the professors engaged in examining for the bachelor's degree enjoyed a singular spectacle. A poor scholar, odd, awkward, with hard blue eyes, an orphan, friendless, poorly supported by the charity of an

uncle, having once failed before to take his degree on account of his ignorance of logic, had come up again without having condescended to read logic. When the argumentation came on, the proctor was obliged 'to reduce his replies into syllogism.' He was asked how he could reason well without rules. He replied that he *did* reason pretty well without them. This folly shocked them; yet he was received, though barely, *speciali gratia*,[1] says the register, and the professors went away, doubtless with pitying smiles, lamenting the feeble brain of Jonathan Swift!"[2] Thus by collegiate sophists and pedagogues the future renowned author of "Gulliver's Travels" and "The Tale of a Tub" was regarded as little short of a downright blockhead.[3] It is but fair to add, however, that Swift himself was not satisfied with his college work. He resolved to make up for any lost time, and for the next seven years it is said he studied about eight hours a day.

By the death of his uncle, Godwin, in 1688, young Swift was flung upon the world. He went to England to see his poor mother, with whom he remained for some months. She advised him to make his circumstances known to Sir William Temple, one of the ablest and most scholarly men of his day. Temple was married to one of her relatives. Jonathan did as he was advised, and the result was that he became Sir William Temple's private secretary. Here he met some of the greatest men of his day—men who have since passed into history. The young Irishman was introduced to King William III., who not only showed him how to eat asparagus after the Dutch fashion—stalks and all—but even offered to make him captain of a troop of horse, a position that Swift politely refused. This not too happy portion of the famous Dean's life is thus humorously sketched by a late writer:

"It was at Shene and at Moor Park, with a salary of twenty pounds [$100], and a dinner at the upper servants' table, that this great and lonely Swift passed a ten years' apprenticeship, wore a cassock that was not a livery, bent down a knee as proud as Lucifer's to supplicate my lady's good graces, or ran on his honor's errands. It was here, as he was writing at Temple's table or follow-

[1] By a special favor.

[2] Taine, "History of English Literature."

[3] The accounts of Swift's college career are so various and contradictory that it is no easy matter to get at the real truth. We believe many of his English and Scotch biographers have, in this connection, done the illustrious author of "Gulliver" great injustice, not to say slandered him. See his life by Thomas Roscoe.

ing his patron's walk, that he saw and heard the men who had governed the great world; measured himself with them, looking up from his silent cover; gauged their brains, weighed their wits, turned them and tried them and marked them. Ah! what platitudes he must have heard; what feeble jokes! what pompous commonplaces! What small men they must have seemed, under those enormous periwigs, to the swarthy, uncouth, silent Irish secretary! I wonder whether it ever struck Temple that the Irishman was his master? I suppose that dismal conviction did not present itself under the ambrosial wig, or Temple could never have lived with Swift. Swift sickened, rebelled, left the service, ate humble-pie, and came back again; and so for ten years went on gathering learning, swallowing corn, and submitting with a stealthy rage to his fortune."[4]

Swift entered Oxford University, and, after a few weeks' study, received the degree of M.A. In 1695 he took orders in the Episcopal Church. His first appointment was to the humble living of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor. On Temple's death he became the literary executor of his old patron, and prepared numerous works for the press. He expected preferment in the English Church. With that object in view he wrote to the king, and the Earl of Romney promised to assist him. Of that nobleman Swift afterwards wrote: "The Earl of Romney, who professed much friendship, promised to second my petition, but as he was an old, vicious, illiterate rake, without any sense of truth or honor, he said not a word of it to the king."

At length, disgusted with things generally, Swift accepted the post of chaplain to the Earl of Berkeley, and accompanied him to Ireland. The deanery of Derry soon became vacant. The young minister applied for it. He was told that the good-will of the bishop and a bribe of $5,000 were necessary to get the position. He asked the Earl of Berkeley if this was so. The nobleman assured him it was. "Then," exclaimed the honest and indignant Swift, "may God confound you both for a couple of rascals!"

In 1699 he was appointed rector of Augher and vicar of Laracor. Here Protestants were very scarce. Swift, however, gave notice that during Lent he would read the prayers in church on Wednesdays and Fridays. When the first evening came he found no one present but Roger Cox, the parish clerk. Nothing surprised, the

[4] Thackeray, "English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century."

new rector ascended the desk and gravely began: "Dearly beloved Roger, the Scripture moveth you and me in sundry places," and so proceeded to the end of the service.

Swift had reached his thirty-fourth year when he took his place in the front rank of politics by writing a pamphlet on the Whig side. His pen was the lever by which he meant to raise Jonathan to the pinnacle of clerical or political greatness. "Against all comers," says Coppée, "he stood the Goliath of pamphleteers in the reign of Queen Anne, and there arose no David who could slay him." In 1704 appeared his extraordinary "Tale of a Tub."[5] It is the wildest and wittiest of his polemical works.

He now began to measure his own power. The politicians courted and feared his powerful pen more than if it were ten thousand swords. He treated lords and dukes as if he were more than one himself. For a political article Harley, the Prime Minister, sent him a bank-bill. Swift was insulted at being taken for a paid man. He instantly demanded an apology. It was given. He then wrote in his journal: "I have taken Mr. Harley into favor again."

On one occasion, St. John, Secretary of State, looked coldly on the author of "The Tale of a Tub." He was rebuked without delay. "I warned him," writes Swift, "never to appear cold to me; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head." St. John excused himself, saying that several nights at "business and one at drinking" made him seem ill-humored.

"Mr. Secretary," writes Swift on another occasion, "told me the Duke of Buckingham had been talking to him much about me and desired my acquaintance. I answered it could not be, for that he had not made sufficient advances.[6] Then the Duke of Shrewsbury said he thought the duke was not used to make advances. I said I could not help that; for I always expected advances in proportion to men's quality, and more from a duke than other men." Thus the dignity and haughty manners of Swift compelled even the great to bend before him. In the Prime Minister's drawing-room he would go and speak to some obscure person, forcing lords to do the same.

In 1713 Dr. Swift was appointed dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. At first his native city treated him badly. The mob threw mud at

[5] It was first published anonymously.

[6] The reader must not understand this as referring to money.

the Dean, and he was insulted by the aristocracy. He lived, however, to see these feelings vanish as the mists of morning.

The sad sufferings of his country each year more deeply touched him. In his heart he hated the corruption of the English court and the unmatched tyranny of England. An occasion soon offered when those feelings, long welled up, burst forth like the dread roar of a mighty cataract. In 1724 an Englishman, named William Wood, obtained a patent from the Government empowering him to coin £180,000 worth of copper for circulation in Ireland. Swift, who saw in this measure another link added to the Irish chain, flew to the rescue of his oppressed countrymen, and in a Dublin newspaper produced a series of letters marked by bold, simple, and hardy eloquence, and signed "M. B. Drapier." Wood and his patent were squelched, and the great Dean became from that day the idol of the Irish people. The printer of the "Letters" was imprisoned, and a reward of £300 was offered for the author. Loved by all, no one was found base enough to betray Drapier. Ever afterwards Swift was known as THE DEAN. His power over the masses was really boundless. Once when a Protestant archbishop accused him of stirring up the populace, Swift excused himself by saying: "If I had but lifted up my little finger, they would have torn you to pieces!"

In 1726, when in his fifty-ninth year, the "Travels of Captain Gulliver," that wonderful fiction and inimitable political and social satire, was issued by a London publisher. Swift's name was, of course, not appended to it. It was so with nearly all his works. They at first appeared anonymously. He claimed them only after witnessing their impression on the public mind. High and low read "Gulliver," and all were astonished at the wit, plainness, genius, and audacity of the unknown author and his strangely curious book. This was his last great literary effort.

An old constitutional disorder, exhibiting itself in attacks of giddiness and deafness, which at intervals had dogged his steps throughout life, now gradually settled down upon the great and lonely Swift. As age advanced his attacks were more frequent. His temper grew terrible, yet he continued to write until 1736. The friends of his youth and his manhood were one by one gathered to the tomb. Above all, Stella, whom he dearly loved, had passed away. He stood almost alone, and he deeply felt his position. His distress of mind seems to have been bitter in the ex-

treme. His usual mode of salutation in taking leave of his dearest friends for years before his death partook of that melancholy eccentricity so peculiar to him. "May God bless you!" he would say; "I trust we shall never meet again."[7]

Dr. Young tells us that one evening himself and Swift were taking an evening walk about a mile out of Dublin. The Dean stopped short, and, looking upwards at a noble tree which at the top was much withered and decayed, he pointed to it, saying: "I shall be like that tree: I shall wither first at the top."

We hasten in sorrow, as from some unavoidable calamity, over the closing scene. The state of his mind is vividly described in a few sentences to his friend and comforter, Mrs. Whiteway:

"I have been very miserable all night, and to-day extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded that I cannot express the mortification I am under, both in body and in mind. All I can say is, I am not in torture, but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be. I am, for these few days, yours entirely. "J. SWIFT.

"If I do not blunder, it is Saturday."

We shall let the sympathetic pen of Sir Walter Scott describe the last sad days of this famous man:

"In the course of about three years he is only known to have spoken once or twice. At length, when this awful moral lesson had subsisted from 1743 until the 19th of October, 1745, it pleased God to release the subject of these memoirs from this calamitous situation. He died upon that day without a single pang—so gently, indeed, that his attendants were scarce aware of his dissolution.

"It was then that the gratitude of the Irish showed itself in the full glow of national enthusiasm. The interval was forgotten during which their great patriot had been dead to the world, and he was wept and mourned as if he had been called away in the full career of his public services. Young and old of all ranks surrounded the house to pay the last tribute of sorrow and affection. Locks of his hair were so eagerly sought after that Mr. Sheridan happily applies to the enthusiasm of the citizens of Dublin the lines of Shakspere:

[7] Scott's "Life of Swift."

"'Yea, beg a hair of him in memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a real legacy
Unto their issue.'

"Swift was in person tall, strong, and well made; of a dark complexion, but with blue eyes, black and bushy eyebrows, nose somewhat aquiline, and features which well expressed the stern, haughty, and dauntless turn of his mind. He was never known to laugh, and his smiles are happily characterized by the well-known lines of Shakspere; indeed, the whole description of Cassius might be applied to Swift:

"'He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit,
That could be moved to smile at anything.'"[8]

Swift's writings must endure as long as the English language. He was a poet, if not a very great one. One quality he possessed in an eminent degree—originality. Over rhyme he had an entire mastery. His more important pieces of poetry generally abound in good sense, acute remark, and richness of allusion. The great Dean's poem on his own death is one of his longest, and, perhaps, the best effort of his muse.

But his fame rests securely on his pure and powerful prose. "I remember," writes Sheridan, "to have heard the late Hawkins Brown say that the 'Drapier's Letters' were the most perfect pieces of oratory ever composed since the days of Demosthenes. And, indeed, upon comparison, there will appear a great similitude between the two writers. They both make use of the plainest words, and such as were in most general use, which they adorned only by a proper and most beautiful arrangement of them." Of the numberless merits and grave defects of "Gulliver's Travels"—the greatest, most popular, and most original of his works—much could be written. Its true merit consists in the interest and originality of the narratives, and the rich and beautiful simplicity of the diction. But the gross indecency of the chapters which de-

[8] Roscoe, "Life of Swift."

scribe the land of the Houyhnhnms is enough to shock Christian modesty.

> "Immodest words admit of no defence,
> For want of decency is want of sense."

"As a writer," says Dr. Hart, "Swift is without a parallel in English letters. His style is a model of clear, forcible expression, displaying a consummate knowledge of the foibles and vices of mankind." The coarseness which frequently disfigures his writings is simply a reflex of the coarse age in which he lived.

Of the love-affairs of the Dean's life we have neither space nor inclination to enter at any length. A small volume would not suffice to explain them. Miss Esther Johnson ("Stella") was a gifted and lovely girl, whose studies Swift in early life directed. She was devotedly attached to her tutor, and many years afterwards (1716) it is supposed they were privately married. Miss Jane Waryng ("Varina") was a young lady who at first rejected Swift's offer of marriage, but subsequently repented and renewed the proposal herself. Swift, however, replied with a refusal as decided as her own. Miss Esther Vanhomrigh ("Vanessa") was another young lady whose studies the famous wit directed. The young pupil became so enamored of her master as to make a proposal of marriage. She was certainly not encouraged by Swift. It is said she died of a broken heart in 1722. It must, however, be confessed after all that has been written upon it, that the love-life of the author of "Gulliver" is still nearly as great a mystery as the "Man with the Iron Mask."

The character of Dr. Swift is hard to be understood. This we admit. But his has been a much-abused character. Nearly all the English writers who have either sketched or touched it have done their best to blacken it. Swift was an Irishman. That was enough. The London critics, and those who hang for support on their apron-strings, generally view him as with a microscope. His failings are carefully magnified; his good qualities, as carefully left unnoticed. The beam in the critic's eye is nothing compared to the mote in the great Irish Dean's. We do not belong to this narrow school; nor do we fear to express our good opinion of Swift—the great Swift—the honest Swift—the charitable Swift—the liberal Swift—the patriotic Swift. His eccentricities must be attributed to the unhappy disposition with which his life was one continual battle, and

to which, in the end, he was obliged to succumb. His faults, like straws, floated on the surface; his good qualities, like pearls, were on the bottom. The instances of his kindness and tender charity are simply countless. According to his lights, he was a firm Christian and a deeply religious man. But if there is one quality that exalts him more than another it is his fearless patriotism. His grand example nerved in after-times Burke, Grattan, Curran, and O'Connell in their long struggles for the rights of the noble but shamefully oppressed people of Ireland.

"No man," says Dr. Delaney, "ever deserved better of any country than Swift did of his. A steady, persevering, inflexible friend; a wise, a watchful, and a faithful counsellor under many severe trials and bitter persecutions, to the manifest hazard both of his liberty and his fortune. He lived a blessing, he died a benefactor, and his name will ever live an honor to Ireland."

A GRUB STREET ELEGY.

ON THE SUPPOSED DEATH OF PARTRIDGE, THE ALMANAC-MAKER. 1708.

WELL, 'tis as Bickerstaff[9] has guess'd,
Though we all took it for a jest:
Partridge is dead! Nay, more, he died
Ere he could prove the good 'squire lied.
Strange an astrologer should die
Without one wonder in the sky;
Not one of all his crony stars
To pay their duty at his hearse!
No meteor, no eclipse appear'd!
No comet with a flaming beard!
The sun has rose and gone to bed
Just as if Partridge were not dead;
Nor hid himself behind the moon
To make a dreadful night at noon.
He at fit periods walks through Aries,
Howe'er our earthly motion varies;

[9] "Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.," was the name under which Swift wrote a number of humorous predictions in 1708; among others, that "Partridge, the Almanac-Maker, will infallibly die upon the 29th of March next, about eleven at night, of a raging fever."

And twice a year he'll cut th' equator,
As if there had been no such matter.
Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt cobbling [10] and astrology;
How Partridge made his optics rise
From a shoe-sole to reach the skies.
A list the cobbler's temples ties
To keep the hair out of his eyes,
From whence 'tis plain the diadem
That princes wear derives from them;
And therefore crowns are nowadays
Adorn'd with golden stars and rays;
Which plainly shows the near alliance
'Twixt cobbling and the planets' science.
Besides, that slow-paced sign Bootes,
As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis;
But Partridge ended all disputes:
He knew his trade, and call'd it *Boots!* [11]
The hornèd moon which heretofore
Upon their shoes the Romans wore,
Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our shoeing-horns,
Shows how the art of cobbling bears
A near resemblance to the spheres.
A scrap of parchment hung by geometry
(A great refiner in barometry)
Can, like the stars, foretell the weather;
And what is parchment else but leather?
Which an astrologer might use
Either for almanacs or shoes.
Thus Partridge, by his wit and parts,
At once did practise both these arts;
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, because her wings are leather)
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light,
So learnèd Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from leathern cell,

[10] Partridge was a cobbler.—SWIFT
[11] See his almanac.—SWIFT.

And in his fancy fly as far
To peep upon a twinkling star.
Besides, he could confound the spheres,
And set the planets by the ears;
To show his skill he Mars could join
To Venus, in aspect malign;
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.
Great scholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip, King of Greece, was dead,
His soul and spirit did divide,
And each part took a different side:
One rose a star; the other fell
Beneath, and mended shoes in hell.
Thus Partridge still shines in each art,
The cobbling and star-gazing part,
And is install'd as good a star
As any of the Cæsars are.
Triumphant star! some pity show
On cobblers militant below,
Whom roguish boys, in stormy nights,
Torment by p—g out their lights,
Or through a chink convey their smoke
Enclosed artificers to choke.
Though high exalted in thy sphere,
May'st follow still thy calling there.
To thee the Bull would lend his hide,
By Phœbus newly tanned and dried;
For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
And scrape her pitchy sides for wax;
Then Ariadne kindly lends
Her braided hair to make the ends;
The points of Sagittarius' dart
Turns to an awl by heavenly art;
And Vulcan, wheddled by his wife,
Will forge for thee a paring-knife.
For want of room by Virgo's side,
She'll strain a point, and sit [12] astride,

[12] "Tibi brachia contrahit ingens Scorpius," etc.

To take thee kindly in between ;
And then the signs will be thirteen.

THE EPITAPH.

Here, five feet deep, lies on his back
A cobbler, starmonger, and quack,
Who to the stars, in pure good-will,
Does to his best look upward still.
Weep, all you customers that use
His pills, his almanacs, or shoes ;
And you that did your fortunes seek
Step to his grave but once a week ;
This earth, which bears his body's print,
You'll find has so much virtue in't
That, I durst pawn my ears, 'twill tell
Whate'er concerns you full as well,
In physic, stolen goods, or love,
As he himself could, when above.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF DEMAR, THE USURER,

Who died the 6th of July, 1720.

Swift, with some of his usual party, happened to be in Mr. Sheridan's, in Capel Street, when the news of Demar's death was brought to them, and the elegy was the joint composition of the company.

KNOW all men by these presents, Death, the tamer,
By mortgage has secured the corpse of Demar ;
Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound
Redeem him from his prison under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess'd,
Bestow to bury him one iron chest.
Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know
His faithful steward in the shades below.
He walk'd the streets and wore a threadbare cloak;
He dined and supp'd at charge of other folk ;
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms.

So, to the poor if he refused his pelf,
He used them full as kindly as himself.
Where'er he went, he never saw his betters;
Lords, knights, and squires were all his humble debtors;
And, under hand and seal, the Irish nation
Were forced to own to him their obligation.
He that could once have half the kingdom bought
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His coffers from the coffin could not save,
Nor all his interest keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Because we wish the earth upon him light.
O London Tavern! thou hast lost a friend,
Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend;
He touch'd the pence when others touch'd the pot;
The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.
Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
On him could ever boast a power to seize;
"But as he weigh'd his gold, grim Death in spite
Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light;
And as he saw his darling money fail,
Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale."
He who so long was current, 'twould be strange
If he should now be cried down since his change.
The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow;
Alas! the sexton is thy banker now.
A dismal banker must that banker be
Who gives no bills but of mortality!

EPITAPH ON THE SAME.

Beneath this verdant hillock lies
Demar, the wealthy and the wise.
His heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcass in a chest—
The very chest in which, they say,
His other self, his money, lay.
And if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he left behind,
I dare believe that four in five
Will think his better half alive.

DR. SWIFT TO HIMSELF.

ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

GRAVE Dean of St. Patrick's, how comes it to pass
That you, who know music no more than an ass,
That you, who so lately were writing of drapiers,
Should lend your cathedral to players and scrapers?
To act such an opera once in a year,
So offensive to every true Protestant ear,
With trumpets, and fiddles, and organs, and singing,
Will sure the Pretender and Popery bring in;
No Protestant prelate, his Lordship or Grace,
Durst there show his right or most reverend face;
How would it pollute their crosiers and rochets
To listen to minims, and quavers, and crotchets![13]

AN ANSWER TO A FRIEND'S QUESTION.

THE furniture that best doth please
St. Patrick's Dean, good sir, are these:
The knife and fork with which I eat,
And next the pot that boils the meat;
The next to be preferred, I think,
Is the glass in which I drink;
The shelves on which my books I keep,
And the bed on which I sleep;
An antique elbow-chair between,
Big enough to hold the Dean;
And the stove that gives delight
In the cold, bleak, wintry night;
To these we add a thing below
More for use reserved than show—
These are what the Dean do please;
All superfluous are but these.

[13] The rest of this piece is wanting.

THE DEAN'S MANNER OF LIVING.

On rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick and pint of wine.
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone;
But this my servants much enrages—
No scraps remain to save board-wages.
In weather fine I nothing spend,
But often sponge upon a friend;
Yet, where he's not so rich as I,
I pay my club, and so good-by.

TO STELLA.[14]

ON HER BIRTHDAY, 1721-2.

While, Stella, to your lasting praise
The Muse her annual tribute pays—
While I assign myself a task
Which you expect, but scorn to ask—
If I perform this task with pain,
Let me of partial fate complain.
You every year the debt enlarge,
I grow less equal to the charge;
In you each virtue brighter shines,
But my poetic vein declines.
My harp will soon in vain be strung,
And all your virtues left unsung;
For none among the upstart race
Of poets dare assume my place.
Your worth will be to them unknown—
They must have Stellas of their own;
And thus, my stock of wit decay'd,
I, dying, leave the debt unpaid,
Unless Delany, as my heir,
Will answer for the whole arrear.

[14] This was Swift's poetical name for Miss Johnson. *Stella* means a star.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

UPON THE DECLARATIONS OF THE SEVERAL CORPORATIONS OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN AGAINST WOOD'S HALFPENCE.

(To the tune of "London is a Fine Town," etc.)

Oh ! Dublin is a fine town
And a gallant city,
For Wood's trash is tumbled down ;
Come listen to my ditty.

In full assembly all did meet
Of every corporation,
From every lane and every street,
To save the sinking nation.

The bankers would not let it pass
For to be Wood's tellers,
Instead of gold to count his brass,
And fill their small-beer cellars.

And, next to them, to take his coin
The Gild would not submit ;
They all did go, and all did join,
And so their names they writ.

The brewers met within their hall,
And spoke in lofty strains;
These halfpence shall not pass at all:
They want so many grains.

The tailors came upon this pinch,
And wish'd the dog in hell;
Should we give this same Woods an inch,
We know he'd take an ell.

But now the noble clothiers
Of honor and renown,
If they take Wood's halfpence,
They will be all cast down.

The shoemakers came on the next,
And said they would much rather
Than be by Wood's copper vext
Take money stamped on leather.

The chandlers next in order came,
And what they said was right:
They hoped the rogue that laid the scheme
Would soon be brought to light;

And that if Woods were now withstood,
To his eternal scandal,
That twenty of these halfpence should
Not buy a farthing candle.

The butchers then, those men so brave,
Spoke thus, and with a frown:
Should Woods, that cunning, scoundrel, knave,
Come here, we'd knock him down;

For any rogue that comes to truck
And trick away our trade
Deserves not only to be stuck,
But also to be flay'd.

The bankers in a ferment were,
And wisely shook their head;
Should these brass tokens once come here,
We'd all have lost our bread.

It set the very tinkers mad,
The baseness of the metal,
Because, they said, it was so bad
It would not mend a kettle.

The carpenters and joiners stood
Confounded in a maze;
They seemed to be all in a wood,
And so they went their ways.

This coin how well could we employ it
In raising of a statue
To those brave men that would destroy it,
And then, old Woods, have at you.

God prosper long our tradesmen, then,
And so he will, I hope!
May they be still such honest men
When Woods has got a rope.

EPIGRAM, April, 1735.

In answer to the Dean's verses on his own deafness.

What though the Dean hears not the knell
Of the next church's passing bell;
What though the thunder from a cloud,
Or that from female tongue more loud,
Alarm not; at the Drapier's ear
Chink but *Wood's* halfpence, and he'll hear.

THE EPITAPH ON JUDGE BOAT.

Here lies Judge Boat within a coffin;
Pray, gentlefolks, forbear your scoffing.
A Boat a judge! Yes; where's the blunder?
A wooden judge is no such wonder.
And in his robes you must agree
No boat was better deck'd than he.
'Tis needless to describe him fuller;
In short, he was an able sculler.

EPITAPH.

IN BERKELEY CHURCHYARD, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Here lies the Earl of Suffolk's fool,
Men called him Dicky Pearce;
His folly served to make fools laugh
When wit and mirth were scarce.
Poor Dick, alas! is dead and gone;
What signifies to cry?
Dickies enough are still behind
To laugh at by and by.

Buried June 18, 1728, aged 63.

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT.[15]

Written in November, 1731.

Occasioned by reading the following maxim in Rochefoucauld: "Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplait pas."

"In the adversity of our best friends we always find something that does not displease us."

As Rochefoucauld his maxims drew
From nature. I believe them true.
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
  This maxim, more than all the rest,
Is thought too base for human breast:
"In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.
  If this, perhaps, your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals raised above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post,
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One whom you love of all mankind
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won,
Rather than thus be overtopp'd,
Would you not wish his laurels cropped?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without,
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!

[15] "The verses on his death, and the "Rhapsody on Poetry," are the best of Swift's poetical productions, though they cannot be called true poetry."—DR. WARTON.

What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he,
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell ?
Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to Envy, stings and hisses;
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain humankind ! fantastic race !
Thy various follies who can trace ?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide;
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all on me a usurpation.
I have no title to aspire,
Yet when you sink I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine.
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit !"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own, humorous, biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and show'd its use.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose,
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside—
If with such talents Heaven has bless'd 'em—
Have I not reason to detest 'em ?
To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend.
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
The time is not remote when I
Must, by the course of nature, die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends,
And, though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
"See how the Dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays;
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he dined;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter;
In half the time he talks them round
There must another set be found.
"For poetry he's past his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme.
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;
But there's no talking to some men!"
And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
"He's older than he would be reckoned,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine,
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.

His stomach, too, begins to fail;
Last year we thought him strong and hale,
But now he's quite another thing;
I wish he may hold out till spring!"
They hug themselves, and reason thus:
"It is not yet so bad with us!"
In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d'yes come of course,
And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
Would please them better than to tell
That "God be praised, the Dean is well."
Then he who prophesied the best
Approves his foresight to the rest:
"You know I always fear'd the worst,
And often told you so at first."
He'd rather choose that I should die
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
Yet, should some neighbor feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain,
How many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!
Enquire what regimen I kept,
What gave me ease, and how I slept,
And more lament when I was dead
Than all the snivellers round my bed.
My good companions, never fear;
For though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast
They must be verified at last.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the Dean?" "He's just alive."
Now the departing prayer is read;
"He hardly breathes." "The Dean is dead!"

Before the passing bell begun
The news through half the town is run.
"Oh! may we all for death prepare.
What has he left? and who's his heir?"
"I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeathed to public uses."
"To public uses! There's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride!
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the Dean in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"
Now Grub Street wits are all employed;[16]
With elegies the town is cloy'd;
Some paragraph in every paper
To curse the Dean or bless the Drapier.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame:
"We must confess his case was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been ruled, for aught appears
He might have lived these twenty years.
For when we open'd him we found
That all his vital parts were sound."
From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court "The Dean is dead,"
And Lady Suffolk,[17] in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen.
The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, "Is he gone? 'Tis time he should.
He's dead, you say; then let him rot!
I'm glad the medals[18] were forgot.
I promised him, I own; but when?
I only was the princess then;

[16] The Dean supposed himself to die in Ireland, where he was born.
[17] Mrs. Howard, at one time a favorite with the Dean.
[18] The medals were to be sent to the Dean in four months; but . . . . .

But now, as consort of the king,
You know 'tis quite another thing."
Now Chartres,[19] at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy.
"Why, if he died without his shoes,"
Cries Bob,[20] "I'm sorry for the news.
Oh! were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will,[21]
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke[22] were dead."
Now Curll[23] his shop from rubbish drains;
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then to make them pass the glibber,
Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.[24]
He'll treat me as he does my betters:
Publish my will, my life, my letters;[25]
Revive the libels born to die,
Which Pope must bear as well as I.
Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope would grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
"I'm sorry—but we all must die!"
Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies;

[19] Chartres, an infamous scoundrel, grown from a footboy to a prodigious fortune, both in England and Scotland.

[20] Sir Robert Walpole, Chief Minister of State, treated the Dean in 1726 with great distinction; invited him to dinner at Chelsea, with the Dean's friends chosen on purpose; appointed an hour to talk with him on Ireland, to which kingdom and people the Dean found him no great friend.

[21] Mr. William Pultney, from being Sir Robert's intimate friend, detesting his administration, opposed his measures, and joined with my Lord Bolingbroke.

[22] Henry St. John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, Secretary of State to Queen Anne, of blessed memory.

[23] Curll hath been the most infamous bookseller of any age or country.

[24] Three stupid verse-writers in London; the last, to the shame of the court and the disgrace to wit and learning, was made Laureate.

[25] Curll, notoriously infamous for publishing the lives, letters, and last wills and testaments of the nobility and ministers of state, as well as of all the rogues who are hanged at Tyburn.

For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt?
When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.
The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear,
Who wisely thought my age a screen
When death approach'd to stand between,
The screen removed, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without dissembling.
My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The Dean is dead! (Pray, what is trumps?)
Then Lord have mercy on his soul!
(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
Six deans, they say, must bear the pall.
(I wish I knew what king to call.)
Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend.
No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight;
And he's engaged to-morrow night.
My Lady Club will take it ill
If he should fail her at quadrille.
He loved the Dean (I lead a heart);
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time was come; he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place."
Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past; a different scene!
No further mention of the Dean,
Who now, alas! no more is miss'd
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now this favorite of Apollo?
Departed—and his works must follow,
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country squire to Lintot goes,
Enquires for "Swift in Verse and Prose."

Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
He died a year ago?"—"The same."
He searches all the shops in vain.
"Sir, you may find them in Duck Lane;[26]
I sent them with a load of books,
Last Monday, to the pastry-cook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.
The Dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past;
The town has got a better taste.
I keep no antiquated stuff,
But spick and span I have enough.
Pray do but give me leave to show 'em;
Here's Colley Cibber's birthday poem.
This ode you never yet have seen,
By Stephen Duck, upon the queen.
Then here's a letter finely penn'd
Against the Craftsman and his friend;
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,[27]
And Mr. Henley's last oration.[28]
The hawkers have not got them yet;
Your honor please to buy a set?
"Here's Wolston's[29] tracts, the twelfth edition—
'Tis read by every politician;
The country members, when in town.
To all their boroughs send them down.
You never met a thing so smart;
The courtiers have them all by heart;
Those maids of honor who can read
Are taught to use them for their creed.

[26] Where old books are sold.

[27] Walpole had a set of party scribblers, who did nothing but write in his defence.

[28] Henley, a clergyman, who, wanting both merit and luck to get preferment, or even to keep his curacy in the Established Church, formed a new conventicle, which he called an Oratory.

[29] Wolston, a clergyman, who, for want of bread, in several treatises, in the most blasphemous manner, attempted to turn our Saviour's miracles into ridicule.

The reverend author's good intention
Has been rewarded with a pension.[30]
He does an honor to his gown
By bravely running priestcraft down.
He shows, as sure as God's in Gloucester,
That Moses was a grand impostor;
That all his miracles were cheats,
Perform'd as jugglers do their feats.
The church had never such a writer;
A shame he has not got a mitre!"
Suppose me dead, and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose,
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat;
And while they toss my name about,
With favor some, and some without,
One quite indifferent in the cause
My character impartial draws:
"The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill-received at court.
As for his works in verse and prose,
I own myself no judge of those,
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em;
But this I know, all people bought 'em.
As with a moral view design'd
To cure the vices of mankind,
His vein, ironically grave,
Expos'd the fool and lash'd the knave.
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.
"He never thought an honor done him
Because a duke was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
Despised the fools with stars and garters
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station;
No persons held in admiration;

[30] Wolston is here confounded with Woolaston.

Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs;
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends,
And only chose the wise and good—
No flatterers; no allies in blood;
But succor'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success,
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who but for him had been unknown."[31]

"With princes kept a due decorum,
But never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just—
In princes never put thy trust;
And would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish Senate if you named,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
'Fair Liberty' was all his cry,
For her he stood prepared to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft exposed his own.
Two kingdoms,[32] just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found
Could sell him for six hundred pound.

"Had he but spared his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men;
But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valued not a groat.

[31] Dr. Delany, in the close of his eighth letter, after having enumerated the friends with whom the Dean lived in the greatest intimacy, very handsomely applies this passage to himself.

[32] In 1713 the queen was prevailed with, by an address from the House of Lords in England, to publish a proclamation, promising £300 to discover the author of a pamphlet called "The Public Spirit of the Whigs"; and in Ireland, in the year 1724, Lord Carteret, at his first coming into the Government, was prevailed on to issue a proclamation for promising the like reward of £300 to any person who would discover the author of a pamphlet called "The Drapier's Fourth Letter."

Ingratitude he often found,
And pitied those who meant the wound;
But kept the tenor of his mind,
To merit well of humankind;
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true to please his foes.
He labor'd many a fruitless hour
To reconcile his friends in power;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursued each other's ruin.
But finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair.[33]
"And oh! how short are human schemes.
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John's skill in state affairs,
What Ormond's valor, Oxford's cares,
To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroyed by one event.
Too soon that precious life was ended,
On which alone our weal depended.[34]
When up a dangerous faction starts,[35]
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
By solemn league and covenant bound
To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the Government a Babel;
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown—
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
To sacrifice Old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story—
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded Virtue stand?
With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene;
His friends in exile or the Tower,
Himself[36] within the frown of power;

[33] Queen Ann's ministry fell to variance from the first year after its commencement.
[34] In the height of the quarrel between the ministers the queen died, August 1, 1714.
[35] On the queen's demise the Whigs were restored to power.
[36] Upon the queen's death the Dean returned to Dublin.

Pursued by base envenom'd pens
Far to the land of saints and fens—
A servile race in folly nursed,
Who truckle most when treated worst.
"By innocence and resolution
He bore continual persecution,
While numbers to preferment rose
Whose merits were to be his foes;
When even his own familiar friends,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels
Against him lifting up their heels.
"The Dean did by his pen defeat
An infamous, destructive cheat;[37]
Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy has own'd it was his doing
To save that hapless land from ruin:
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
"To save them from their evil fate
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on the bench,[38]
Whose fury blood could never quench—
As vile and profligate a villain
As modern Scroggs or old Tresilian;[39]
Who long all justice had discarded,
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded,
Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent;
But Heaven his innocence defends,
The grateful people stand his friends.
Not strains of law, nor judge's frown,
Nor topics brought to please the crown,

[37] Wood, a hardware man from England, had a patent for coining copper halfpence for Ireland, to the sum of £180,000 which, in the consequence, must have left that kingdom without gold or silver.

[38] Whitshee was then Chief-Justice.

[39] Sir William Scroggs, Chief-Justice of the King's Bench in the reign of King Charles II. and Sir Robert Tresilian, Chief-Justice of England in the time of Richard II.

Nor witness hired, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.
"In exile, with a steady heart,
He spent his life's declining part,
Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay.
His friendships there, to few confined,
Were always of the middling kind—
No fools of rank, a mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed;
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower;
He would have held it a disgrace
If such a wretch had known his face.
On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain;
. . . squires to market brought,
Who sell their souls and . . . for naught.
The . . . go joyful back,
The . . . the church their tenants rack,
Go snacks with . . .
And keep the peace to pick up fees;
In every job to have a share,
A jail or turnpike to repair,
And turn the tax for public roads
Commodious to their own abodes.
"Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seemed determined not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lashed the vice, but spared the name;
No individual could resent
Where thousands equally were meant.
His satire points at no defect
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorr'd that senseless tribe
Who call it humor when they gibe:
He spared a hump or crooked nose
Whose owners set not up for beaux.

True genuine dulness moved his pity,
Unless it offered to be witty.
Those who their ignorance confess'd
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace learned by rote.
"He knew a hundred pleasing stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories;
Was cheerful to his dying day,
And friends would let him have his way.
"He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
And show'd by one satiric touch
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he had left his debtor;
I wish it soon may have a better."

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.

A VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT.

Gulliver gives some account of himself and family—His first inducements to travel—He is shipwrecked and swims for his life—Gets safe on shore in the country of Lilliput—Is made a prisoner and carried up the country.

My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons. He sent me to Emanuel College, in Cambridge, at fourteen years old, where I resided three years, and applied myself close to my studies; but the charge of maintaining me, although I had a very scanty allowance, being too great for a narrow fortune, I was bound apprentice to Mr. James Bates, an eminent surgeon in London, with whom I continued four years; my father now and then sending me small sums of money, I laid them out in learning navigation and other parts of the mathematics useful to those who intend to travel, as I always believed it would be, some time or other, my fortune to do. When I left Mr. Bates I went down to my father, where, by the assistance of him and my Uncle John, and some other relations, I got forty pounds, and a promise of thirty pounds a year to maintain me at Leyden. There I studied physic two years and seven months, knowing it would be useful in long voyages.

Soon after my return from Leyden I was recommended by my good master, Mr. Bates, to be surgeon to the *Swallow*, Captain Abraham Pannel, commander, with whom I continued three years and a half, making a voyage or two into the Levant and some other parts. When I came back I resolved to settle in London, to which Mr. Bates, my master, encouraged me, and by him I was recommended to several patients. I took part of a small house in the Old Jewry, and, being advised to alter my condition, I married Miss Mary Burton, second daughter to Mr. Edmund Burton, hosier, in Newgate Street, with whom I received four hundred pounds for a portion.

But my good master, Bates, dying in two years after, and I having few friends, my business began to fail; for my conscience would not suffer me to imitate the bad practice of too many among my brethren. Having therefore consulted with my wife and some of my acquaintances, I determined to go again to sea. I was surgeon successively in two ships, and made several voyages, for six years, to the East and West Indies, by which I got some addition to my fortune. My hours of leisure I spent in reading the best authors, ancient and modern, being always provided with a good number of books, and, when I was ashore, in observing the manners and dispositions of the people, as well as learning their language, wherein I had a great facility, by the strength of my memory.

The last of these voyages not proving very fortunate, I grew weary of the sea, and intended to stay at home with my wife and family. I removed from the Old Jewry to Fetter Lane, and from thence to Wapping, hoping to get business among the sailors; but it would not turn to account. After three years' expectation that things would mend, I accepted an advantageous offer from Captain William Prichard, master of the *Antelope*, who was making a voyage to the South Sea. We set sail from Bristol, May 4, 1699, and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

It would not be proper, for some reasons, to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventures in those seas; let it suffice to inform him that, in our passage from thence to the East Indies, we were driven by a violent storm to the northwest of Van Diemen's Land. By an observation we found ourselves in the latitude of 30° 2′ south. Twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor and ill food; the rest were in a very weak condition. On the 5th of November, which was the beginning of summer in those parts,

the weather being very hazy, the seamen spied a rock within half a cable's-length of the ship; but the wind was so strong that we were driven directly upon it, and imme iately split. Six of the crew, of whom I was one, having let down the boat into the sea, made a shift to get clear of the ship and the rock. We rowed, by my computation, about three leagues, till we were able to work no longer, being already spent with labor while we were in the ship. We therefore trusted ourselves to the mercy of the waves, and in about half an hour the boat was overset by a sudden flurry from the north. What became of my companions in the boat, as well as of those who escaped on the rock or were left in the vessel, I cannot tell, but conclude they were all lost. For my own part, I swam as Fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. I often let my legs drop, and could feel no bottom; but when I was almost gone, and able to struggle no longer, I found myself within my depth, and by this time the storm was much abated. The declivity was so small that I walked near a mile before I got to the shore, which I conjectured was about eight o'clock in the evening. I then advanced forward near half a mile, but could not discover any sign of houses or inhabitants, at least I was in so weak a condition that I did not observe them. I was extremely tired, and with that and the heat of the weather, and about half a pint of brandy that I drank as I left the ship, I found myself much inclined to sleep. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than I ever remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours, for when I awaked it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for, as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground, and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards; the sun began to grow hot and the light offended my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost to my chin, when, bending my eyes downward as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands and a quiver at his back. In the meantime I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first. I was in the utmost

astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright, and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out, in a shrill but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul*; the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground; for, by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and, at the same time, with a violent pull which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the string that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches. But the creatures ran off a second time before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout, in a very shrill accent, and, after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonac*, when, in an instant, I felt above a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles, and, besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain; and then, striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley, larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but, by good luck, I had on me a buff jerkin, which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still; and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me. When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows, but by the noise I heard I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work, when, turning my head that way as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants,

with two or three ladders to mount it, from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable. But I should have mentioned that before the principal person began his oration he cried out three times, *Langro dehul san* (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me) ; whereupon, immediately, about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than my middle finger ; the other two stood the one on each side to support him. He acted every part of an orator, and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness ; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food. The *hurgo* (for so they called a great lord, as I afterwards learned) understood me very well. He descended from the stage and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but could not distinguish them by the taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I eat them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time about the bigness of musket-bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite. I then made another sign, that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me, and, being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity, one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand and beat out the top ; I drank it off at a

draught, which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy, but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner and made signs for more, but they had none to give me. When I had performed these wonders they shouted for joy and danced upon my breast, repeating several times, as they did at first, *Hekinah degul.* They made me a sign that I should throw down the two hogsheads, but first warning the people how to stand out of the way, crying aloud, *Borach mevolah;* and when they saw the vessels in the air there was a universal shout of *Hekinah degul.* I confess I was often tempted, while they were passing backwards and forwards on my body, to seize forty or fifty of the first that came in my reach and dash them against the ground. But the remembrance of what I had felt, which probably might not be the worst they could do, and the promise of honor I made them—for so I interpreted my submissive behavior—soon drove out these imaginations. Besides, I now considered myself as bound by the laws of hospitality to a people who had treated me with so much expense and magnificence. However, in my thoughts I could not sufficiently wonder at the intrepidity of these diminutive mortals, who durst venture to mount and walk upon my body, while one of my hands was at liberty, without trembling at the very sight of so prodigious a creature as I must appear to them. After some time, when they observed that I made no more demands for meat, there appeared before me a person of high rank from his imperial majesty. His excellency, having mounted on the small of my right leg, advanced forwards up to my face, with about a dozen of his retinue, and, producing his credentials, under the signet-royal, which he applied close to my eyes, spoke about ten minutes without any signs of anger, but with a kind of determined resolution, often pointing forwards, which, as I afterwards found, was towards the capital city, about half a mile distant, whither it was agreed by his majesty in council that I must be conveyed. I answered in a few words, but to no purpose, and made a sign with my hand that was loose, putting it to the other (but over his excellency's head, for fear of hurting him or his train) and then to my own head and body, to signify that I desired my liberty. It appeared that he understood me well enough, for he shook his head by way of disapprobation, and held his hand in a posture to show that I must be carried as a prisoner. However, he made other signs, to let me know that I

should have meat and drink enough, and very good treatment. Whereupon I once more thought of attempting to break my bonds; but again, when I felt the smart of the arrows upon my face and hands, which were all in blisters, and many of the darts still sticking in them, and observing likewise that the number of my enemies increased, I gave tokens to let them know that they might do with me what they pleased. Upon this the *hurgo* and his train withdrew, with much civility and cheerful countenances. Soon afterwards I heard a general shout with frequent repetitions of the words, *Peplom selan ;* and I felt great numbers of people on my left side, relaxing the cords to such a degree that I was able to turn upon my right and to ease myself with making water, which I very plentifully did, to the great astonishment of the people, who, conjecturing by my motion what I was going to do, immediately opened to the right and left on that side to avoid the torrent, which fell with noise and violence from me. But before this they had daubed my face and both my hands with a sort of ointment, very pleasant to the smell, which, in a few minutes, removed all the smart of their arrows. These circumstances, added to the refreshment I had received by their victuals and drink, which were very nourishing, disposed me to sleep. I slept about eight hours, as I was afterwards assured ; and it was no wonder, for the physicians, by the emperor's order, had mingled a sleepy potion in the hogsheads of wine.

It seems that, upon the first moment I was discovered sleeping on the ground after my landing, the emperor had early notice of it by an express, and determined, in council, that I should be tied in the manner I have related (which was done in the night. while I slept), that plenty of meat and drink should be sent to me, and a machine prepared to carry me to the capital city.

This resolution, perhaps, may appear very bold and dangerous, and, I am confident, would not be imitated by any prince in Europe on the like occasion. However, in my opinion, it was extremely prudent, as well as generous; for, supposing these people had endeavored to kill me with their spears and arrows while I was asleep, I should certainly have awaked with the first sense of smart, which might so far have roused my rage and strength as to have enabled me to break the strings wherewith I was tied; after which, as they were not able to make resistance, so they could expect no mercy.

These people are most excellent mathematicians, and arrived to a great perfection in mechanics, by the countenance and encouragement of the emperor, who is a renowned patron of learning. This prince has several machines fixed on wheels for the carriage of trees and other great weights. He often builds his largest men-of-war, whereof some are nine feet long, in the woods where the timber grows, and has them carried on these engines three or four hundred yards to the sea. Five hundred carpenters and engineers were immediately set at work to prepare the greatest engine they had. It was a frame of wood raised three inches from the ground, about seven feet long and four wide, moving upon twenty-two wheels. The shout I heard was upon the arrival of this engine, which, it seems, set out in four hours after my landing. It was brought parallel to me as I lay. But the principal difficulty was to raise and place me in this vehicle. Eighty poles, each of one foot high, were erected for this purpose, and very strong cords, of the bigness of pack-thread, were fastened by hooks to many bandages which the workmen had girt round my neck, my hands, my body, and my legs. Nine hundred of the strongest men were employed to draw up these cords, by many pulleys fastened on the poles; and thus, in less than three hours, I was raised and slung into the engine, and there tied fast. All this I was told; for, while the whole operation was performing, I lay in a profound sleep, by the force of that soporiferous medicine infused into my liquor. Fifteen hundred of the emperor's largest horses, each about four inches and a half high, were employed to draw me towards the metropolis, which, as I said, was half a mile distant.

About four hours after we began our journey, I awaked by a very ridiculous accident; for the carriage being stopped a while, to adjust something that was out of order, two or three of the young natives had the curiosity to see how I looked when I was asleep; they climbed up into the engine, and, advancing very softly to my face, one of them, an officer in the guards, put the sharp end of his half-pike a good way up into my left nostril, which tickled my nose like a straw, and made me sneeze violently; whereupon they stole off unperceived, and it was three weeks before I knew the cause of my waking so suddenly. We made a long march the remaining part of the day, and rested at night with five hundred guards on each side of me, half with torches, and half with bows and arrows, ready to shoot me if I should offer to stir. The next

morning at sunrise we continued our march, and arrived within two hundred yards of the city gates about noon. The emperor and all his court came out to meet us; but his great officers would by no means suffer his majesty to endanger his person by mounting on my body.

At the place where the carriage stopped there stood an ancient temple, esteemed to be the largest in the whole kingdom; which, having been polluted some years before by an unnatural murder, was, according to the zeal of those people, looked upon as profane, and therefore had been applied to common use, and all the ornaments and furniture carried away. In this edifice it was determined I should lodge. The great gate fronting to the north was about four feet high, and almost two feet wide, through which I could easily creep. On each side of the gate was a small window, not above six inches from the ground: into that on the left side the king's smith conveyed four score and eleven chains, like those that hang to a lady's watch in Europe, and almost as large, which were locked to my left leg with six-and-thirty padlocks. Over against this temple, on the other side of the great highway, at twenty feet distance, there was a turret at least five feet high. Here the emperor ascended, with many principal lords of his court, to have an opportunity of viewing me, as I was told, for I could not see them. It was reckoned that above a hundred thousand inhabitants came out of the town upon the same errand; and, in spite of my guards, I believe there could not be fewer than ten thousand at several times, who mounted my body by the help of ladders. But a proclamation was soon issued to forbid it upon pain of death. When the workmen found it was impossible for me to break loose, they cut all the strings that bound me; whereupon I rose up with as melancholy a disposition as ever I had in my life. But the noise and astonishment of the people at seeing me rise and walk are not to be expressed. The chains that held my left leg were about two yards long, and gave me not only the liberty of walking backwards and forwards in a semicircle, but, being fixed within four inches of the gate, allowed me to creep in, and lie at my full length in the temple.[40]

[40] After a number of wonderful adventures related in eight chapters, of which the foregoing is the first, Gulliver escaped from Lilliput and returned home.

A VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG.

A great storm described, the long-boat sent to fetch water—Gulliver goes with it to discover the country—He is left on shore, is seized by one of the natives, and carried to a farmer's house—His reception, with several accidents that happened there—A description of the inhabitants.

HAVING been condemned by nature and fortune to an active and restless life, in two months after my return I again left my native country and took shipping in the Downs on the 20th day of June, 1702, in the *Adventure*, Captain John Nicholas, a Cornishman, commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water; but, discovering a leak, we unshipped our goods and wintered there; for the captain, falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed the Straits of Madagascar; but having got northward of that island and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west, from the beginning of December to the beginning of May, on the 19th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more westerly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together, during which time we were driven a little to the east of the Molucca Islands and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an observation he took the 2nd of May, at which time the wind ceased, and it was a perfect calm, whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he, being a man well experienced in the navigation of those seas, bid us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened the day following; for the southern wind, called the southern monsoon, began to set in.

Finding it was likely to overblow [what follows is a happy parody of the sea-terms in old voyages], we took in our spritsail and stood to hand the foresail; but, making foul weather, we looked the guns were all fast, and handed the mizzen. The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning before the sea than trying or hulling. We reefed the foresail, and set him, and hauled aft the foresheet; the helm was hard-a-weather. The ship wore bravely. We belayed the fore-downhaul; but the sail was split, and we hauled down the yard and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a very fierce storm;

the sea broke strange and dangerous. We hauled off upon the lanyard of the whipstaff and helped the man at the helm. We could not get down our topmast, but let all stand, because she scudded before the sea very well, and we knew that the topmast being aloft the ship was the wholesomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room. When the storm was over we set foresail and mainsail, and brought the ship to. Then we set the mizzen, maintopsail, and the foretopsail. Our course was east-north-east, the wind was at southwest. We got the starboard tacks aboard, we cast off our weather-braces and lifts, we set-in the lee-braces and hauled forward by the weather-bowlings, and hauled them tight, and belayed them, and hauled over the mizzen tack to windward, and kept her full and by as near as she would lie.

During this storm, which was followed by a strong wind west-south-west, we were carried, by my computation, about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the eldest sailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was stanch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the northwest part of Great Tartary and into the Frozen Sea.

On the 16th day of June, 1703, a boy on the topmast discovered land. On the 17th we came in full view of a great island or continent (for we knew not whether), on the south side whereof was a small neck of land jutting out into the sea, and a creek too shallow to hold a ship of above one hundred tons. We cast anchor within a league of this creek, and our captain sent a dozen of his men well armed in the long-boat, with vessels for water, if any could be found. I desired his leave to go with them that I might see the country and make what discoveries I could. When we came to land we saw no river or spring nor any sign of inhabitants. Our men, therefore, wandered on the shore to find out some fresh water near the sea, and I walked alone about a mile on the other side, where I observed the country all barren and rocky. I now began to be weary, and, seeing nothing to entertain my curiosity, I returned gently down towards the creek, and, the sea being full in my view, I saw our men already got into the boat and rowing for life to the ship. I was going to holloa after them, although it had

been to little purpose, when I observed a huge creature walking after them in the sea as fast as he could; he waded not much deeper than his knees, and took prodigious strides; but our men had the start of him half a league, and the sea thereabouts being full of sharp-pointed rocks, the monster was not able to overtake the boat. This I was afterwards told, for I durst not stay to see the issue of the adventure, but ran as fast as I could the way I first went, and then climbed up a steep hill which gave me some prospect of the country. I found it fully cultivated; but that which first surprised me was the length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high.

I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a footpath through a field of barley. Here I walked on for some time, but could see little on either side, it being now near harvest, and the corn rising at least forty feet. I was an hour walking to the end of this field, which was fenced in with a hedge of at least one hundred and twenty feet high, and the trees so lofty that I could make no computation of their altitude. There was a stile to pass from this field into the next. It had four steps and a stone to cross over when you came to the uppermost. It was impossible for me to climb this stile, because every step was six feet high, and the upper stone about twenty. I was endeavoring to find some gap in the hedge when I discovered one of the inhabitants in the next field, advancing towards the stile, of the same size with him whom I saw in the sea pursuing our boat. He appeared as tall as an ordinary spire-steeple, and took about ten yards at every stride, as near as I could guess. I was struck with the utmost fear and astonishment, and ran to hide myself in the corn, whence I saw him at the top of the stile, looking back into the next field on the right hand, and heard him call in a voice many degrees louder than a speaking-trumpet; but the noise was so high in the air that at first I certainly thought it was thunder. Whereupon seven monsters, like himself, came towards him with reaping-hooks in their hands, each hook about the largeness of six scythes. These people were not so well clad as the first, whose servants or laborers they seemed to be; for upon some words he spoke they went to reap the corn in the field where I lay. I kept from them at as great a distance as I could, but was forced to move with extreme difficulty, for the stalks of the corn were sometimes

not above a foot distant, so that I could hardly squeeze my body betwixt them. However, I made a shift to go forward till I came to a part of the field where the corn had been laid by the rain and wind. Here it was impossible for me to advance a step, for the stalks were so interwoven that I could not creep through, and the beards of the fallen ears so strong and pointed that they pierced through my clothes into my flesh. At the same time I heard the reapers not above a hundred yards behind me. Being quite dispirited with toil, and wholly overcome by grief and despair, I lay down between two ridges and heartily wished I might there end my days. I bemoaned my desolate widow and fatherless children. I lamented my own folly and wilfulness in attempting a second voyage, against the advice of all my friends and relations. In this terrible agitation of mind I could not forbear thinking of Lilliput, whose inhabitants looked upon me as the greatest prodigy that ever appeared in the world; where I was able to draw an imperial fleet in my hand and perform those other actions which will be recorded for ever in the chronicles of that empire, while posterity shall hardly believe them, although attested by millions. I reflected what a mortification it must prove to me to appear as inconsiderable in this nation as one single Lilliputian would be among us. But this I conceived was to be the least of my misfortunes; for, as human creatures are observed to be more savage and cruel in proportion to their bulk, what could I expect but to be a morsel in the mouth of the first among these enormous barbarians that should happen to seize me? Undoubtedly philosophers are in the right when they tell us that nothing is great or little otherwise than by comparison. It might have pleased fortune to have let the Lilliputians find some nation where the people were as diminutive with respect to them as they were to me. And who knows but that even this prodigious race of mortals might be equally overmatched in some distant part of the world, whereof we have yet no discovery?

Scared and confounded as I was, I could not forbear going on with these reflections, when one of the reapers, approaching within ten yards of the ridge where I lay, made me apprehend that with the next step I should be squashed to death under his foot, or cut in two with his reaping-hook. And therefore, when he was again about to move, I screamed as loud as fear could make me; whereupon the huge creature trod short, and looking round about under him for some time, at last espied me as I lay on the ground. He considered

a while, with the caution of one who endeavors to lay hold on a small, dangerous animal in such a manner that it shall not be able either to scratch or to bite him, as I myself have sometimes done with a weasel in England. At length he ventured to take me behind, by the middle, between his fore-finger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. I guessed his meaning, and my good fortune gave me so much presence of mind, that I resolved not to struggle in the least as he held me in the air, above sixty feet from the ground, although he grievously pinched my sides, for fear I should slip through his fingers. All I ventured was to raise mine eyes toward the sun, and place my hands together in a supplicating posture, and to speak some words in an humble, melancholy tone, suitable to the condition I then was in, for I apprehended every moment that he would dash me against the ground, as we usually do any little, hateful animal, which we have a mind to destroy. But my good star would have it that he appeared pleased with my voice and gestures, and began to look upon me as a curiosity, much wondering to hear me pronounce articulate words, although he could not understand them. In the mean time, I was not able to forbear groaning, and shedding tears, and turning my head towards my sides, letting him know, as well as I could, how cruelly I was hurt by the pressure of his thumb and finger. He seemed to apprehend my meaning; for lifting up the lappet of his coat, he put me gently into it, and immediately ran along with me to his master, who was a substantial farmer, and the same person I had first seen in the field.

The farmer having (as I supposed by their talk) received such an account of me as his servant could give him, took a piece of a small straw, about the size of a walking staff, and therewith lifted up the lappets of my coat; which, it seems, he thought to be some kind of covering that nature had given me. He blew my hairs aside to take a better view of my face. He called his hinds about him, and asked them, as I afterwards learned, "Whether they had ever seen in the fields any little creature that resembled me?" He then placed me softly on the ground upon all four, but I got immediately up, and walked slowly backward and forward, to let those people see I had no intent to run away. They all sat down in a circle about me, the better to observe my motions. I pulled off my hat, and made a low bow towards the farmer. I fell on my knees, and lifted up my hands and eyes, and spoke several words as loud as I could;

I took a purse of gold out of my pocket, and humbly presented it to him. He received it on the palm of his hand, then applied it close to his eye to see what it was, and afterwards turned it several times with the point of a pin (which he took out of his sleeve), but could make nothing of it. Whereupon I made a sign that he should place his hand on the ground. I then took the purse, and opening it poured all the gold into his palm. There were six Spanish pieces of four pistoles each, besides twenty or thirty smaller coins. I saw him wet the tip of his little finger upon his tongue, and take up one of my largest pieces, and then another; but he seemed to be wholly ignorant what they were. He made me a sign to put them again into my purse, and the purse again into my pocket, which, after offering it to him several times, I thought it best to do.

The farmer, by this time, was convinced I must be a rational creature. He spoke often to me; but the sound of his voice pierced my ears like that of a water-mill, yet his words were articulate enough. I answered as loud as I could in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me, but all in vain, for we were wholly unintelligible to each other. He then sent his servants to their work, and taking his handkerchief out of his pocket, de doubled and spread it on his left hand, which he placed flat on the ground, with the palm upward, making me a sign to step into it, as I could easily do, for it was not above a foot in thickness. I thought it my part to obey; and, for fear of falling, laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up to the head for further security, and in this manner carried me home to his house. There he called his wife, and showed me to her; but she screamed and ran back, as women in England do at the sight of a toad or a spider. However, when she had awhile seen my behavior, and how well I observed the signs her husband made, she was soon reconciled, and by degrees grew extremely tender of me.

It was about twelve at noon, and a servant brought in dinner. It was only one substantial dish of meat (fit for the plain condition of a husbandman), in a dish of about four-and-twenty feet diameter. The company were, the farmer and his wife, three children, and an old grandmother. When they were sat down, the farmer placed me at some distance from him on the table, which was thirty feet high from the floor. I was in a terrible fright, and kept as far as I could from the edge, for fear of falling. The wife minced a bit of meat,

then crumbled some bread on a trencher, and placed it before me. I made her a low bow, took out my knife and fork, and fell to eat, which gave them exceeding delight. The mistress sent her maid for a small dram-cup which held about two gallons, and filled it with drink; I took up the vessel with much difficulty in both hands, and in a most respectful manner drank to her ladyship's health, expressing the words as loud as I could in English, which made the company laugh so heartily that I was almost deafened with the noise. This liquor tasted like a small cider, and was not unpleasant. Then the master made me a sign to come to his trencher side; but as I walked on the table, being in great surprise all the time, as the indulgent reader will easily conceive and excuse, I happened to stumble against a crust, and fell flat on my face, but received no hurt. I got up immediately, and observing the good people to be in much concern, I took my hat (which I held under my arm out of good manners), and waving it over my head, made three huzzas, to show I had got no mischief by my fall. But advancing forward towards my master (as I shall henceforth call him) his youngest son, who sat next to him, an arch boy of about ten years old, took me by the legs, and held me so high in the air, that I trembled every limb; but his father snatched me from him, and at the same time gave him such a box on the left ear as would have felled an European troop of horse to the earth, ordering him to be taken from the table. But being afraid the boy might owe me a spite, and well remembering how mischievous all children among us naturally are to sparrows, rabbits, young kittens, and puppy-dogs, I fell on my knees, and, pointing to the boy, made my master to understand, as well as I could, that I desired his son might be pardoned. The father complied and the lad took his seat again, whereupon I went to him and kissed his hand, which my master took, and made him stroke me gently with it.

In the midst of dinner my mistress's favorite cat leaped into her lap. I heard a noise behind me like that of a dozen stocking-weavers at work, and, turning my head, I found it proceeded from the purring of that animal, who seemed to be three times larger than an ox, as I computed by the view of her head and one of her paws while her mistress was feeding and stroking her. The fierceness of this creature's countenance altogether discomposed me, though I stood at the farther end of the table, about fifty feet off, and although my mistress held her fast for fear she might give a

spring and seize me in her talons. But it happened there was no danger, for the cat took not the least notice of me when my master placed we within three yards of her. And, as I have been always told, and found true by experience in my travels, that flying or discovering fear before a fierce animal is a certain way to make it pursue or attack you, so I resolved in this dangerous juncture to show no manner of concern. I walked with intrepidity five or six times before the very head of the cat, and came within half a yard of her, whereupon she drew herself back, as if she were more afraid of me. I had less apprehension concerning the dogs, whereof three or four came into the room, as it is usual in farmers' houses, one of which was a mastiff, equal in bulk to four elephants, and a greyhound, somewhat taller than the mastiff but not so large.

When dinner was almost done the nurse came in with a child of a year old in her arms, who immediately espied me and began a squall that you might have heard from London Bridge to Chelsea, after the usual oratory of infants, to get me for a plaything. The mother, out of pure indulgence, took me up and put me towards the child, who presently seized me by the middle and got my head into his mouth, where I roared so loud that the urchin was frighted and let me drop, and I should infallibly have broke my neck if the mother had not held her apron under me. The nurse, to quiet her babe, made use of a rattle, which was a kind of hollow vessel filled with great stones, and fastened by a cable to the child's waist; but all in vain, so that she was forced to apply the last remedy by giving it suck. I must confess no object ever disgusted me so much as the sight of her monstrous breast, which I cannot tell what to compare with so as to give the curious reader an idea of its bulk, shape, and color. It stood prominent six feet, and could not be less than sixteen in circumference. The nipple was about half the bigness of my head, and the hue, both of that and the dug, so varied with spots, pimples, and freckles, that nothing could appear more nauseous: for I had a near sight of her, she sitting down, the more conveniently to give suck, and I standing on the table. This made me reflect upon the fair skins of our English ladies, who appear so beautiful to us only because they are of our own size, and their defects not to be seen but through a magnifying glass, where we find by experiment that the smoothest and whitest skins look rough, and coarse, and ill-colored.

I remember, when I was at Lilliput, the complexions of those

diminutive people appeared to me the fairest in the world; and talking upon this subject with a person of learning there, who was an intimate friend of mine, he said that my face appeared much fairer and smoother when he looked on me from the ground than it did upon a nearer view when I took him up in my hand and brought him close, which he confessed was at first a very shocking sight. He said "he could discover great holes in my skin; that the stumps of my beard were ten times stronger than the bristles of a boar, and my complexion made up of several colors altogether disagreeable"; although I must beg leave to say for myself that I am as fair as most of my sex and country, and very little sunburnt by all my travels. On the other side, discoursing of the ladies in that emperor's court, he used to tell me "one had freckles, another too wide a mouth, a third too large a nose"; nothing of which I was able to distinguish. I confess this reflection was obvious enough, which, however, I could not forbear, lest the reader might think those vast creatures were actually deformed: for I must do them the justice to say they are a comely race of people; and particularly the features of my master's countenance, although he were but a farmer, when I beheld him from the height of sixty feet, appeared very well proportioned.

When dinner was done my master went out to his laborers, and, as I could discover by his voice and gestures, gave his wife a strict charge to take care of me. I was very much tired and disposed to sleep, which my mistress perceiving, she put me on her own bed, and covered me with a clean white handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the mainsail of a man-of-war.

I slept about two hours, and dreamt I was at home with my wife and children, which aggravated my sorrows when I awaked and found myself alone in a vast room between two and three hundred feet wide and above two hundred high, lying in a bed twenty yards wide. My mistress was gone about her household affairs and had locked me in. The bed was eight yards from the floor. Some natural necessities required me to get down; I durst not presume to call; and if I had it would have been in vain, with such a voice as mine, at so great a distance as from the room where I lay to the kitchen where the family kept. While I was under these circumstances, two rats crept up the bed-curtains, and ran smelling backwards and forwards on the bed. One of them came up almost to my face, whereupon I rose in a fright, and drew out my hanger to defend

myself. These horrible animals had the boldness to attack me on both sides, and one of them held his forefeet at my collar; but I had the good fortune to rip up his belly before he could do me any mischief. He fell down at my feet; and the other, seeing the fate of his com rade, made his escape, but not without one good wound on the back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the blood run trickling from him. After this exploit I walked gently to and fro on the bed to recover my breath and loss of spirits. These creatures were of the size of a large mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce; so that if I had taken off my belt before I went to sleep I must have infallibly been torn to pieces and devoured. I measured the tail of the dead rat and found it to be two yards long, wanting an inch; but it went against my stomach to drag the carcass off the bed, where it lay still bleeding; I observed it had yet some life, but with a strong slash across the neck I thoroughly despatched it.

Soon after my mistress came into the room, who, seeing me all bloody, ran and took me up in her hand. I pointed to the dead rat, smiling and making other signs to show I was not hurt; whereat she was extremely rejoiced, calling the maid to take up the dead rat with a pair of tongs and throw it out of the window. Then she set me on a table, where I showed her my hanger all bloody, and, wiping it on the lappet of my coat, returned it to the scabbard. I was pressed to do more than one thing which another could not do for me, and therefore endeavored to make my mistress understand that I desired to be set down on the floor; which, after she had done, my bashfulness would not suffer me to express myself further than by pointing to the door and bowing several times. The good woman with much difficulty at last perceived what I would be at, and taking me up again in her hand walked into the garden where she set me down. I went on one side about two hundred yards and beckoned to her not to look or to follow me, I hid myself between two leaves of sorrel and there discharged the necessities of nature.

I hope the gentle reader will excuse me for dwelling on these and the like particulars, which, however insignificant they may appear to grovelling vulgar minds, yet will certainly help a philosopher to enlarge his thoughts and imagination, and apply them to the benefit of public as well as private life, which was my sole design in presenting this and other accounts of my travels to the world: wherein I have been chiefly studious of truth, without affecting any ornaments of learning or of style. But the whole scene of this voyage made so

strong an impression on my mind, and is so deeply fixed in my memory, that, in committing it to paper, I did not omit one material circumstance: however, upon a strict review, I blotted out several passages of less moment, which were in my first copy, for fear of being censured as tedious and trifling, whereof travellers are often, perhaps not without justice, accused.[41]

THE FIRST OF DRAPIER'S LETTERS.[42]

TO THE TRADESMEN, SHOPKEEPERS, FARMERS, AND COUNTRY PEOPLE IN GENERAL OF THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND.

Concerning the brass halfpence coined by one William Wood, hardwareman, with a design to have them pass in this kingdom:

Wherein is shown the power of his patent, the value of his halfpence, and how far every person may be obliged to take the same in payments, and how to behave himself, in case such an attempt should be made by Wood, or any other person.

(VERY PROPER TO BE KEPT IN EVERY FAMILY.)

By M. B. Drapier, 1724.

Brethren, Friends, Countrymen, and Fellow-subjects:

What I intend now to say to you is, next to your duty to God and the care of your salvation, of the greatest concern to yourselves and your children; your bread and clothing, and every common necessary of life, entirely depend upon it. Therefore, I do most earnestly exhort you as men, as Christians, as parents, and as lovers of your country, to read this paper with the utmost attention, or get it read to you by others; which that you may do at the less expense, I have ordered the printer to sell it at the lowest rate.

It is a great fault among you that, when a person writes with no other intention than to do you good, you will not be at the pains to read his advices. One copy of this paper may serve a dozen of you, which will be less than a farthing apiece. It is your folly that you have no common or general interest in your view, not even the wisest among you; neither do you know, or enquire, or care who are your friends, or who are your enemies.

[41] The voyage to Brobdingnag takes up eight chapters, of which the foregoing is the first.

[42] In this letter Swift assumed the character of a draper, which for some reason he chose to write Drapier. The "Drapier" letters were seven in number.

About four years ago a little book was written to advise all people to wear the manufactures of this our own dear country. It had no other design, said nothing against the king or parliament, or any person whatsoever; yet the poor printer was prosecuted two years with the utmost violence; and even some weavers themselves (for whose sake it was written), being upon the jury, found him guilty. This would be enough to discourage any man from endeavoring to do you good, when you will either neglect him or fly in his face for his pains, and when he must expect only danger to himself, and to be fined and imprisoned, perhaps to his ruin.

However, I cannot but warn you once more of the manifest destruction before your eyes, if you do not behave yourselves as you ought.

I will therefore first tell you the plain story of the fact; and then I will lay before you how you ought to act, in common prudence, according to the laws of your country.

The fact is this: It having been many years since copper halfpence or farthings were last coined in this kingdom, they have been for some time very scarce, and many counterfeits passed about under the name of *raps;* several applications were made to England that we might have liberty to coin new ones, as in former times we did; but they did not succeed. At last one Mr. Wood, a mean, ordinary man—a hardware-dealer—procured a patent under his majesty's broad seal to coin £108,000 [43] in copper for this kingdom; which patent, however, did not oblige any one here to take them unless they pleased. Now, you must know that the halfpence and farthings in England pass for very little more than they are worth, and if you should beat them to pieces and sell them to the brazier, you would not lose much above a penny in a shilling. But Mr. Wood made his halfpence of such base metal, and so much smaller than the English ones, that the brazier would hardly give you above a penny of good money for a shilling of his; so that this sum of £108,000, in good gold and silver, must be given for trash that will not be worth eight or nine thousand pounds real value. But this is not the worst; for Mr. Wood, when he pleases, may by stealth send over another £108,000, and buy all our goods for eleven parts in twelve under the value. For example, if a hatter sells a dozen of hats for 5*s.* apiece, which amounts to £8, and receives the payment in Wood's coin, he really receives only the value of 5*s.*

[43] About $540,000.

Perhaps you will wonder how such an ordinary fellow as this Mr. Wood could have so much interest as to get his majesty's broad seal for so great a sum of bad money to be sent to this poor country; and that all the nobility and gentry here could not obtain the same favor, and let us make our own halfpence as we used to do. Now, I will make that matter very plain: we are at a great distance from the king's court, and have nobody there to solicit for us, although a great number of lords and squires, whose estates are here, and are our countrymen, spend all their lives and fortunes there; but this same Mr. Wood was able to attend constantly for his own interest; he is an Englishman, and had great friends; and it seems knew very well where to give money to those that would speak to others that could speak to the king, and would tell a fair story; and his majesty, and perhaps the great lord or lords who advise him, might think it was for our country's good; and so, as the lawyers express it, "the king was deceived in his grant," which often happens in all reigns. And I am sure if his majesty knew that such a patent, if it should take effect according to the desire of Mr. Wood, would utterly ruin this kingdom, which has given such great proof of its loyalty, he would immediately recall it, and perhaps show his displeasure to somebody or other; but a word to the wise is enough. Most of you have heard with what anger our honorable House of Commons received an account of this Wood's patent. There were several fine speeches made upon it, and plain proofs that it was all a wicked cheat from the bottom to the top; and several smart votes were printed which that same Wood had the assurance to answer likewise in print, and in so confident a way, as if he were a better man than our whole parliament put together.

This Wood, as soon as his patent was passed, or soon after, sends over a great many barrels of those halfpence to Cork and other seaport towns, and to get them off offered a hundred pounds in his coin for seventy or eighty in silver; but the collectors of the king's customs very honestly refused to take them, and so did almost everybody else. And since the Parliament has condemned them, and desired the king that they might be stopped, all the kingdom do abominate them.

But Wood is still working underhand to force his halfpence upon us, and if he can, by the help of his friends in England, prevail so far as to get an order that the commissioners and collectors of the king's money shall receive them, and that the army is to be paid

with them, then he thinks his work shall be done. And this is the difficulty you will be under in such a case; for the common soldier, when he goes to the market or alehouse, will offer this money, and if it be refused, perhaps he will swagger and hector, and threaten to beat the butcher or alewife, or take the goods by force and throw them the bad halfpence. In this and the like cases the shopkeeper or victualler, or any other tradesman, has no more to do than to demand ten times the price of his goods, if it is to be paid in Wood's money; for example, 20d. of that money for a quart of ale, and so in all things else, and not part with his goods till he gets the money.

For, suppose you go to an alehouse with that base money, and the landlord gives you a quart for four of those halfpence, what must the victualler do? His brewer will not be paid in that coin; or, if the brewer should be such a fool, the farmers will not take it from them for their bere,[44] because they are bound by their leases to pay their rent in good and lawful money of England, which this is not, nor of Ireland neither; and the squire, their landlord, will never be so bewitched to take such trash for his land, so that it must certainly stop somewhere or other, and wherever it stops it is the same thing, and we are all undone.

The common weight of these halfpence is between four and five to an ounce—suppose five; then 3s. 4d. will weigh a pound, and consequently 20s. will weigh six pounds, butter weight. Now, there are many hundred farmers who pay £200 a year rent; therefore, when one of these farmers comes with his half-year's rent, which is £100, it will be at least six hundred pounds' weight, which is three horses' load.

If a squire has a mind to come to town to buy clothes and wine and spices for himself and family, or perhaps to pass the winter here, he must bring with him five or six horses well laden with sacks, as the famers bring their corn; and when his lady comes in her coach to our shops, it must be followed by a car loaded with Mr. Wood's money. And I hope we shall have the grace to take it for no more than it is worth.

They say Squire Conolly [the speaker] has £16,000 a year; now, if he sends for his rent to town, as it is likely he does, he must have 250 horses to bring up his half-year's rent, and two or three great cellars in his house for stowage. But what the bankers will

[44] A sort of barley in Ireland.

do I cannot tell, for I am assured that some great bankers keep by them £40,000 in ready cash to answer all payments, which sum, in Mr. Wood's money, would require 1200 horses to carry it.

For my own part, I am already resolved what to do. I have a pretty good shop of Irish stuffs and silks, and, instead of taking Mr. Wood's bad copper, I intend to truck with my neighbors the butchers and bakers and brewers and the rest goods for goods; and the little gold and silver I have I will keep by me, like my heart's blood, till better times, or until I am just ready to starve, and then I will buy Mr. Wood's money, as my father did the brass money in King James's time, who could buy £10 of it with a guinea, and I hope to get as much for a pistole, and so purchase bread from those who will be such fools as to sell it me.

These halfpence, if they once pass, will soon be counterfeited, because it may be cheaply done, the stuff is so base. The Dutch likewise will probably do the same thing, and send them over to us to pay for our goods; and Mr. Wood will never be at rest but coin on, so that in some years we shall have at least five times £108,000 of this lumber. Now the current money of this kingdom is not reckoned to be above £400,000 in all; and while there is a silver sixpence left these bloodsuckers will never be quiet.

When once the kingdom is reduced to such a condition, I will tell you what must be the end: the gentlemen of estates will all turn off their tenants for want of payments, because, as I told you before, the tenants are obliged by their leases to pay sterling, which is lawful current money of England; then they will turn their own farmers, as too many of them do already, run all into sheep where they can, keeping only such other cattle as are necessary; then they will be their own merchants, and send their wool, and butter, and hides, and linen beyond sea, for ready money, and wine, and spices, and silks. They will keep only a few miserable cottagers: the farmers must rob, or beg, or leave their country; the shopkeepers in this and every other town must break and starve; for it is the landed man that maintains the merchant, and shopkeeper, and handicraftsman.

But when the 'squire turns farmer and merchant himself, all the good money he gets from abroad he will hoard up to send for England, and keep some poor tailor or weaver and the like in his own house, who will be glad to get bread at any rate.

I should never have done if I were to tell you all the miseries

that we shall undergo if we be so foolish and wicked as to take this cursed coin. It would be very hard if all Ireland should be put into one scale and this sorry fellow Wood into the other; that Mr. Wood should weigh down this whole kingdom, by which England gets above a million of good money every year clear into their pockets: and that is more than the English do by all the world besides.

But your great comfort is, that as his majesty's patent does not oblige you to take this money, so the laws have not given the crown a power of forcing the subject to take what money the king pleases; for then, by the same reason, we might be bound to take pebble-stones, or cockle-shells, or stamped leather, for current coin, if ever we should happen to live under an ill prince, who might likewise, by the same power, make a guinea pass for ten pounds, a shilling for twenty shillings, and so on, by which he would, in a short time, get all the silver and gold of the kingdom into his own hands, and leave us nothing but brass or leather, or what he pleased. Neither is anything reckoned more cruel and oppressive in the French Government than their common practice of calling in all their money, after they have sunk it very low, and then coining it anew at a much higher value, which, however, is not a thousandth part so wicked as this abominable project of Mr. Wood. For the French give their subjects silver for silver and gold for gold, but this fellow will not so much as give us good brass or copper for our gold and silver, nor even a twelfth part of their worth.

Having said thus much, I will now go on to tell you the judgment of some great lawyers in this matter, whom I feed on purpose for your sakes, and got their opinions under their hands, that I might be sure I went upon good grounds.

A famous law-book, called "The Mirror of Justice," discoursing of the charters (or laws) ordained by our ancient kings, declares the law to be as follows: "It was ordained that no king of this realm should change or impair the money, or make any other money than of gold or silver, without the assent of all the counties"; that is, as my Lord Coke says, without the assent of Parliament.

This book is very ancient and of great authority for the time in which it was written, and with that character is often quoted by that great lawyer, my Lord Coke. By the law of England the several metals are divided into lawful or true metal and unlawful or false metal; the former comprehends silver and gold, the latter all baser metals. That the former is only to pass in payments appears

by an act of Parliament made the twentieth year of Edward I., called the statute concerning the passing of pence, which I give you here as I got it translated into English; for some of our laws at that time were, as I am told, written in Latin: "Whoever, in buying or selling, presumes to refuse a halfpenny or farthing of lawful money, bearing the stamp which it ought to have, let him be seized on as a contemner of the king's majesty and cast into prison."

By this statute no person is to be reckoned a contemner of the king's majesty and for that crime to be committed to prison, but he who refuses to accept the king's coin, made of lawful metal, by which, as I observed before, silver and gold only are intended.

That this is the true construction of the act appears not only from the plain meaning of the words, but from my Lord Coke's observation upon it. "By this act," says he, "it appears that no subject can be forced to take, in buying or selling or other payment, any money made out of lawful metal—that is, of silver or gold."

The law of England gives the king all mines of gold and silver, but not the mines of other metals; the reason of which prerogative or power, as it is given by my Lord Coke, is, because money can be made of gold and silver, but not of other metals.

Pursuant to this opinion halfpence and farthings were anciently made of silver, which is evident from the act of Parliament of Henry IV., ch. 4, whereby it is enacted as follows: "Item, for the great scarcity that is at present within the realm of England of halfpence and farthings of silver, it is ordained and established that the third part of all the money of silver plate which shall be brought to the bullion shall be made into halfpence and farthings." This shows that by the words "halfpence and farthings of lawful money," in that statute concerning the passing of pence, is meant a small coin in halfpence and farthings of silver.

This is further manifest from the statute of the 9th Edward III., ch. 3, which enacts "that no sterling half-penny or farthing be molten for to make vessels, or any other thing, by the goldsmiths or others, upon forfeiture of the money so molten" (or melted).

By another act in this king's reign black money was not to be current in England. And by an act in the 11th year of his reign, ch. 5, galley halfpence were not to pass. What kind of coin these were I do not know, but I presume they were made of base metal.

And these acts were no new laws, but further declarations of the old laws relative to the coin.

Thus the law stands in relation to coin. Nor is there any example to the contrary, except one in Davis's Reports, who tells us "that in the time of Tyrone's rebellion Queen Elizabeth ordered money of mixed metal to be coined in the Tower of London, and sent over hither for the payment of the army, obliging all people to receive it, and commanding that all silver money should be taken only as bullion"—that is, for as much as it weighed. Davis tells us several particulars in this matter, too long here to trouble you with, and "that the Privy Council of this kingdom obliged a merchant in England to receive this mixed money for goods transmitted hither."

But this proceeding is rejected by all the best lawyers as contrary to law, the Privy Council here having no such legal power. And besides, it is to be considered that the queen was then under great difficulties by a rebellion in this kingdom, assisted from Spain, and whatever is done is great exigencies and dangerous times should never be an example to proceed by in seasons of peace and quietness.

I will now, my dear friends, to save you the trouble, set before you, in short, what the law obliges you to do and what it does not oblige you to.

1st. You are obliged to take all money in payments which is coined by the king, and is of the English standard or weight, provided it be of gold or silver.

2dly. You are not obliged to take any money which is not of gold or silver; not only the halfpence or farthings of England, but of any other country. And it is merely for convenience or ease that you are content to take them, because the custom of coining silver halfpence and farthings had long been left off, I suppose on account of their being subject to be lost.

3dly. Much less are you obliged to take those vile halfpence of the same Wood, by which you must lose almost eleven pence in every shilling.

Therefore, my friends, stand to it one and all, refuse this filthy trash. It is no treason to rebel against Mr. Wood. His majesty, in his patent, obliges nobody to take these halfpence; our gracious prince has no such ill advisers about him; or, if he had, yet you see the laws have not left it in the king's power to force us to take

any coin but what is lawful, of right standard gold and silver. Therefore you have nothing to fear.

And let me in the next place apply myself particularly to you who are the poorer sort of tradesmen. Perhaps you may think you will not be so great losers as the rich if these halfpence should pass, because you seldom see any silver, and your customers come to your shops or stalls with nothing but brass, which you likewise find hard to be got. But you may take my word, whenever this money gains footing among you, you will be utterly undone. If you carry these halfpence to a shop for tobacco or brandy, or any other thing that you want, the shopkeeper will advance his goods accordingly, or else he must break and leave the key under the door. Do you think I will sell you a yard of ten-penny stuff for twenty of Mr. Wood's halfpence? No, not under two hundred at least; neither will I be at the trouble of counting, but weigh them in a lump. I will tell you one thing further, that if Mr. Wood's project should take, it would ruin even our beggars; for when I give a beggar a halfpenny it will quench his thirst or go a good way to fill his belly, but the twelfth part of a halfpenny will do him no more service than if I should give him three pins out of my sleeve.

In short, these halfpence are like the "accursed thing which," as the Scripture tells us, "the children of Israel were forbidden to touch." They will run about like the plague and destroy every one who lays his hand upon them. I have heard scholars talk of a man who told the king that he had invented a way to torment people by putting them into a bull of brass with fire under it, but the prince put the projector first into his brazen bull to make the experiment. This very much resembles the project of Mr. Wood, and the like of this may possibly be Mr. Wood's fate, that the brass he contrived to torment this kingdom with may prove his own torment and his destruction at last.

N. B. The author of this paper is informed, by persons who have made it their business to be exact in their observations on the true value of these halfpence, that any person may expect to get a quart of two-penny ale for thirty-six of them.

I desire that all families may keep this paper carefully by them, to refresh their memories whenever they shall have further notice of Mr. Wood's halfpence or any other the like imposture.

A MEDITATION UPON A BROOMSTICK.

According to the style and manner of the Honorable Robert Boyle's Meditations.

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; it is now, at best, but the reverse of what it was—a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make other things clean, and be nasty itself; at length, worn to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use of kindling a fire. When I beheld this I sighed, and said within myself, Surely Man is a Broomstick! Nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk; he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs (all covered with powder) that never grew on his head; but now should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellences and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick perhaps you will say is an emblem of a tree standing on its head; and pray what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be, grovelling on the earth; and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover of grievances, rakes into every slut's corner of nature, bringing hidden corruption to the light, and raises a mighty dust where there was none before, sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away, till, worn out to the stumps like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

A TREATISE ON GOOD MANNERS AND GOOD BREEDING.[45]

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse.

Whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred in the company.

As the best law is founded upon reason, so are the best manners. And as some lawyers have introduced unreasonable things into common law, so likewise many teachers have introduced absurd things into common good manners.

One principal point of this art is, to suit our behavior to the three several degrees of men; our superiors, our equals, and those below us.

For instance, to press either of the two former to eat or drink is a breach of manners; but a tradesman or a farmer must be thus treated, or else it will be difficult to persuade them that they are welcome.

Pride, ill-nature, and want of sense, are the three great sources of ill-manners: without some one of these defects, no man will behave himself ill for want of experience, or of what, in the language of fools, is called knowing the world.

I defy any one to assign an incident wherein reason will not direct us what to say or do in company, if we are not misled by pride or ill-nature.

Therefore I insist that good sense is the principal foundation of good manners; but because the former is a gift which very few among mankind are possessed of, therefore all the civilized nations of the world have agreed upon fixing some rules upon common behavior best suited to their general customs or fancies, as a kind of artificial good sense, to supply the defects of reason. Without which the gentlemanly part of dunces would be perpetually at cuffs, as they seldom fail when they happen to be drunk, or engaged in squabbles about women or play. And, God be thanked, there hardly happens a duel in a year, which may not be imputed to one of these three motives. Upon which account, I should be exceedingly sorry to find the legislature make any new laws against the practice of duelling; because the methods are easy and many for a wise man to avoid a quarrel with honor, or engage in it with inno-

[45] "The result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them."—Lord Chesterfield.

cence. And I can discover no political evil in suffering bullies, sharpers, and rakes, to rid the world of each other by a method of their own, where the law has not been able to find an expedient.

As the common forms of good manners were intended for regulating the conduct of those who have weak understandings ; so they have been corrupted by the persons for whose use they were contrived. For these people have fallen into a needless and endless way of multiplying ceremonies, which have been extremely troublesome to those who practise them, and insupportable to everybody else ; insomuch that wise men are often more uneasy at the overcivility of these refiners than they could possibly be in the conversation of peasants or mechanics.

The impertinences of this ceremonial behavior are nowhere better seen than at those tables where the ladies preside, who value themselves upon account of their good breeding; where a man must reckon upon passing an hour without doing any one thing he has a mind to, unless he will be so hardy as to break through all the settled decorum of the family. She determines what he loves best, and how much he shall eat; and if the master of the house happens to be of the same disposition, he proceeds in the same tyrannical manner to prescribe in the drinking part: at the same time you are under the necessity of answering a thousand apologies for your entertainment. And although a good deal of this humor is pretty well worn off among many people of the best fashion, yet too much of it still remains, especially in the country, where an honest gentleman assured me, that having been kept four days against his will at a friend's house, with all the circumstances of hiding his boots, locking up the stable, and other contrivances of the like nature, he could not remember, from the moment he came into the house to the moment he left it, any one thing wherein his inclination was not directly contradicted, as if the whole family had entered into a combination to torment him.

But, besides all this, it would be endless to recount the many foolish and ridiculous accidents I have observed among these unfortunate proselytes to ceremony. I have seen a duchess fairly knocked down, by the precipitancy of an officious coxcomb running to save her the trouble of opening a door. I remember, upon a birth-day at court, a great lady was rendered utterly disconsolate by a dish of sauce let fall by a page directly upon her head-dress and brocade

while she gave a sudden turn to her elbow upon some point of ceremony with the person who sat next to her. Monsieur Buys, the Dutch envoy, whose politics and manners were much of a size, brought a son with him, about thirteen years old, to a great table at court. The boy and his father, whatever they put on their plates, they first offered round in order to every person in company, so that we could not get a minute's quiet during the whole dinner. At last their two plates happened to encounter, and with so much violence, that, being china, they broke in twenty pieces, and stained half the company with sweetmeats and cream.

There is a pendantry in manners, as in all arts and sciences, and sometimes in trades. Pedantry is properly the overrating of any kind of knowledge we pretend to. And if that kind of knowledge be a trifle in itself, the pedantry is the greater. For which reason I look upon fiddlers, dancing-masters, heralds, masters of the ceremony, etc., to be greater pedants than Lipsius or the elder Scaliger. With this kind of pedants the court, while I knew it, was always plentifully stocked; I mean from the gentleman usher (at least) inclusive, downward to the gentleman porter, who are, generally speaking, the most insignificant race of people that this island can afford, and with the smallest tincture of good manners, which is the only trade they profess. For, being wholly illiterate, and conversing chiefly with each other, they reduce the whole system of breeding within the forms and circles of their several offices; and, as they are below the notice of ministers, they live and die in court under all revolutions, with great obsequiousness to those who are in any degree of credit or favor, and with rudeness and insolence to everybody else. Whence I have long concluded that good manners are not a plant of the court growth; for, if they were, those people who have understandings directly of a level for such acquirements, who have served such long apprenticeships to nothing else, would certainly have picked them up. For, as to the great officers, who attend the prince's person or councils, or preside in his family, they are a transient body, who have no better a title to good manners than their neighbors, nor will probably have recourse to gentlemen ushers for instruction. So that I know little to be learned at court upon this head, except in the material circumstance of dress, wherein the authority of the maids of honor must indeed be allowed to be almost equal to that of a favorite actress.

I remember a passage my Lord Bolingbroke told me—that going

to receive Prince Eugene of Savoy at his landing, in order to conduct him immediately to the queen, the prince said he was much concerned that he could not see her majesty that night; for Monsieur Hoffman (who was then by) had assured his highness that he could not be admitted into her presence with a tied-up periwig; that his equipage was not arrived; and that he had endeavored in vain to borrow a long one among all his valets and pages. My lord turned the matter into a jest, and brought the prince to her majesty; for which he was highly censured by the whole tribe of gentleman ushers, among whom Monsieur Hoffman, an old dull resident of the emperor's, had picked up this material point of ceremony, and which, I believe, was the best lesson he had learned in five-and-twenty years' residence.

I make a difference between good manners and good breeding, although, in order to vary my expression, I am sometimes forced to confound them. By the first I only understand the art of remembering and applying certain settled forms of general behavior. But good breeding is of a much larger extent; for, besides an uncommon degree of literature, sufficient to qualify a gentleman for reading a play or a political pamphlet, it takes in a great compass of knowledge, no less than that of dancing, fighting, gaming, making the circle of Italy, riding the great horse, and speaking French, not to mention some other secondary or subaltern accomplishments, which are more easily acquired. So that the difference between good breeding and good manners lies in this—that the former cannot be attained to by the best understandings without study and labor, whereas a tolerable degree of reason will instruct us in every part of good manners without other assistance.

I can think of nothing more useful upon this subject than to point out some particulars wherein the very essentials of good manners are concerned, the neglect or perverting of which does very much disturb the good commerce of the world by introducing a traffic of mutual uneasiness in most companies.

First, a necessary part of good manners is a punctual observance of time at our own dwellings or those of others or at third places, whether upon matter of civility, business, or diversion, which rule, though it be a plain dictate of common reason, yet the greatest minister I ever knew was the greatest trespasser against it, by which all his business doubled upon him, and placed him in a continual arrear, upon which I often used to rally him as deficient in point

of good manners. I have known more than one ambassador and secretary of state, with a very moderate portion of intellectuals, execute their offices with good success and applause by the mere force of exactness and regularity. If you duly observe time for the service of another, it doubles the obligation; if upon your own account, it would be manifest folly as well as ingratitude to neglect it; if both are concerned, to make your equal or inferior attend on you to his own disadvantage is pride and injustice.

Ignorance of forms cannot properly be styled ill manners, because forms are subject to frequent changes, and, consequently, being not founded upon reason, are beneath a wise man's regard. Besides, they vary in every country, and, after a short period of time, very frequently in the same; so that a man who travels must needs be at first a stranger to them in every court through which he passes; and, perhaps, at his return as much a stranger in his own, and, after all, they are easier to be remembered or forgotten than faces or names.

Indeed, among the many impertinences that superficial young men bring with them from abroad, this bigotry of forms is one of the principal, and more predominant than the rest, who look upon them not only as if they were matters capable of admitting of choice, but even as points of importance, and are therefore zealous on all occasions to introduce and propogate the new forms and fashions they have brought back with them, so that, usually speaking, the worst bred person in company is a young traveller just returned from abroad.

SOME OF SWIFT'S LETTERS.

A LETTER TO THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

1709, at a conjecture.

My Lord: It is now a good while since I resolved to take some occasions of congratulating with your lordship, and condoling with the public, upon your lordship's leaving the Admiralty; and I thought I could never choose a better time than when I am in the country with my lord bishop of Clogher and his brother the doctor; for we pretend to a *triumvirate* of as humble servants and true admirers of your lordship as any you have in both islands. You may call them a *triumvirate;* for, if you choose to *try-um,* they will *vie*

with the best, and are of the first *rate*, though they are not *men of war*, but men of the church. To say the truth, it was a pity your lordship should be confined to the *Fleet*, when you are not in debt. Though your lordship is *cast away*, you are not *sunk;* nor ever will be, since nothing is out of your lordship's *depth*. Dr. Ashe says, it is but justice that your lordship, who is a man of *letters*, should be placed upon the *post-office;* and my lord bishop adds, that he hopes to see your lordship tossed from that *post* to be a *pillar* of state again; which he desired I would put in by way of *postscript*. I am, my lord, etc. JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. SECRETARY ST. JOHN.

January 7, 1711.

SIR: Though I should not value such usage from a Secretary of State and a great minister, yet, when I consider the person it comes from, I can endure it no longer. I would have you know, sir, that if the queen gave you a dukedom and the garter to-morrow, with the treasury staff at the end of them, I would regard you no more than if you were not worth a groat. I could almost resolve, in spite, not to find fault with my victuals or to be quarrelsome to-morrow at your table; but if I do not take the first opportunity to let all the world know some qualities in you that you take most care to hide, may my right hand forget its cunning. After which threatening, believe me, if you please, to be with the greatest respect, sir, your most obedient, most obliged, and most humble, servant, JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. GIRALDI.

DUBLIN, February 25, 1714–15.

SIR: I take the liberty to recommend to you the bearer, Mr. Howard, a learned gentleman of good family in this country, who intends to make the tour of Italy, and being a canon in my deanery, and professor of a college in this University, would fain be confirmed in his heresy by travelling among Catholics. And after all, sir, it is but just that, since you have borrowed our English frankness and sincerity to engraft on your Italian politeness, some of us tramontanes should make reprisals on you by travelling. You will also

permit me to beg you will be so kind as to present my most humble duty to his royal highness the Grand Duke.

With regard to myself, I will be so free as to tell you that two months before the queen's decease, finding that it was impossible to reconcile my friends of the ministry, I retired to a country-house in Berkshire; from whence after the melancholy event I came over to Ireland, where I now reside upon my deanery, and with Christian resignation wait for the destruction of our cause and of my friends, which the reigning faction are daily contriving. For these gentlemen are absolutely determined to strike off half a dozen heads of the best men in England, whom you intimately knew and esteemed. God knows what will be the consequence. For my part I have bid adieu to politics, and with the good leave of the honest men who are now in power, I shall spend the remainder of my days in my hermitage, and attend entirely to my own private affairs. Adieu, sir, and do me the justice to believe that I am, with great respect, sir, yours, etc. JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MISS VANHOMRIGH.

October 15, 1720.

I SIT down with the first opportunity I have to write to you; and the Lord knows when I can find conveniency to send this letter; for all the morning I am plagued with impertinent visits, below any man of sense or honor to endure if it were any way avoidable. Dinners and afternoons and evenings are spent abroad in walking, to keep and avoid spleen as far as I can; so that, when I am not so good a correspondent as I could wish, you are not to quarrel and be governor; but to impute it to my situation, and to conclude infallibly that I have the same respect and kindness for you I ever professed to have, and shall ever preserve; because you will always merit the utmost that can be given you, especially if you go on to read and still further improve your mind and the talents that nature has given you. I am in much concern for poor Mobkin; and the more because I am sure you are so too. You ought to be as cheerful as you can, for both our sakes, and read pleasant things that will make you laugh, and not sit moping with your elbows on your knees on a little stool by the fire. It is most infallible that riding would do Mobkin more good than any other thing, provided fair days and

warm clothes be provided; and so it would to you; and if you lose any skin, you know Job says, "skin for skin will a man give for his life." It is either Job or Satan says so, for aught you know. I am getting an ill head in this cursed town, for want of exercise. I wish I were to walk with you fifty times about your garden, and then drink your coffee. I was sitting last night with half a score of both sexes for an hour, and grew as weary as a dog. Everybody grows silly and disagreeable, or I grow monkish and splenetic, which is the same thing. Conversation is full of nothing but South Sea, and the ruin of the kingdom, and scarcity of money.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. POPE.[46]

DUBLIN, November 17, 1726.

I AM just come from answering a letter of Mrs. Howard's, writ in such mystical terms that I should never have found out the meaning if a book had not been sent me called "Gulliver's Travels," of which you say so much in yours. I read the book over, and in the second volume observed several passages which appear to be patched and altered, and the style of a different sort, unless I am mistaken. Dr. Arbuthnot likes the projectors least; others, you tell me, the flying island; some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole bodies or corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blamed; so that in these cases I think the best method is to let censure and opinion take their course. A bishop here said that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part he hardly believed a word of it; and so much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a court expedient of keeping me in prison for a plotter; but at the same time I must tell you that such journeys very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be so tedious? Another man can publish fifty thousand lies sooner than he can publish fifty fables.

[46] The celebrated poet Pope was a Catholic, a native of England, and died in 1744.

I am just going to perform a very good office; it is to assist with the archbishop in degrading a parson who couples all our beggars, by which I shall make one happy man, and decide the great question of an indelible character in favor of the principles in fashion. This I hope you will represent to the ministry in my favor as a point of merit; so farewell till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parson, who, by a law here, is to be hanged the next couple he marries. He declared to us that he resolved to be hanged—only desired that when he was to go to the gallows the archbishop would take off his excommunication. Is not he a good Catholic? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice. Let me add that if I were Gulliver's friend I would desire all my acquaintance to give out that his copy was basely mangled, and abused, and added to, and blotted out, by the printer, for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly. Adieu.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO THE ABBÉ DES FONTAINES.

August, 1727.

SIR: It is above a month since I received your letter of the 4th of July, but the copy of the second edition of your translation is not yet come to hand. I have read the preface to the first, and give me leave to tell you that I was very much surprised to find that at the same time you mentioned the country in which I was born, you also took notice of me by name as the author of that book, though I have had the misfortune of incurring the displeasure of some of our ministers by it, and never acknowledged it as mine. Your behavior, however, in this respect, though somewhat exceptionable, shall not prevent me from doing you justice. The generality of translators are very lavish of their praises on such works as they undertake to render into their own language, imagining, perhaps, that their reputation depends in some measure on that of the authors whom they have thought proper to translate. But you were sensible of your own abilities, which rendered all such precautions needless. Capable of mending a bad book—an enterprise more difficult than to write a good one—you have ventured to

publish the translation of a work which you affirm to abound with nonsense, puerilities, etc. We think with you that nations do not always agree in taste, but are inclined to believe that good taste is the same wherever there are men of wit, judgment, and learning. Therefore, if the "Travels of Gulliver" are calculated only for the British islands, that voyager must certainly be reckoned a paltry writer. The same vices and folly prevail in all countries, at least in all the civilized parts of Europe; and an author who would sit down to write only for a single town, a province, a kingdom, or even a century, so far from deserving to be translated, does not deserve to be read.

This Gulliver's adherents, who are very numerous here, maintain that his book will last as long as our language, because he does not derive his merit from certain modes of expression or thought, but from a series of observations on the imperfections, follies, and vices of mankind.

You may very well judge that the people I have been speaking of do not approve of your criticisms; and you will doubtless be surprised when I inform you that they regard this sea-surgeon as a grave author who never departs from his character, and who uses no foreign embellishment—never pretends to set up for a wit—but is satisfied with giving the public a plain and simple narrative of the adventures that befell him, and of the things he saw and heard in the course of his voyages.

With regard to the article relating to Lord Carteret, without waiting for any information whence you borrowed your intelligence, I shall take the liberty to tell you that you have written only one-half of the truth; and that this real or supposed Drapier has saved Ireland, by spiriting up the whole nation to oppose a project by which a certain number of individuals would have been enriched at the public expense.

A series of accidents have intervened which will prevent my going to France at present, and I am now too old to hope for any future opportunity. I am sensible that this is a great loss to me. The only consolation that remains is to think that I shall be the better able to bear that spot of ground to which fortune has condemned me, etc.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. GAY.[47]

DUBLIN, November 27, 1727.

I ENTIRELY approve your refusal of that employment and your writing to the queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the ministry.[48] God forgive him, but not till he puts himself in a state to be forgiven. Upon reasoning with myself, I should hope they are gone too far to discard you quite, and that they will give you something which, although much less than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumstantiated; and since you already just live, a middling help will make you just tolerable. Your lateness in life (as you so soon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almost the eldest men may hope to see changes in a court. A minister is always seventy; you are thirty years younger; and consider, Cromwell himself did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty and learn to value a shilling, which Dr. Birch said was a serious thing. Get a stronger fence about your £1,000 and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be advised by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the most refractory, honest, good-natured man I have ever known; I could argue out this paper. I am very glad your "Opera" is finished, and hope your friends will join the readier to make it succeed, because you are ill used by others.

I have known courts these thirty-six years, and know they differ; but in some things they are extremely constant: first, in the trite old maxim of a minister's never forgiving those he has injured; secondly, in the insincerity of those who would be thought the best friends; thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing; fourthly, in sacrificing those whom we really wish well to a point of interest or intrigue; fifthly, in keeping everything worth taking for those who can do no service or disservice.

I bought your "Opera" to-day for sixpence, a cursed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve; it is in the *grand goût*.

We are as full of it, *pro modulo nostro*, as London can be; continually acting, houses crammed, and the Lord-Lieutenant several times laughing there his heart out. I did not understand that the

[47] An English poet of some note who died 1732.
[48] Sir Robert Walpole.

scene of *Locket* and *Peachum's* quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Cassius till I was told it. I wish *Macheath*, when he was going to be hanged, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying; I would have had his fellow-rogues desire his commands about a successor, and he to answer, Let it be the most worthy, etc. We hear a million of stories about the opera, of the applause of the song, "That was levelled at me," when two great ministers were in a box together and all the world staring at them. I am heartily glad your opera hath mended your purse, though perhaps it may spoil your court.

I will excuse Sir —— the trouble of a letter. When ambassadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his nephew after two years, the emperor answered that he likewise condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and respected him very much, and do still as much as ever, and it is a return sufficient if he pleases to accept the offers of my most humble service.

The "Beggars' Opera" hath knocked down "Gulliver." I hope to see Pope's "Dulness" knock down the "Beggars' Opera," but not till it hath fully done its job.

To expose vice and make people laugh with innocence does more public service than all the ministers of state from Adam to Walpole, and so adieu.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. WORRALL.

MARKET HILL, January 4, 1729.

I HAD your long letter, and thank you heartily for your concern about my health. I continue very deaf and giddy; but, however, I would certainly come to town, not only for my visitation, but because in these circumstances, and in winter, I would rather be at home. But it is now Saturday night, and that beast Sheridan is not yet come, although it has been thawing since Monday. If I do not come, you know what to do.

My humble service to our friends, as usual.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MR. POPE.

May 12, 1735.

YOUR letter was sent me yesterday by Mr. Stopford,[49] who landed the same day, but I have not yet seen him. As to my silence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domestic affairs are in great confusion by the villany of agents and the miseries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had; nor am I unconcerned to see all things tending towards absolute power in both nations (it is here in perfection already), although I shall not live to see it established. This condition of things, both public and personal to myself, has given me such a kind of despondency that I am almost unqualified for any company, diversion, or amusement. The death of Mr. Gay and the doctor have been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them—like a sum of money in the bank, from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke. To show in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight since I heard of the death of my Lady Masham, my constant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I should expect you to make a voyage that would in the least affect your health; but in the meantime how unhappy am I that my best friend should have perhaps the only kind of disorder for which a sea-voyage is not in some degree a remedy! The old Duke of Ormond said he would not change his dead son (Ossory) for the best living son in Europe. Neither would I change you, my absent friend, for the best present friend round the globe.

I have lately read a book imputed to Lord Bolingbroke, called "A Dissertation upon Parties." I think it very masterly written.

May God reward you for your kind prayers. I believe your prayers will do me more good than those of all the prelates in both kingdoms, or any prelates in Europe, except the Bishop of Marseilles. And God preserve you for contributing more to mend the world than the whole pack of (modern) parsons in a lump. I am ever entirely yours, JONATHAN SWIFT.

[49] Afterwards Bishop of Cloyne.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.[50]

September 12, 1735.

HERE is a very ingenious observation upon the days of the week, and in rhyme, worth your observation, and very proper for the information of boys and girls, that they may not forget to reckon them: Sunday's a pun day, Monday's a dun day, Tuesday's a news day, Wednesday's a friend's day, Thursday's a cursed day, Friday's a dry day, Saturday's the latter day. I intend something of equal use upon the months: as, January, women vary. I shall likewise in due time make some observation upon each year as it passes. So for the present year:

> One thousand seven hundred and thirty-five,
> When only the d—— and b——ps will thrive.

And for the next:

> One thousand seven hundred and thirty-six,
> When the d—— will carry the b——ps to Styx.

Perge:

> One thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven,
> When the Whigs are so blind they mistake hell for heav'n.

I will carry these predictions no further than to year 2001, when the learned think the world will be at an end, or the fine-all cat-a-strow-fee.

> The last is the period, two thousand and one,
> When m— and b— to hell are all gone.

When that time comes, pray remember the discovery came from me.

It is now time I should begin my letter. I hope you got safe to Cavan, and have got no cold in those two terrible days. All your friends are well, and I as I used to be. I received yours. My humble service to your lady and love to your children. I suppose you have all the news sent to you. I hear of no marriages going on. One Dean Cross, an eminent divine, we hear is to be Bishop of Cork. Stay till I ask a servant what Patrick's bells ring for so late at night. You fellow, is it for joy or sorrow? I believe it

[50] The grandfather of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, a great wit, and friend of Swift. He was a native of Ireland, and died 1738.

some of our royal birthdays. Oh! they tell me it is for joy a new master is chosen for the corporation of butchers. So farewell.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

CERTIFICATE TO A DISCARDED SERVANT.

DEANERY-HOUSE, January 9, 1740.

WHEREAS the bearer served me the space of one year, during which time he was an idler and a drunkard; I then discharged him as such; but how far his having been five years at sea may have mended his manners, I leave to the penetration of those who may hereafter choose to employ him.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"He left scarcely any style of writing untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn."—Dr. Johnson.

ONE of the dearest and brightest names in English literature is Oliver Goldsmith. His life was, indeed, a strange melodrama, so varied with laughter and tears, so checkered with fame and misfortune, so resounding with songs, pathetic and comic, that were he an unknown hero his adventures would be read with pleasure by every person of sensibility.

Oliver Goldsmith, son of the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, a minister of the Established Church, was born at the little, out-of-the-way village of Pallas, or Pallasmore, county of Longford, in 1728. He was the fifth of nine children, and at his birth his father was—

"Passing rich on forty pounds a year."

While the child was yet in his second year, the Rev. Mr. Goldsmith removed to the delightful village of Lissoy, county of Westmeath, afterwards made immortal by Goldsmith as—

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain."

Here the good minister held a comfortable living, and occupied a fine house. Oliver, in due time, was sent to the village school. We are told that he was "an exceedingly dull boy." However, he was a poet, for at eight years of age he showed a turn for rhyming. His first master was Mr. Thomas Byrne, a brave, kind-hearted old soldier who had faced cannon under Marlborough. He pitied the shy and unattractive Oliver, and let the lad have a good deal of his own way. Mr. Byrne is, no doubt, the wonderful pedagogue pictured in the "Deserted Village" as the person who astonished the rustics with his erudition and his "words of learned length and thundering sound."

While a mere boy, a severe attack of small-pox had left deep pits in poor Oliver's face. His mischievous companions called him ugly; he became the butt of coarse fun; but he did not always listen in

silence to the boorish jibes. "Why, Noll," said a relative, staring at the boy's face, "you are become a fright! When do you mean to get handsome again?" "When you do," replied Oliver with a quiet grin.

After a fair training in various schools at Elphin, Athlone, and Edgeworthtown, young Goldsmith, in his sixteenth year, was sent to Trinity College, Dublin. He was so unfortunate as to have for tutor, Rev. Mr. Wilder, a harsh and brutal man. Oliver's five years of university life in the capital of Ireland were unhappy years. His father died, and but for the generosity of a kind uncle[1] he would have starved. At this time we meet his first literary performance. He wrote street ballads for five shillings apiece, and at night he would quietly slip into the dimly-lighted streets to see them sold and to hear them sung. Here also we first behold that boundless benevolence which could never learn discretion. Scarcely was his hard-earned and much-needed ballad money in his hand when it was shared with the first beggar he met. Poor Oliver's few shillings often melted away in the heat of charity before he could reach the college entrance! Hated and discouraged by the brutal Wilder, he grew idle, and took a share in all the college scrapes. He even had a hand in ducking a bailiff under the college pump. On one occasion he made thirty shillings, and, of course, he could not avoid celebrating the event by a dance in his room. In the midst of the festive scene the evil genius, Wilder, appeared, knocked Goldsmith down with a blow, and threw the dancers neck and heels out of the window.[2] In 1749 he took, with difficulty, the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and bade a final adieu to his severe Alma Mater.

The graduate of old Trinity now directed his steps to his mother's cottage at Ballymahon, near Edgeworthtown, where she lived in reduced circumstances. Here Oliver spent two years trying to qualify for orders in the Episcopal Church. He could tell a story, sing a song, or play a game with any one. Occasionally he could also be found learning French from some Catholic priest, fishing on the banks of the Inny, playing his flute, and winning a prize at the fair of Ballymahon for throwing the sledge-hammer.

We have not space to give a minute account of Oliver's attempts to be a tutor, a clergyman, a lawyer, and a physician. When he pre-

[1] Rev. Mr. Contarine.
[2] Irving, "Life of Goldsmith."

sented himself for orders, the Protestant bishop rejected him.[3] He turned tutor, but in a game of chance quarrelled with one of his patron's family, left his place with $150 in his pocket, and wended his way to Cork, intending to go to America. In six weeks he returned to his mother without a penny, but had with him an old horse, which he humorously named "Fiddlestick."

Oliver next turned his thoughts to law. His good Uncle Contarine again came to his aid, and, with $250 in his pocket, Oliver Goldsmith, B.A., set out for London. He had barely reached Dublin when, in a game with a sharper, he lost all his money. Again he was penniless. He was now advised to study medicine, and his friends once more came to his assistance. He went to Edinburgh, and for nearly two years attended the medical lectures in the university of that city. But his standing, we are told, was higher in social circles than in the halls of science. He was a good story-teller, and he could sing a capital Irish song.

From Edinburgh he next went to Leyden, on the Continent, to complete his medical education. After a year spent at this place, he got into some difficulty, and hastily left the university without taking any degree. He now began the grand tour of Europe, with "a guinea in his pocket, a shirt on his back, and a flute in his hand." This journey Goldsmith has immortalized in his "Traveller." On foot he made his way through Belgium, France, Switzerland, and Italy; and it is generally believed that he took his medical degree either at Louvain or Padua. While in Italy he heard of his generous Uncle Contarine's death. Oliver was obliged to foot it towards home, and was happy in finding lodging and a meal in some wayside monastery.

In the extremity of distress he reached London in 1756, and engaged awhile in teaching, under an assumed name. He next turned to practise medicine, but his patients outnumbered his fees. He finally took up his pen, and began that struggle in the troubled waters of London life which closed only when the struggler lay coffined in Brick Court.

He began by writing essays and criticisms for the reviews and magazines. In 1759, Goldsmith's first work, "An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe," was given to the public. The next year he wrote for a popular periodical a series of letters assuming to come from a Chinese philosopher living in London, and

[3] Because, it is said, he wore a "pair of *scarlet breeches*" on the occasion.

giving his countrymen an account of what he was seeing there. The "Vicar of Wakefield" was finished in 1764, though not published for nearly two years after. We are indebted to Dr. Johnson for the story of how the manuscript was sold. "I received one morning," says the doctor, "a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begged that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired him to be calm, and began to talk to him of the means whereby he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it and saw its merit, told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill." [4]

In 1764, Goldsmith published "The Traveller." During the next ten years his gifted pen gave the comedies of "The Good-Natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer," the beautiful poem of "The Deserted Village," in which the good, simple people, the sights and scenes of Lissoy, in Ireland, are immortalized, and a number of historical and other works, for some of which he was paid large sums of money. The last flash of his genius was the short poem, "Retaliation," written in reply to some jibing epitaphs which were composed on him by the company met one day at dinner in the St. James's Coffee-House. The actor Garrick's couplet ran thus :

> "Here lies Poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
> Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll."

Garrick, even to-day, suffers for his unkindness, as can be seen by reading the "Retaliation."

Death, alas! was now silently approaching Goldsmith, and the light of his genius was soon to go out. Low fever set in. He took powders contrary to the advice of his physicians, and after

[4] Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

nine days' sickness the author of "Sweet Auburn" was no more. He died on the 4th of April, 1774, in his forty-sixth year. His last moments were peculiarly sad, as he died deeply in debt. Dr. Johnson tells us that he owed fully $10,000, and exclaims: "Was ever poet so trusted before!" On hearing of Goldsmith's death, Edmund Burke burst into tears. A monument was raised to him in Westminster Abbey, and good old Doctor Johnson wrote the epitaph in Latin, of which the following is a translation:

"OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

POET, NATURALIST, AND HISTORIAN,

Who left scarcely any style of writing untouched, and touched nothing that he did not adorn; of all the passions, whether smiles or tears were to be moved, a powerful yet gentle master; in genius sublime, vivid, versatile; in style elevated, clear, elegant . . .
The love of companions, the fidelity of friends, and the veneration of readers have by this monument honored the Memory. He was born in Ireland, at a place called Pallas, in the parish of Forney, and county of Longford, on the 29th of Nov., 1728, educated at the University of Dublin, and died at London, 4th April, 1774."

As an author, Goldsmith holds the first place in both poetry and prose. His original productions are classics. But of all his poetic gems, the finest, most polished, and most precious is "The Deserted Village." For tender pathos, simple, charming, lifelike descriptions, exquisite harmony, and matchless beauty of expression, it is a poem, perhaps, unequalled in the whole range of literature. It will last as long as the English language.

His good-natured wit and healthy humor shine through his comedies, essays, "Vicar of Wakefield," and especially his lines on "Madame Blaze."

To Goldsmith belongs the great merit of purifying the novel, of raising it above the sensual and the obscene. The beautiful story of "The Vicar of Wakefield" stands alone in English letters, the matchless story of his own matchless pen. Its perusal gave the great German poet, Goethe, his first taste for English literature.

As a gay and graceful essayist, the author of "Sweet Auburn" excelled either Steele or Addison.

"In person," writes one who knew Goldsmith well, "he was short; about five feet five or six inches; strong, but not heavy in make; rather fair in complexion, with brown hair. His manners were simple, natural, and, perhaps, on the whole, we may say polished. He was always cheerful and animated, often, indeed, boisterous in his mirth." [5]

Goldsmith's faults, like the faults of other men, are neither to be denied nor excused. But we should not dwell upon them. He was a man whose character should be determined not so much by his defects as by his excellences. Of his charity instances without number could be given, as where he took the blankets from his own bed to cover a poor woman and her children.

The truth of Buffon's famous saying, "The style is the man," was never seen in a clearer light than in the case of Goldsmith. His bright mind, joyous spirits, and kind heart shine through all his writings. These exhibit his better self. Johnson is said to have remarked that no man was wiser than Goldsmith when he had a pen in his hand, or more foolish when he had not. We should remember that it was Goldsmith's misfortune rather than his fault that his whole life was a struggle with adversity and his own poorly-balanced character. Yet neither poverty nor distress could ever curdle the milk of human kindness in his good heart. And when we come to consider that some of his masterpieces were composed in a miserable garret, with indigence staring him on every side, we are really forced to bow to the shining splendor of his genius.

GOLDSMITH'S POEMS.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,

[5] Judge Day.

How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm—
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round!
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out, to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled!

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green.
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man.
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more;
His best companions innocence and health,
And his best riches ignorance of wealth.
But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose,
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down:

To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And as a hare whom hounds and horse pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine or tempt the dang'rous deep,
Nor surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound when oft, at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,

No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread;
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled—
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring.
She, wretch'd matron, forc'd in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread;
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild—
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place.
Unskilful he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast.
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire and talk'd the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;

And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul,
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven;
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze unprofitable gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;

The village all declar'd how much he knew—
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot,
Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye.
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place;
The whitewashed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;

The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train.
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain,
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joy increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. This man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land adorn'd, for pleasure, all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land by luxury betray'd—
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise,
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band,
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where, then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles ere annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah! turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.

She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn,
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinched with cold and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train—
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah! no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracks with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore—
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields, with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene—
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.
Good heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day
That called them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers and fondly look'd their last,

And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And, shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire, the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by heaven's decree,
How ill-exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee to sickly greatness grown
Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe,
Till, sapp'd their strength and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink and spread a ruin round

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done.
E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore and darken all the strand.
Contented toil and hospitable care
And kind connubial tenderness are there,
And piety, with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty and faithful love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade,
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride,
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first and keep'st me so;
Thou guide by which the noble arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away,
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

THE TRAVELLER; OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee—
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;

Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view,
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend,
And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear,
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd,
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale,
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,

Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still;
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consigned,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro panting at the line
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent,
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign contentment fails,
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.

Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends,
'Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies;
Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd—
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind,
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends,
Its uplands sloping deck the mountains' side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride,
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die—
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign;
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue,
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind
That opulence departed leaves behind;

For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date
When commerce proudly flourished through the state;
At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form,
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave
But towns unmann'd and lords without a slave,
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repressed by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind;
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter, lingering, chills the lap of May;

No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed,
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply, too, some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;

For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest;
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run,
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Thro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
These, far dispers'd on timorous pinions, fly
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.
To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn, and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;

And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away;
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honor forms the social temper here.
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd or warmly sought
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought,
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore,
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;

The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.
Thus while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd fresh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control,

While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by Freedom ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
Till, overwrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.
Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to thee alone,
And talent sinks and merit weeps unknown,
Till time may come when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings unhonor'd die.
Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage and tyrants' angry steel,
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt or favor's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil;

And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.
Oh! then how blind to all that truth requires
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home·
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart,
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
When first ambition struck at regal power,
And, thus polluting honor in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scattered hamlets rose
In barren, solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call
The smiling, long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main,
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamp around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays,
Through tangled forests and through dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go;
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind;
Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain
How small of all that human hearts endure
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find;
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

RETALIATION.

[A club of literary men used to meet at the St. James's Coffee-House, in St. James's Street, and soon after Goldsmith was elected a member he was made the butt of their witticisms, both spoken and written, on account of his provincial dialect and the oddity of his appearance. In a good-humored manner he subsequently produced and read the following poem.]

Of old, when Scarron[6] his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
If our landlord[7] supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself—and he brings the best dish.

[6] A celebrated French writer of burlesque.
[7] The land ord of the coffee-house.

Our dean [8] shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our Burkes [9] shall be tongue, with the garnish of brains;
Our Will [10] shall be wild-fowl of excellent flavor;
And Dick [11] with his pepper shall heighten the savor;
Our Cumberland's [12] sweet-bread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas [13] is pudding, substantial and plain;
Our Garrick's [14] a salad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree;
To make out the dinner, full certain I am
That Ridge [15] is anchovy, and Reynolds [16] is lamb;
That Hickey's [17] a capon, and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.
At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine! let me sit while I'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good dean,[18] reunited to earth,
Who mix'd reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth;
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least in six weeks I could not find 'em out;
Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund,[19] whose genius was such
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind,

[8] Dr. Barnard, Dean of Derry.
[9] The Right Hon. Edmund Burke.
[10] Mr. William Burke, a relation of Edmund Burke, and M.P. for Bedwin.
[11] Mr. Richard Burke, a barrister, and younger brother of Edmund Burke, and Recorder of Bristol.
[12] The dramatist.
[13] Dr. Douglas, a Scotchman, canon of Windsor, and afterwards Bishop of Carlisle.
[14] The celebrated actor.
[15] John Ridge, a barrister in the Irish courts.
[16] Sir Joshua Reynolds.
[17] An Irish lawyer.
[18] Dean Barnard.
[19] Edmund Burke.

Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend [20] to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient,
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William,[21] whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;
The pupil of impulse, it forced him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honor, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home.
Would you ask for his merits, alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard,[22] whose fate I must sigh at;
Alas! that such frolic should now be so quiet.
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb![23]
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;
But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine;

[20] Thomas Townshend, afterwards Lord Sydney.
[21] William Burke.
[22] Richard Burke.
[23] Richard Burke loved a jest, and he unfortunately broke one of his legs.

Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like tragedy given a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings that folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleas'd with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or, wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it that vainly directing his view
To find out man's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last and drew for himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors the terror of quacks;
Come all ye quack bards and ye quacking divines,
Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines.
When satire and censure encircled his throne;
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone and we want a detector,
Our Dodds[24] shall be pious, our Kenricks[25] shall lecture;
Macpherson[26] write bombast and call it a style,
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile;
New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,[27]
No countryman living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line;
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty his colors he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.

[24] The notorious Dr. Dodd, who was hanged for forgery.

[25] Dr. Kenrick used to deliver lectures at the Devil's Tavern, under the title of "The School of Shakspeare."

[26] James Macpherson made a prose translation of Homer, to which allusion is here made.

[27] Lauder and Bower were two Scotch authors of bad moral character.

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to get out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day;
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
If they were not his own by finessing and trick;
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
'Till his relish, grown callous almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please;
But let us be candid and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys,[28] and Woodfalls[29] so grave,
What a commerce was yours while you got and you gave!
How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd
While he was be-Roscius'd and you were bepraised!
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies;
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill
Shall be his flatterers, go where he will,
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good nature.
He cherish'd his friend and he relish'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper!
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser.
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest? Ah! no.
Then what was his failing? come, tell it and burn ye.
He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

[28] The author of "Words to the Wise," "Clementina," "School for Wives," etc.
[29] Printer of the *Morning Chronicle*, died 1803.

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland.
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart;
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering
When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing;
When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.[30]

EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

A Ballad.

"Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow,
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem length'ning as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still,
And though my portion is but scant
I give it with good will.

"Then turn to-night and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows,
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

[30] Sir Joshua Reynolds was deaf and used an ear-trumpet. He also took a great quantity of snuff.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong;
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends
His gentle accents fell;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay,
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath his humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care.
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their ev'ning rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd and smil'd;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries ;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
With answ'ring care oppress :
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
The sorrows of thy breast ?

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove ?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love ?

"Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay ;
And those who prize the paltry things
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep ;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep ?

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair-one's jest,
On earth unseen, or only found
To warn the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said ;
But while he spoke a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colors o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms;
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

"And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried,
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where Heav'n and you reside.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd beside the Tyne.
A wealthy lord was he,
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine;
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came,
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd, a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Amongst the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"And when beside me in the dale
He carol'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale
And music to the grove.

"The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heav'n refin'd,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but, woe to me,
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I try'd each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain.

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride,
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn despairing hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it Heav'n!" the hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast.
The wond'ring fair one turn'd to chide—
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign.
And shall we never, never part,
My life, my all that's mine?

"No, never from this hour to part,
We'll live and love so true;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

AN ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead,
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say,
That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more,
She had not died to-day.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
Of whom the world might say
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends,
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighboring streets
The wondering neighbors ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light
That show'd the rogues they li
The man recovered of the bit
The dog it was that died.

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

JOHN TROT was desired by two witty peers
To tell them the reason why asses had ears.
"An't please you," quoth John, "I'm not given to letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters;
Howe'er, from this time I shall ne'er see your graces,
As I hope to be sav'd! without thinking on asses."

EPITAPH ON EDWARD PURDON.

HERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

EPITAPH ON DR. PARNELL.

THIS tomb, inscrib'd to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way!
Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid,
And Heav'n, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow
The transitory breath of fame below;
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.

GOLDSMITH'S ESSAYS.

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

As I am one of that sauntering tribe of mortals who spend the greatest part of their time in taverns, coffee-houses, and other places of public resort, I have thereby an opportunity of observing an infinite variety of characters, which, to a person of a contemplative turn, is a much higher entertainment than a view of all the curiosities of art or nature. In one of these my late rambles I accidentally fell into the company of half a dozen gentlemen who were engaged in a warm dispute about some political affair, the decision of which, as they were equally divided in their sentiments, they thought proper to refer to me, which naturally drew me in for a share of the conversation.

Amongst a multiplicity of other topics, we took occasion to talk of the different characters of the several nations of Europe, when one of the gentlemen, cocking his hat and assuming such an air of importance as if he had possessed all the merit of the English nation in his own person, declared that the Dutch were a parcel of avaricious wretches, the French a set of flattering sycophants, that the Germans were drunken sots and beastly gluttons, and the Spaniards proud, haughty, and surly tyrants; but that in bravery, generosity, clemency, and in every other virtue the English excelled all the rest of the world.

This very *learned* and *judicious remark* was received with a general smile of approbation by all the company—all, I mean, but your humble servant, who, endeavoring to keep my gravity as well as I could, and, reclining my head upon my arm, continued for some time in a posture of affected thoughtfulness, as if I had been musing on something else, and did not seem to attend to the subject of conversation, hoping by these means to avoid the disagreeable necessity of explaining myself, and thereby depriving the gentleman of his imaginary happiness.

But my pseudo patriot had no mind to let me escape so easily. Not satisfied that his opinion should pass without contradiction, he was determined to have it ratified by the suffrage of every one in the company, for which purpose, addressing himself to me with an air of inexpressible confidence, he asked me if I was not of the same way of thinking. As I am never forward in giving my opinion, especially when I have reason to believe that it will not be agree-

able; so, when I am obliged to give it, I always hold it for a maxim to speak my real sentiments. I therefore told him that, for my own part, I should not have ventured to talk in such a peremptory strain unless I had made the tour of Europe and examined the manners of these several nations with great care and accuracy; that perhaps a more impartial judge would not scruple to affirm that the Dutch were more frugal and industrious, the French more temperate and polite, the Germans more hardy and patient of labor and fatigue, and the Spaniards more staid and sedate, than the English, who, though undoubtedly brave and generous, were at the same time rash, headstrong, and impetuous; too apt to be elated with prosperity and to despond in adversity.

I could easily perceive that all the company began to regard me with a jealous eye before I had finished my answer, which I had no sooner done than the patriotic gentleman observed, with a contemptuous sneer, that he was greatly surprised how some people could have the conscience to live in a country which they did not love, and to enjoy the protection of a government to which in their hearts they were inveterate enemies. Finding that by this modest declaration of my sentiments I had forfeited the good opinion of my companions, and given them occasion to call my political principle in question, and well knowing that it was in vain to argue with men who were so very full of themselves, I threw down my reckoning and retired to my own lodgings, reflecting on the absurd and ridiculous nature of national prejudice and prepossession.

Among all the famous sayings of antiquity there is none that does greater honor to the author, or affords greater pleasure to the reader (at least if he be a person of generous and benevolent heart), than that of the philosopher who, being asked what "countryman he was," replied that he was "a citizen of the world." How few are there to be found in modern times who can say the same, or whose conduct is consistent with such a profession! We are now become so much Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Spaniards, or Germans that we are no longer citizens of the world; so much the natives of one particular spot, or members of one petty society, that we no longer consider ourselves as the general inhabitants of the globe, or members of that grand society which comprehends the whole human kind.

Did these prejudices prevail only among the meanest and lowest of the people, perhaps they might be excused, as they have few, if

any, opportunities of correcting them by reading, travelling, or conversing with foreigners; but the misfortune is that they infect the minds and influence the conduct even of our gentlemen—of those, I mean, who have every title to this appellation but an exemption from prejudice, which, however, in my opinion, ought to be regarded as the characteristical mark of a gentleman; for let a man's birth be ever so high, his station ever so exalted, or his fortune ever so large, yet if he is not free from national and other prejudices, I should make bold to tell him that he had a low and vulgar mind, and had no just claim to the character of a gentleman. And in fact you will always find that those are most apt to boast of national merit who have little or no merit of their own to depend on, than which, to be sure, nothing is more natural; the slender vine twists around the sturdy oak for no other reason in the world but because it has not strength sufficient to support itself.

Should it be alleged in defence of national prejudice that it is the natural and necessary growth of love to our country, and that therefore the former cannot be destroyed without hurting the latter, I answer that this is a gross fallacy and delusion. That it is the growth of love to our country I will allow, but that it is the natural and necessary growth of it I absolutely deny. Superstition and enthusiasm, too, are the growth of religion; but who ever took it into his head to affirm that they are the necessary growth of this noble principle? They are, if you will, the bastard sprouts of this heavenly plant, but not its natural and genuine branches, and may safely enough be lopt off without doing any harm to the parent stock—nay, perhaps, till once they are lopt off this goodly tree can never flourish in perfect health and vigor.

Is it not very possible that I may love my own country without hating the natives of other countries? that I may exert the most heroic bravery, the most undaunted resolution, in defending its laws and liberty without despising all the rest of the world as cowards and poltroons? Most certainly it is; and if it were not—but what need I suppose what is absolutely impossible?—but if it were not, I must own, I should prefer the title of the ancient philosopher—viz., a citizen of the world—to that of an Englishman, a Frenchman, a European, or to any other appellation whatever.

CAROLAN, THE IRISH BARD.

THERE can be, perhaps, no greater entertainment than to compare the rude Celtic simplicity with modern refinement. Books, however, seem incapable of furnishing the parallel; and to be acquainted with the ancient manners of our own ancestors, we should endeavor to look for their remains in those countries which, being in some measure retired from an intercourse with other nations, are still untinctured with foreign refinement, language, or breeding.

The Irish will satisfy curiosity in this respect preferably to all other nations I have seen. They, in several parts of that country, still adhere to their ancient language, dress, furniture, and superstitions; several customs exist among them that still speak their original; and in some respects Cæsar's description of the ancient Britons is applicable to them.

Their bards, in particular, are still held in great veneration among them. Those traditional heralds are invited to every funeral, in order to fill up the intervals of the howl with their songs and harps. In these they rehearse the actions of the ancestors of the deceased, bewail the bondage of their country under the English Government, and generally conclude with advising the young men and maidens to make the best use of their time, for they will soon, for all their present bloom, be stretched under the table, like the dead body before them.

Of all the bards this country ever produced, the last and the greatest was Carolan the Blind. He was at once a poet, a musician, a composer, and sung his own verses to his harp. The original natives never mention his name without rapture; both his poetry and music they have by heart; and even some of the English themselves who have been transplanted there find his music extremely pleasing. A song beginning, "O'Rourke's noble fare will ne'er be forgot," translated by Dean Swift, is of his composition, which, though perhaps by this means the best known of his pieces, is yet by no means the most deserving. His songs in general may be compared to those of Pindar, as they have frequently the same flights of imagination, and are composed (I don't say written, for he could not write,) merely to flatter some man of fortune upon some excellence of the same kind. In these one man is praised for the excellence of his stable, as in Pindar, another for his hospitality, a third for the beauty of his wife and children, and a fourth for the antiquity

of his family. Whenever any of the original natives of distinction were assembled at feasting or revelling, Carolan was generally there, where he was always ready with his harp to celebrate their praises. He seemed by nature formed for his profession; for as he was born blind, so also was he possessed of a most astonishing memory, and a facetious turn of thinking, which gave his entertainers infinite satisfaction. Being once at the house of an Irish nobleman, where there was a musician present who was eminent in the profession, Carolan immediately challenged him to a trial of skill. To carry his jest forward, his lordship persuaded the musician to accept the challenge, and he accordingly played over on his fiddle the whole piece after him, without missing a note, though he had never heard it before, which produced some surprise; but their astonishment increased when he assured them he could make a concerto in the same taste himself, which he instantly composed, and that with such spirit and elegance that we may compare it (for we have it still) with the finest compositions of Italy.

His death was not more remarkable than his life. Homer was never more fond of a glass than he; he would drink whole pints of usquebaugh, and, as he used to think, without any ill consequence. His intemperance, however, in this respect, at length brought on an incurable disorder, and when just at the point of death, he called for a cup of his beloved liquor. Those who were standing round him, surprised at the demand, endeavored to persuade him to the contrary; but he persisted, and when the bowl was brought him, attempted to drink, but could not; wherefore, giving away the bowl, he observed with a smile that it would be hard if two such friends as he and the cup should part, at least without kissing, and then expired.

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD, IN WHICH A KINDRED LIKENESS PREVAILS, AS WELL OF MINDS AS OF PERSONS.[31]

I WAS ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population. From this motive I had scarce taken orders a year before I began to think seriously of

[31] This is the first chapter of the "Vicar of Wakefield."

matrimony, and chose my wife, as she did her wedding-gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured, notable woman; and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could show more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping, though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighborhood. The year was spent in a moral or rural amusement, in visiting our rich neighbors and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honor by these claims of kindred, as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted that as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table. So that if we had not very rich we generally had very happy friends about us; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest the better pleased he ever is with being treated; and as some men gaze with admiration at the colors of a tulip or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any of our relations was found to be a person of a very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependent out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness, not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favors. My orchard was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated courtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness so they were at once well formed and healthy, my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensburg, who, in Henry II.'s progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her Aunt Grissel; but my wife, who during her pregnancy had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia; so that we had two romantic names in the family, but I solemnly protest I had no hand it. Moses was our next, and after an interval of twelve years we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, "Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country." "Ay, neighbor," she would answer, "they are as Heaven made them, handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is that handsome does." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads, who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me that I should scarcely have remembered to mention it had it not

been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriancy of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe—open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first; but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successfully repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features—at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers; Sophia, to secure one. Olivia was often affected from too great a desire to please; Sophia even repressed excellence from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquette into a prude, and a new set of ribbons has given her younger sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son, George, was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy, Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all; and, properly speaking, they had but one character—that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

LETTER FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI TO * * *, MERCHANT IN AMSTERDAM—LONDON AND ITS PEOPLE.[32]

FRIEND OF MY HEART: *May the wings of peace rest upon thy dwelling, and the shield of conscience preserve thee from vice and misery!* For all thy favors accept my gratitude and esteem, the only tributes a poor philosophic wanderer can return. Sure, fortune is resolved to make me unhappy, when she gives others a power of testifying their friendship by actions, and leaves me only words to express the sincerity of mine.

I am perfectly sensible of the delicacy with which you endeavor to lessen your own merit and my obligations. By calling your late

[32] In these letters—or rather essays in the form of letters—Goldsmith assumed the character of a Chinese philosopher.

instances of friendship only a return for former favors, you would induce me to impute to your justice what I owe to your generosity.

The services I did you at Canton, justice, humanity, and my office bade me perform; those you have done me since my arrival at Amsterdam no laws obliged you to, no justice required; even half your favors would have been greater than my most sanguine expectations.

The sum of money, therefore, which you privately conveyed into my baggage when I was leaving Holland, and which I was ignorant of till my arrival in London, I must beg leave to return. You have been bred a merchant, and I a scholar; you consequently love money better than I. You can find pleasure in superfluity; I am perfectly content with what is sufficient. Take, therefore, what is yours; it may give you some pleasure, even though you have no occasion to use it; my happiness it cannot improve, for I have already all that I want.

My passage by sea from Rotterdam to England was more painful to me than all the journeys I ever made on land. I have traversed the immeasurable wilds of Mogul Tartary; felt all the rigors of Siberian skies; I have had my repose a hundred times disturbed by invading savages, and have seen, without shrinking, the desert sands rise like a troubled ocean all around me. Against these calamities I was armed with a resolution; but in my passage to England, though nothing occurred that gave the mariners any uneasiness, to one who was never at sea before all was a subject of astonishment and terror. To find the land disappear, to see our ship mount the waves swift as an arrow from the Tartar bow, to hear the wind howling through the cordage, to feel a sickness which depresses even the spirits of the brave—these were unexpected distresses, and consequently assaulted me unprepared to receive them.

You men of Europe think nothing of a voyage by sea. With us of China a man who has been from sight of land is regarded upon his return with admiration. I have known some provinces where there is not even a name for the ocean. What a strange people, therefore, am I got amongst, who have founded an empire on this unstable element, who build cities upon billows that rise higher than the mountains of Tiptartala, and make the deep more formidable than the wildest tempest.

Such accounts as these, I must confess, were my first motives for seeing England. These induced me to undertake a journey of seven

hundred painful days, in order to examine its opulence, buildings, sciences, arts, and manufactures on the spot. Judge, then, my disappointment on entering London to see no signs of that opulence so much talked of abroad. Wherever I turn I am presented with a gloomy solemnity in the houses, the streets, and the inhabitants; none of that beautiful gilding which makes a principal ornament in Chinese architecture. The streets of Nankin are sometimes strewed with gold leaf. Very different are those of London; in the midst of their pavements a great lazy puddle moves muddily along; heavy-laden machines, with wheels of unweildy thickness, crowd up every passage, so that a stranger, instead of finding time for observation, is often happy if he has time to escape from being crushed to pieces.

The houses borrow very few ornaments from architecture; their chief decoration seems to be a paltry piece of painting hung out at their doors or windows, at once a proof of their indigence and vanity—their vanity, in each having one of those pictures exposed to public view; and their indigence, in being unable to get them better painted. In this respect the fancy of their painters is also deplorable. Could you believe it? I have seen five black lions and three blue boars in less than the circuit of half a mile; and yet you know that animals of these colors are nowhere to be found except in the wild imaginations of Europe.

From these circumstances in their buildings, and from the dismal looks of the inhabitants, I am induced to conclude that the nation is actually poor; and that, like the Persians, they make a splendid figure everywhere but at home. The proverb of Xixofu is, that a man's riches may be seen in his eyes. If we judge of the English by this rule, there is not a poorer nation under the sun.

I have been here but two days, so will not be hasty in my decisions. Such letters as I shall write to Fipsihi, in Moscow, I beg you'll endeavor to forward with all diligence. I shall send them open, in order that you may take copies or translations, as you are equally versed in the Dutch and Chinese languages. Dear friend, think of my absence with regret, as I sincerely regret yours; even while I write, I lament our separation. Farewell!

LETTER FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI TO FUM HOAM, FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE CEREMONIAL ACADEMY AT PEKIN, IN CHINA—PICTURE OF A LONDON SHOPKEEPER.

THE shops of London are as well furnished as those of Pekin. Those of London have a picture hung at their door, informing the passengers what they have to sell, as those at Pekin have a board to assure the buyer that they have no intention to cheat him.

I was this morning to buy silk for a nightcap. Immediately upon entering the mercer's shop, the master and his two men, with wigs plastered with powder, appeared to ask my commands. They were certainly the civilest people alive; if I but looked, they flew to the place where I cast my eye; every motion of mine sent them running round the whole shop for my satisfaction. I informed them that I wanted what was good, and they showed me not less than forty pieces, and each was better than the former, the prettiest pattern in nature, and the fittest in the world for nightcaps. "My very good friend," said I to the mercer, "you must not pretend to instruct me in silks; I know these in particular to be no better than your mere flimsy Bungees." "That may be," cried the mercer, who I afterwards found had never contradicted a man in his life, "I cannot pretend to say but they may; but I can assure you my Lady Trail has had a sacque from this piece this very morning." "But, my friend," said I, "though my lady has chosen a sacque from it, I see no necessity that I should wear it for a nightcap." "That may be," returned he again; "yet what becomes a pretty lady will at any time look well on a handsome gentleman." This short compliment was thrown in so very seasonably upon my ugly face that even though I disliked the silk I desired him to cut me off the pattern of a nightcap.

While this business was consigned to his journeymen, the master himself took down some pieces of silk still finer than any I had yet seen, and spreading them before me: "There," cries he, "there's beauty!" My Lord Snakeskin has bespoke the fellow to this for the birthnight this very morning; it would look charmingly in waistcoats." "But I do not want a waistcoat," replied I. "Not want a waistcoat," returned the mercer, "then I would advise you to buy one; when waistcoats are wanted, depend upon it, they will come dear. Always buy before you want, and you are sure to be well used, as they say in Cheapside." There was so much justice

in his advice that I could not refuse taking it; besides, the silk, which was really a good one, increased the temptation, so I gave orders for that too.

As I was waiting to have my bargains measured and cut, which, I know not how, they executed but slowly, during the interval the mercer entertained me with the modern manner of some of the nobility receiving company in their morning-gowns. "Perhaps, sir," adds he, "you have a mind to see what kind of silk is universally worn." Without waiting for my reply, he spreads a piece before me which might be reckoned beautiful even in China. "If the nobility," continues he, "were to know I sold this to any under a right honorable I should certainly lose their custom. You see, my lord, it is at once rich and tasty, and quite the thing." "I am no lord," interrupted I. "I beg pardon," cried he, "but be pleased to remember when you intend buying a morning-gown that you had an offer from me of something worth money. Conscience, sir, conscience is my way of dealing; you may buy a morning-gown now, or you may stay till they become dearer and less fashionable; but it is not my business to advise." In short, most reverend Fum, he persuaded me to buy a morning-gown also, and would probably have persuaded me to have bought half the goods in his shop, if I had stayed long enough, or was furnished with sufficient money.

Upon returning home, I could not help reflecting, with some astonishment, how this very man, with such a confined education and capacity, was yet capable of turning me as he thought proper, and moulding me to his inclinations. I knew he was only answering his own purposes, even while he attempted to appear solicitous about mine; yet by a voluntary infatuation, a sort of passion compounded of vanity and good-nature, I walked into the snare with my eyes open, and put myself to future pain in order to give him immediate pleasure. The wisdom of the ignorant somewhat resembles the instinct of animals; it is diffused in but a very narrow sphere, but within that circle it acts with vigor, uniformity, and success. Adieu!

LETTER FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME—THE ENGLISH LAW COURTS AS SEEN BY A CHINESE PHILOSOPHER.

I HAD some intentions lately of going to visit Bedlam, the place where those who go mad are confined. I went to wait upon the

man in black to be my conductor, but I found him preparing to go to Westminster Hall, where the English hold their courts of justice. It gave me some surprise to find my friend engaged in a lawsuit, but more so when he informed me that it had been depending for several years. "How is it possible," cried I, "for a man who knows the world to go to law? I am well acquainted with the courts of justice in China; they resemble rat-traps every one of them; nothing more easy than to get in, but to get out again is attended with some difficulty, and more cunning than rats are generally found to possess!"

"Faith," replied my friend, "I should not have gone to law but that I was assured of success before I began. Things were presented to me in so alluring a light that I thought by barely declaring myself a candidate for the prize I had nothing more to do than to enjoy the fruits of the victory. Thus have I been upon the eve of an imaginary triumph every term these ten years; have travelled forward with victory ever in my view but ever out of reach. However, at present I fancy we have hampered our antagonist in such a manner that without some unforeseen demur we shall this day lay him fairly on his back."

"If things be so situated," cried I, "I do not care if I attend you to the courts and partake of the pleasure of your success. But prithee," continued I, as we set forward, "what reasons have you to think an affair at last concluded which has given so many former disappointments?" "My lawyer tells me," returned he, "that I have Salkeld and Ventris strong in my favor, and that there are no less than fifteen cases in point." "I understand," said I, "those are two of your judges who have already declared their opinions." "Pardon me," replied my friend, "Salkeld and Ventris are lawyers who some hundred years ago gave their opinions on cases similar to mine. These opinions which make for me my lawyer is to cite, and those opinions which look another way are cited by the lawyer employed by my antagonist. As I observed, I have Salkeld and Ventris for me, he has Coke and Hale for him, and he that has most opinions is most likely to carry his cause." "But where is the necessity," cried I, "of prolonging a suit by citing the opinions and reports of others, since the same good sense which determined lawyers in former ages may serve to guide your judges at this day? They at that time gave their opinions only from the light of reason; your judges have the same light at present to direct

them, let me even add a greater, as in former ages there were many prejudices from which the present is happily free. If arguing from authorities be exploded from every other branch of learning, why should it be particularly adhered to in this? I plainly foresee how such a method of investigation must embarrass every suit, and even perplex the students; ceremonies will be multiplied, formalities must increase, and more time will thus be spent in learning the arts of litigation than in the discovery of right."

"I see," cries my friend, "that you are for a speedy administration of justice, but all the world will grant that the more time that is taken up in considering any subject, the better it will be understood. Besides, it is the boast of an Englishman that his property is secure, and all the world will grant that a deliberate administration of justice is the best way to secure his property. Why have we so many lawyers but to secure our property? Why so many formalities but to secure our property? Not less than one hundred thousand families live in opulence, elegance, and ease merely by securing our property."

"To embarrass justice," returned I, "by a multiplicity of laws, or to hazard it by a confidence in our judges, are, I grant, the opposite rocks on which legislative wisdom has ever split. In one case the client resembles that emperor who is said to have been suffocated with the bed-clothes which were only designed to keep him warm; in the other, to that town which let the enemy take possession of its walls in order to show the world how little they depended upon aught but courage for safety. But bless me, what numbers do I see here—all in black—how is it possible that half this multitude find employment!" "Nothing so easily conceived," returned my companion; "they live by watching each other. For instance, the catchpole watches the man in debt, the attorney watches the catchpole, the counsellor watches the attorney, the solicitor the counsellor, and all find sufficient employment." "I conceive you," interrupted I; "they watch each other, but it is the client that pays them all for watching. It puts me in mind of a Chinese fable which is entitled, 'Five Animals at a Meal:'

"'A grasshopper filled with dew was merrily singing under a shade; a whangam that eats grasshoppers had marked it for its prey, and was just stretching forth to devour it; a serpent that had for a long time fed only on whangam was coiled up to fasten on the whangam; a yellow bird was just upon the wing to dart upon the

serpent; a hawk had just stooped from above to seize the yellow bird. All were intent on their prey and unmindful of their danger; so the whangam ate the grasshopper, the serpent ate the whangam, the yellow bird the serpent, and the hawk the yellow bird, when, sousing from on high, a vulture gobbled up the hawk, grasshopper, whangam, and all in a moment.'"

I had scarcely finished my fable when the lawyer came to inform my friend that his case was put off till another term, that money was wanted to retain, and that all the world was of opinion that the very next hearing would bring him off victorious. "If so, then," cries my friend, "I believe it will be my wisest way to continue the cause for another term, and in the meantime my friend here and I will go and see Bedlam." Adieu!

LETTER FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME—CRITICISM IN ENGLAND.

I HAVE frequently admired the manner of criticising in China, where the learned are assembled in a body to judge of every new publication, to examine the merits of the work without knowing the circumstances of the author, and then to usher it into the world with proper marks of respect or reprobation.

In England there are no such tribunals erected; but if a man thinks proper to be a judge of genius, few will be at the pains to contradict his pretensions. If any choose to be critics, it is but saying they are critics, and from that time forward they become invested with full power and authority over every caitiff who aims at their instruction or entertainment.

As almost every member of society has by this means a vote in literary transactions, it is no way surprising to find the rich leading the way here as in other common concerns of life—to see them either bribing the numerous herd of voters by their interest, or browbeating them by their authority.

A great man says at his table that such a book "is no bad thing." Immediately the praise is carried off by five flatterers to be dispersed at twelve different coffee-houses, from whence it circulates, still improving as it proceeds, through forty-five houses where cheaper liquors are sold; from thence it is carried away by the honest tradesman to his own fireside, where the applause is eagerly caught up by his wife and children who have been long taught to regard his

judgment as the standard of perfection. Thus when we have traced a wide-extended literary reputation up to its original source, we shall find it derived from some great man, who has, perhaps, received all his education and English from a tutor of Berne or a dancing-master of Picardy.

The English are a people of good sense, and I am the more surprised to find them swayed in their opinions by men who often, from their very education, are incompetent judges. Men who, being always bred in affluence, see the world only on one side, are surely improper judges of human nature. They may indeed describe a ceremony, a pageant, or a ball; but how can they pretend to dive into the secrets of the human heart, who have been nursed up only in forms, and daily behold nothing but the same insipid adulation smiling upon every face. Few of them have been bred in that best of schools, the school of adversity; and, by what I can learn, fewer still have been bred in any school at all.

From such a description one would think that a droning duke or a dowager duchess was not possessed of more just pretensions to taste than persons of less quality; and yet whatever the one or the other may write or praise shall pass for perfection, without further examination. A nobleman has but to take a pen, ink, and paper, write away through three large volumes, and then sign his name to the title-page; though the whole might have been before more disgusting than his own rent-roll, yet signing his name and title gives value to the deed, title being alone equivalent to taste, imagination, and genius.

As soon as a piece, therefore, is published, the first questions are: Who is the author? Does he keep a coach? Where lies his estate? What sort of a table does he keep? If he happens to be poor and unqualified for such a scrutiny, he and his works sink into irremediable obscurity, and too late he finds that having fed upon turtle is a more ready way to fame than having digested Tully.

The poor devil against whom fashion has set its face vainly alleges that he has been bred in every part of Europe where knowledge was to be sold; that he has grown pale in the study of nature and himself. His works may please upon the perusal, but his pretensions to fame are entirely disregarded. He is treated like a fiddler whose music, though liked, is not much praised, because he lives by it; while a gentleman performer, though the most wretched scraper alive, throws the audience into raptures. The fiddler, indeed, may

in such a case console himself with thinking that while the other goes off with all the praise, he runs away with all the money; but here the parallel drops; for while the nobleman triumphs in unmerited applause, the author by profession steals off with—*nothing*.

The poor, therefore, here, who draw their pens auxiliary to the laws of their country, must think themselves very happy if they find, not fame, but forgiveness; and yet they are hardly treated; for as every country grows more polite, the press becomes more useful, and writers become more necessary as readers are supposed to increase. In a polished society, that man, though in rags, who has the power of enforcing virtue from the press, is of more real use than forty stupid brachmans, or bonzes, or guebres, though they preached never so often, never so loud, or never so long. That man, though in rags, who is capable of deceiving even indolence into wisdom, and professes amusement while he aims at reformation, is more useful in refined society than twenty cardinals with all their scarlet, and tricked out in all the fopperies of scholastic finery.

LETTER FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME—HOW KINGS REWARD.

THE princes of Europe have found out a manner of rewarding their subjects who have behaved well, by presenting them with about two yards of blue ribbon, which is worn about the shoulder. They who are honored with this mark of distinction are called knights, and the king himself is always the head of the order. This is a very frugal method of recompensing the most important services, and it is very fortunate for kings that their subjects are satisfied with such trifling rewards. Should a nobleman happen to lose his leg in a battle, the king presents him with two yards of ribbon, and he is paid for the loss of his limb. Should an ambassador spend all his paternal fortune in supporting the honor of his country abroad, the king presents him with two yards of ribbon, which is to be considered as an equivalent to his estate. In short, while a European king has a yard of blue or green ribbon left, he need be under no apprehension of wanting statesmen, generals, and soldiers.

I cannot sufficiently admire those kingdoms in which men with large patrimonial estates are willing thus to undergo real hardships

for empty favors. A person already possessed of a competent fortune, who undertakes to enter the career of ambition, feels many real inconveniences from his station, while it procures him no real happiness that he was not possessed of before. He could eat, drink, and sleep before he became a courtier, as well, perhaps better, than when invested with his authority. He could command flatterers in a private station as well as in his public capacity, and indulge at home every favorite inclination uncensured and unseen by the people.

What real good, then, does an addition to a fortune already sufficient procure? Not any. Could the great man, by having his fortune increased, increase also his appetites, then precedence might be attended with real amusement.

Was he, by having his one thousand made two, thus enabled to enjoy two wives or eat two dinners, then, indeed, he might be excused for undergoing some pain in order to extend the sphere of his enjoyment. But, on the contrary, he finds his desire for pleasure often lessen as he takes pains to be able to improve it; and his capacity of enjoyment diminishes as his fortune happens to increase.

Instead, therefore, of regarding the great with envy, I generally consider them with some share of compassion. I look upon them as a set of good-natured, misguided people, who are indebted to us and not to themselves for all the happiness they enjoy. For our pleasure, and not their own, they sweat under a cumbrous heap of finery; for our pleasure the lackeyed train, the slow-parading pageant, with all the gravity of grandeur, moves in review. A single coat, or a single footman, answers all the purposes of the most indolent refinement as well; and those who have twenty may be said to keep one for their own pleasure, and the other nineteen merely for ours. So true is the observation of Confucius, "that we take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy than endeavoring to think so ourselves."

But though this desire of being seen, of being made the subject of discourse, and of supporting the dignities of an exalted station, be troublesome enough to the ambitious, yet it is well for society that there are men thus willing to exchange ease and safety for danger and a ribbon. We lose nothing by their vanity, and it would be unkind to endeavor to deprive a child of its rattle. If a duke or a duchess are willing to carry a long train for our entertainment, so

much the worse for themselves; if they choose to exhibit in public with a hundred lackeys and Mamelukes in their equipage for our entertainment, still so much the worse for themselves. It is the spectators alone who give and receive the pleasure; they, only the sweating figures that swell the pageant.

A mandarin who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe was once accosted by an old, sly bonze, who, following him through several streets, and bowing often to the ground, thanked him for his jewels. "What does he mean?" cried the mandarin. "Friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels." "No," replied the other; "but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no difference between us, except that you have the trouble of watching them, and that is an employment I don't much desire." Adieu!

LETTER FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME—A GLANCE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I AM just returned from Westminster Abbey, the place of sepulture for the philosophers, heroes, and kings of England. What a gloom do monumental inscriptions, and all the venerable remains of a deceased merit, inspire! Imagine a temple, marked with the hand of antiquity, solemn as religious awe, adorned with all the magnificence of barbarous profusion, dim windows, fretted pillars, long colonnades, and dark ceilings. Think, then, what were my sensations at being introduced to such a scene. I stood in the midst of the temple and threw my eyes round on the walls, filled with the statues, the inscriptions, and the monuments of the dead.

Alas! I said to myself, how does pride attend the puny child of dust even to the grave! Even, humble as I am, I possess more consequence in the present scene than the greatest hero of them all. They have toiled for an hour to gain a transient immortality, and are at length retired to the grave, where they have no attendant but the worm, none to flatter but the epitaph.

As I was indulging such reflections, a gentleman dressed in black, perceiving me to be a stranger, came up, entered into conversation, and politely offered to be my instructor and guide through the temple. "If any monument," said he, "should particularly excite your curiosity, I shall endeavor to satisfy your demands." I

accepted with thanks the gentleman's offer, adding that "I was come to observe the policy, the wisdom, and the justice of the English in conferring rewards upon deceased merit. If adulation like this (continued I) be properly conducted, as it can no ways injure those who are flattered, so it may be a glorious incentive to those who are now capable of enjoying it. It is the duty of every good government to turn this monumental pride to its own advantage; to become strong in the aggregate from the weakness of the individual. If none but the truly great have a place in this awful repository, a temple like this will give the finest lessons of morality, and be a strong incentive to true merit." The man in black seemed impatient at my observations, so I discontinued my remarks, and we walked on together to take a view of every particular monument in order as it lay.

As the eye is naturally caught by the finest objects, I could not avoid being particularly curious about one monument which appeared more beautiful than the rest. "That," said I to my guide, "I take to be the tomb of some very great man. By the peculiar excellence of the workmanship and the magnificence of the design, this must be a trophy raised to the memory of some king who has saved his country from ruin, or lawgiver who has reduced his fellow-citizens from anarchy into just subjection." "It is not requisite," replied my companion, smiling, "to have such qualifications in order to have a very fine monument here. More humble abilities will suffice." "What! I suppose, then, the gaining two or three battles or the taking half-a-score of towns is thought a sufficient qualification?" "Gaining battles or taking towns," replied the man in black, "may be of service; but a gentleman may have a very fine monument here without ever seeing a battle or a siege." "This, then, is the monument of some poet, I presume—of one whose wit has gained him immortality?" "No, sir," replied my guide; "the gentleman who lies here never made verses, and as for wit, he despised it in others, because he had none himself." "Pray, tell me, then, in a word," said I peevishly, "what is the great man who lies here particularly remarkable for?" "Remarkable, sir!" said my companion; "why, sir, the gentleman that lies here is remarkable, very remarkable—for a tomb in Westminster Abbey." "But, head of my ancestors! how has he got here? I fancy he could never bribe the guardians of the temple to give him a place. Should he not be ashamed to be seen among company where even

moderate merit would look like infamy?" "I suppose," replied the man in black, "the gentleman was rich, and his friends—it is usual in such a case—told him he was great. He readily believed them. The guardians of the temple, as they got by the self-delusion, were ready to believe him too; so he paid his money for a fine monument, and the workman, as you see, has made him one of the most beautiful. Think not, however, that this gentleman is singular in his desire of being buried among the great; there are several others in the temple who, hated and shunned by the great while alive, have come here fully resolved to keep them company now they are dead."

As we walked along to a particular part of the temple, "There," says the gentleman, pointing with his finger, "that is the poets' corner; there you see the monuments of Shakspeare, and Milton, and Prior, and Drayton." "Drayton!" I replied; "I never heard of him before; but I have been told of one Pope; is he there?" "It is time enough," replied my guide, "these hundred years; he is not long dead; people have not done hating him yet." "Strange;" cried I, "can any be found to hate a man whose life was wholly spent in entertaining and instructing his fellow-creatures?" "Yes," says my guide, "they hate him for that very reason. There are a set of men called answerers of books, who take upon them to watch the republic of letters, and distribute reputation by the sheet. They somewhat resemble the eunuchs in a seraglio, who are incapable of giving pleasure themselves, and hinder those that would. These answerers have no other employment but to cry out dunce and scribbler; to praise the dead and revile the living; to grant a man of confessed abilities some small share of merit; to applaud twenty blockheads in order to gain the reputation of candor, and to revile the moral character of the man whose writing they cannot injure. Such wretches are kept in pay by some mercenary bookseller, or, more frequently, the bookseller himself takes this dirty work off their hands, as all that is required is to be very abusive and very dull. Every poet of any genius is sure to find such enemies. He feels, though he seems to despise, their malice; they make him miserable here, and in the pursuit of empty fame at last he gains solid anxiety."

"Has this been the case with every poet I see here?" cried I. "Yes, with every mother's son of them," replied he; "except he happened to be born a mandarin. If he has much money, he may

buy reputation from your book-answerers, as well as a monument from the guardians of the temple."

"But are there not some men of distinguished taste, as in China, who are willing to patronize men of merit, and soften the rancor of malevolent dulness?"

"I own there are many," replied the man in black; "but, alas! sir, the book-answerers crowd about them, and call themselves the writers of books, and the patron is too indolent to distinguish; thus poets are kept at a distance, while their enemies eat up all their rewards at the mandarin's table."

Leaving this part of the temple, we made up to an iron gate, through which my companion told me we were to pass in order to see the monuments of the kings. Accordingly I marched up without further ceremony, and was going to enter, when a person who held the gate in his hand told me I must pay first. I was surprised at such a demand, and asked the man whether the people of England kept a *show?* whether the paltry sum he demanded was not a national reproach? whether it was not more to the honor of the country to let their magnificence or their antiquities be openly seen than thus meanly to tax a curiosity which tended to their own honor? "As for your questions," replied the gate-keeper, "to be sure they may be very right, because I don't understand them; but as for that threepence, I farm it from one, who rents it from another, who hires it from a third, who leases it from the guardians of the temple, and we all must live." I expected, upon paying here, to see something extraordinary, since what I had seen for nothing filled me with so much surprise; but in this I was disappointed. There was little more within than black coffins, rusty armor, tattered standards, and some few slovenly figures in wax. I was sorry I had paid, but I comforted myself by considering it would be my last payment. A person attended us, who, without once blushing, told a hundred lies; he talked of a lady who died by pricking her finger; of a king with a golden head, and twenty such pieces of absurdity. "Look ye there, gentlemen," says he, pointing to an old oak chair, "there's a curiosity for ye. In that chair the kings of England were crowned; you see also a stone underneath, and that stone is Jacob's pillow." I could see no curiosity either in the oak chair or the stone. Could I indeed behold one of the old kings of England seated in this, or Jacob's head laid upon the other, there might be something curious in the sight;

but in the present case there was no more reason for my surprise than if I should pick a stone from their streets, and call it a curiosity, merely because one of the kings happened to tread upon it as he passed in a procession.

From hence our conductor led us through several dark walls and winding ways, uttering lies, talking to himself, and flourishing a wand which he held in his hand. He reminded me of the black magicians of Kobi. After we had been almost fatigued with a variety of objects, he at last desired me to consider attentively a certain suit of armor, which seemed to show nothing remarkable. "This armor," said he, "belonged to General Monk." "Very surprising that a general should wear armor!" "And pray," added he, "observe this cap, this is General Monk's cap." "Very strange indeed, very strange, that a general should have a cap also! Pray, friend, what might this cap have cost originally?" "That, sir," says he, "I don't know; but this cap is all the wages I have for my trouble." "A very small recompense, truly," said I. "Not so very small," replied he, "for every gentleman puts some money into it, and I spend the money." "What, more money! Still more money!" "Every gentleman gives something, sir." "I'll give thee nothing," returned I; "the guardians of the temple should pay your wages, friend, and not permit you to squeeze thus from every spectator. When we pay our money at the door to see a show, we never give more as we are going out. Sure the guardians of the temple can never think they get enough. Show me the gate; if I stay longer, I may probably meet with more of those ecclesiastical beggars."

Thus leaving the temple precipitately, I returned to my lodgings, in order to ruminate over what was great and to despise what was mean in the occurrences of the day.

LETTER FROM LIEN CHI ALTANGI TO HINGPO, BY THE WAY OF MOSCOW—FORTUNE AND WHANG, THE MILLER.

THE Europeans are themselves blind who describe Fortune without sight. No first-rate beauty ever had finer eyes or saw more clearly. They who have no other trade but seeking their fortune need never hope to find her; coquette-like she flies from her close

pursuers, and at last fixes on the plodding mechanic who stays at home and minds his business.

I am amazed how men can call her blind when by the company she keeps she seems so very discerning. Wherever you see a gaming-table, be very sure Fortune is not there; wherever you see a house with the doors open, be very sure Fortune is not there; when you see a man whose pocket-holes are laced with gold, be satisfied Fortune is not there; wherever you see a beautiful woman good-natured and obliging, be convinced Fortune is never there. In short, she is ever seen accompanying industry, and as often trundling a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach and six.

If you would make Fortune your friend, or, to personize her no longer, if you desire, my son, to be rich and have money, be more eager to save than to acquire. When people say, "Money is to be got here and money is to be got there," take no notice; mind your own business; stay where you are and secure all you can get, without stirring. When you hear that your neighbor has picked up a purse of gold in the street, never run out into the same street looking about you in order to pick up such another; or, when you are informed that he has made a fortune in one branch of business, never change your own in order to be his rival. Do not desire to be rich all at once, but patiently add farthing to farthing. Perhaps you despise the petty sum; and yet they who want a farthing and have no friend that will lend them it think farthings very good things. Whang, the foolish miller, when he wanted a farthing in his distress, found that no friend would lend, because they knew he wanted. Did you ever read the story of Whang in our books of Chinese learning; he who, despising small sums and grasping at all, lost even what he had?

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious; nobody loved money better than he, or more respected those that had it. When people would talk of a rich man in company, Whang would say, I know him very well; he and I have been long acquainted; he and I are intimate; he stood for a child of mine. But if ever a poor man was mentioned he had not the least knowledge of the man; he might be very well for aught he knew, but he was not fond of many acquaintances, and loved to choose his company.

Whang, however, with all his eagerness for riches, was in reality poor; he had nothing but the profits of his mill to support him; but though these were small, they were certain. While his mill

stood and went he was sure of eating, and his frugality was such that he every day laid some money by, which he would at intervals count and contemplate with much satisfaction. Yet still his acquisitions were not equal to his desires—he only found himself above want, whereas he desired to be possessed of affluence.

One day as he was indulging these wishes he was informed that a neighbor of his had found a pan of money underground, having dreamed of it three nights running before. These tidings were daggers to the heart of poor Whang. "Here am I," says he, "toiling and moiling from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while Neighbor Hunks only goes quietly to bed and dreams himself into thousands before morning. Oh! that I could dream like him. With what pleasure would I dig round the pan; how sly would I carry it home; not even my wife should see me; and then, Oh! the pleasure of thrusting one's hand into a heap of gold up to the elbow."

Such reflections only served to make the miller unhappy; he discontinued his former assiduity, he was quite disgusted with small gains, and his customers began to forsake him. Every day he repeated the wish and every night laid himself down to dream. Fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last, however, seemed to smile upon his distresses, and indulged him with the wished-for vision. He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill there was concealed a monstrous pan of gold and diamonds, buried deep in the ground and covered with a large, flat stone. He rose up, thanked the stars, that were at last pleased to take pity on his sufferings, and concealed his good luck from every person, as is usual in money dreams, in order to have the vision repeated the two succeeding nights, by which he should be certain of its veracity. His wishes in this also were answered, he still dreamed of the same pan of money in the very same place.

Now, therefore, it was past a doubt; so, getting up early the third morning, he repairs alone, with a mattock in his hand, to the mill, and began to undermine that part of the wall which the vision directed. The first omen of success that he met was a broken mug; digging still deeper, he turns up a house-tile, quite new and entire. At last, after much digging, he came to the broad, flat stone, but then so large that it was beyond one man's strength to remove it. "Here," cried he in raptures to himself, "here it is; under this stone there is room for a very large pan of diamonds

indeed. I must e'en go home to my wife and tell her the whole affair, and get her to assist me in turning it up." Away, therefore, he goes and acquaints his wife with every circumstance of their good fortune. Her raptures on this occasion may easily be imagined, she flew round his neck and embraced him in an agony of joy; but those transports, however, did not delay their eagerness to know the exact sum. Returning, therefore, speedily together to the place where Whang had been digging, there they found—not indeed the expected treasure, but the mill, their only support, undermined and fallen. Adieu!

GOLDSMITH'S LETTERS.

TO HIS MOTHER AT BALLYMAHON.

1751.

My dear Mother: If you will sit down and calmly listen to what I say, you shall be fully resolved in every one of those many questions you have asked me. I went to Cork and converted my horse, which you prize so much higher than Fiddleback, into cash, took my passage in a ship bound for America, and, at the same time, paid the captain for my freight and all the other expenses of my voyage. But it so happened that the wind did not answer for three weeks; and you know, mother, that I could not command the elements. My misfortune was that when the wind served I happened to be with a party in the country, and my friend the captain never enquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference as if I had been on board. The remainder of my time I employed in the city and it environs, viewing everything curious; and you know no one can starve while he has money in his pocket.

Reduced, however, to my last two guineas, I began to think of my dear mother and friends whom I had left behind me, and so bought that generous beast, Fiddleback, and bade adieu to Cork with only five shillings in my pocket. This, to be sure, was but a scanty allowance for man and horse towards a journey of above a hundred miles; but I did not despair, for I knew I must find friends on the road.

I recollected particularly an old and faithful acquaintance I made at college, who had often and earnestly pressed me to spend a summer with him, and he lived but eight miles from Cork. This cir-

cumstance of vicinity he would expatiate on to me with peculiar emphasis. "We shall," says he, "enjoy the delights of both city and country, and you shall command my stable and my purse."

However, upon the way I met a poor woman all in tears, who told me her husband had been arrested for a debt he was not able to pay, and that his eight children must now starve, bereaved as they were of his industry, which had been their only support. I thought myself at home, being not far from good friend's house, and therefore parted with a moiety of all my store; and pray, mother, ought I not to have given her the other half-crown, for what she got would be of little use to her? However, I soon arrived at the mansion of my affectionate friend, guarded by the vigilance of a huge mastiff, who flew at me and would have torn me to pieces but for the assistance of a woman, whose countenance was not less grim than that of the dog; yet she with great humanity relieved me from the jaws of this Cerberus, and was prevailed on to carry up my name to her master.

Without suffering me to wait long, my old friend, who was then recovering from a severe fit of sickness, came down in his night-cap, night-gown, and slippers, and embraced me with the most cordial welcome, showed me in, and, after giving me a history of his indisposition, assured me that he considered himself peculiarly fortunate in having under his roof the man he most loved on earth, and whose stay with him must, above all things, contribute to his perfect recovery. I now repented sorely I had not given the poor woman the other half-crown, as I thought all my bills of humanity would be punctually answered by this worthy man. I revealed to him my whole soul; I opened to him all my distresses; and freely owned that I had but one half-crown in my pocket; but that now, like a ship after weathering out the storm, I considered myself secure in a safe and hospitable harbor. He made no answer, but walked about the room rubbing his hands as one in deep study. This I imputed to the sympathetic feelings of a tender heart, which increased my esteem for him, and, as that increased, I gave the most favorable interpretation to his silence. I construed it into delicacy of sentiment, as if he dreaded to wound my pride by expressing his commiseration in words, leaving his generous conduct to speak for itself.

It now approached six o'clock in the evening, and as I had eaten no breakfast, and as my spirits were raised, my appetite for dinner

grew uncommonly keen. At length the old woman came into the room with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth, which she laid upon the table. This appearance, without increasing my spirits, did not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned with a small bowl of sago, a small porringer of sour milk, a loaf of stale brown bread, and the heel of an old cheese all over crawling with mites. My friend apologized that his illness obliged him to live on slops, and that better fare was not in the house; observing, at the same time, that a milk diet was certainly the most healthful; and at eight o'clock he again recommended a regular life, declaring that for his part he would *lie down with the lamb and rise with the lark.* My hunger was at this time so exceedingly sharp that I wished for another slice of the loaf, but was obliged to go to bed without even that refreshment.

This Lenten entertainment I had received made me resolve to depart as soon as possible; accordingly next morning, when I spoke of going, he did not oppose my resolution; he rather commended my design, added some very sage counsel upon the occasion. "To be sure," said he, "the longer you stay away from your mother the more you will grieve her and your other friends, and possibly they are already afflicted at hearing of this foolish expedition you have made." Notwithstanding all this, and without any hope of softening such a sordid heart, I again renewed the tale of my distress, and asking "how he thought I could travel above a hundred miles upon one half-crown?" I begged to borrow a single guinea, which I assured him should be repaid with thanks. "And you know, sir," said I, "it is no more than I have often done for you." To which he firmly answered, "Why, look you, Mr. Goldsmith, that is neither here nor there; I have paid you all you ever lent me, and this sickness of mine has left me bare of cash. But I have bethought myself of a conveyance for you; sell your horse and I will furnish you with a much better one to ride on." I readily grasped at this proposal, and begged to see the nag; on which he led me to his bedchamber, and from under the bed he pulled out a stout oak stick. "Here he is," said he; "take this in your hand, and it will carry you to your mother with more safety than such a horse as you ride." I was in doubt, when I got it into my hand, whether I should not, in the first place, apply it to his pate; but a rap at the street door made the wretch fly to it, and when I returned to the parlor he introduced me, as if nothing of the kind had happened, to the gentle-

man who entered, as Mr. Goldsmith, his most ingenious and worthy friend, of whom he had so often heard him speak with rapture. I could scarcely compose myself; and must have betrayed indignation in my mien to the stranger, who was a counsellor-at-law in the neighborhood, a man of engaging aspect and polite address.

After spending an hour, he asked my friend and me to dine with him at his house. This I declined at first, as I wished to have no further communication with my hospitable friend; but at the solicitation of both I at last consented, determined as I was by two motives—one, that I was prejudiced in favor of the looks and manner of the counsellor; and the other, that I stood in need of a comfortable dinner. And there, indeed, I found everything that I could wish, abundance without profusion, and elegance without affectation. In the evening, when my old friend, who had eaten very plentifully at his neighbor's table, but talked again of lying down with the lamb, made a motion to me for retiring, our generous host requested I should take a bed with him, upon which I plainly told my old friend that he might go home and take care of the horse he had given me, but that I should never re-enter his doors. He went away with a laugh, leaving me to add this to the other little things the counsellor already knew of his plausible neighbor.

And now, my dear mother, I found sufficient to reconcile me to all my follies; for here I spent three whole days. The counsellor had two sweet girls, his daughters, who played enchantingly on the harpsichord; and yet it was but a melancholy pleasure I felt the first time I heard them; for that being the first time also that either of them had touched the instrument since their mother's death, I saw the tears in silence trickle down their father's cheeks. I every day endeavored to go away, but every day was pressed and obliged to stay. On my going, the counsellor offered me his purse, with a horse and servant to convey me home; but the latter I declined, and only took a guinea to bear my necessary expenses on the road.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

TO ROBERT BRYANTON, ESQ., AT BALLYMAHON, IRELAND.

EDINBURGH, Sept. 26, 1753.

MY DEAR BOB: How many good excuses (and you know I was ever good at an excuse) might I call up to vindicate my past shameful silence! I might tell how I wrote a long letter on my first

coming hither, and seem vastly angry at my not receiving an answer. I might allege that business (with business you know I was always pestered) had never given me time to finger a pen—but I suppress these and twenty more equally plausible, and as easily invented, since they might be attended with a slight inconvenience of being known to be lies. Let me then speak truth; an hereditary indolence (I have it from the mother's side) has hitherto prevented my writing to you, and still prevents my writing at least twenty-five letters more due to my friends in Ireland. No turnspit dog gets up into his wheel with more reluctance than I sit down to write, yet no dog ever loved the roast meat he turns better than I do him I now address. Yet what shall I say now I've entered? Shall I tire you with a description of this unfruitful country, where I must lead you over their hills all brown with heath, or their valleys scarce able to feed a rabbit? Man alone seems to be the only creature who has arrived to the natural size in this poor soil. Every part of the country presents the same dismal landscape. No grove nor brook lend their music to cheer the stranger or make the inhabitants forget their poverty; yet with all these disadvantages, enough to call him down to humility, a Scotchman is one of the proudest things alive. The poor have pride ever ready to relieve them; if mankind should happen to despise them, they are masters of their own admiration, and *that* they can plentifully bestow upon themselves.

From their pride and poverty, I take it, results one advantage this country enjoys—namely, the gentlemen here are much better bred than amongst us. No such characters here as our fox-hunters, and they have expressed great surprise when I informed them that some men in Ireland of £1,000 a year spend their whole lives in running after a hare and drinking to be drunk; and truly, if such a being, equipped in his hunting-dress, came among a circle of Scotch gentry, they would behold him with the same astonishment that a countryman would King George on horseback.

The men here have generally high cheek-bones, and are lean and swarthy, fond of action, dancing in particular. Though now I mention dancing, let me say something of their balls, which are very frequent here. When a stranger enters the dancing-hall, he sees one end of the room taken up with the ladies, who sit dismally in a group by themselves. On the other end stand their pensive partners that are to be, but no more intercourse between the sexes

than there is between two countries at war; the ladies, indeed, may ogle and the gentlemen sigh, but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce. At length, to interrupt hostilities, the lady directress or intendant, or what you will, pitches on a gentleman and lady to walk a minuet, which they perform with a formality that approaches to despondence. After five or six couple have thus walked the gauntlet, all stand up to country dances, each gentleman furnished with a partner from the aforesaid lady directress; so they dance much and say nothing, and thus concludes our assembly. I told a Scotch gentleman that such profound silence resembled the ancient procession of the Roman matrons in honor of Ceres, and the Scotch gentleman told me (and faith, I believe he was right,) that I was a very great pedant, for my pains.

Now I am come to the ladies, and to show that I love Scotland and everything that belongs to so charming a country, I insist on it, and will give him leave to break my head that denies it, that the Scotch ladies are ten thousand times handsomer and finer than the Irish. To be sure, now, I see your sisters Betty and Peggy vastly surprised at my partiality, but tell them flatly I don't value them, or their fine skins, or eyes, or good sense, or ——, a potato; for I say it, and will maintain it, and as a convincing proof (I'm in a very great passion) of what I assert, the Scotch ladies say it themselves. But to be less serious, where will you find a language so pretty become a pretty mouth as the broad Scotch? and the women here speak it in its highest purity; for instance, teach one of their young ladies to pronounce, "Whoar wull I gong?" with a becoming wideness of mouth, and I'll lay my life they will wound every hearer.

We have no such character here as a coquette; but, alas! how many envious prudes! Some days ago I walked into my Lord Kilcoubry's (don't be surprised, my lord is but a glover), when the Duchess of Hamilton[33] (that fair who sacrificed her beauty to ambition, and her inward peace to a title and gilt equipage,) passed by in her chariot; her battered husband, or, more properly, the guardian of her charms, sat by her side. Straight envy began, in the shape of no less than three ladies who sat with me, to find faults in her faultless form. "For my part," says the first, "I think what I always thought, that the duchess has too much red in her complexion." "Madam, I'm of your opinion," says the second; "I think her face has a palish cast too much on the delicate order." "And

[33] Elizabeth Gunning, the most beautiful woman in the world.

let me tell you," adds the third lady, whose mouth was puckered up to the size of an issue, "that the duchess has fine lips, but she wants a mouth." At this every lady drew up her mouth as if going to pronounce the letter P.

But how ill, my Bob, does it become me to ridicule women with whom I have scarce any correspondence. There are, 'tis certain, handsome women here; and 'tis as certain there are handsome men to keep them company. An ugly and a poor man is society for himself, and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance. Fortune has given you circumstances, and nature a person to look charming in the eyes of the fair world. Nor do I envy, my dear Bob, such blessings, while I may sit down and laugh at the world and at myself, the most ridiculous object in it. But I begin to grow splenetic, and perhaps the fit may continue till I receive an answer to this. I know you can't send news from B[ally]mahon, but such as it is, send it all; everything you write will be agreeable and entertaining to me. Has George Conway put up a sign yet? or John Finecly left off drinking drams? or Tom Allen got a new wig? But I leave to your own choice what to write. While Oliver Goldsmith lives, know you have a friend.

P.S.—Give my sincere regards (not compliments, do you mind,) to your agreeable family, and give my service to my mother if you see her; for, as you express it in Ireland, I have a sneaking kindness for her still.

Direct to me ——, Student in Physic, in Edinburgh.

TO THE REV. THOMAS CONTARINE.

Close of 1753.

My Dear Uncle: After having spent two winters in Edinburgh, I now prepare to go to France the 10th of next February. I have seen all that this country can exhibit in the medical way, and therefore intend to visit Paris, where the great Mr. Farhein, Petit, and DuHammel de Monceau instruct their pupils in all the branches of medicine. They speak French, and consequently I have much the advantage of most of my countrymen, as I am perfectly acquainted with that language, and few who leave Ireland are so.

Since I am upon so pleasing a topic as self-applause, give me leave to say that the circle of science which I have run through before I undertook the study of physic is not only useful, but absolutely necessary to the making of a skilful physician. Such sciences enlarge our understanding and sharpen our sagacity; and what is a practitioner without both but an empiric, for never yet was a disorder found entirely the same in two patients. A quack, unable to distinguish the particularities in each disease, prescribes at a venture; if he finds such a disorder may be called by the general name of fever, for instance, he has a set of remedies which he applies to cure it, nor does he desist till his medicines are run out or his patient has lost his life. But the skilful physician distinguishes the symptoms, manures the sterility of nature or prunes her luxuriance; nor does he depend so much on the efficacy of medicines as on their proper application. I shall spend this spring and summer in Paris, and the beginning of next winter go to Leyden. The great Albinus is still alive there, and 'twill be proper to go, though only to have it said that we have studied in so famous a university.

As I shall not have another opportunity of receiving money from your bounty till my return to Ireland, so I have drawn for the last sum that I hope I shall ever trouble you for—'tis £20. And now, dear sir, let me here acknowledge the humility of the station in which you found me; let me tell how I was despised by most and hateful to myself. Poverty, hopeless poverty, was my lot, and Melancholy was beginning to make me her own. When you—but I stop here to enquire how your health goes on. How does my dear Cousin Jenny, and has she recovered her late complaint? How does my poor Jack Goldsmith? I fear his disorder is of such a nature as he won't easily recover. I wish, my dear sir, you would make me happy by another letter before I go abroad, for there I shall hardly hear from you. I shall carry just £33 to France, with good store of clothes, shirts, etc., etc., and that with economy will serve.

I have spent more than a fortnight every second day at the Duke of Hamilton's, but it seems they like me more as a *jester* than as a companion, so I disdained so servile an employment; 'twas unworthy my calling as a physician.

I have nothing new to add from this country, and I beg, dear sir, you will excuse this letter, so filled with egotism. I wish you may

be revenged on me by sending an answer filled with nothing but an account of yourself. I am, dear uncle, your most devoted,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Give my—how shall I express it? Give my earnest love to Mr. and Mrs. Lawder.

TO THE REV. THOMAS CONTARINE.

LEYDEN, April or May, 1754.

DEAR SIR: I suppose by this time I am accused of either neglect or ingratitude, and my silence imputed to my usual slowness of writing. But believe me, sir, when I say that till now I had not an opportunity of sitting down with that ease of mind which writing required. You may see by the top of the letter that I am at Leyden, but of my journey hither you must be informed. Some time after the receipt of your last I embarked for Bordeaux, on board a Scotch ship called the *St. Andrews*, Captain John Wall, master. The ship made a tolerable appearance, and, as another inducement, I was let to know that six agreeable passengers were to be my company. Well, we were but two days at sea when a storm drove us into a city of England called Newcastle-upon-Tyne. We all went ashore to refresh us after the fatigue of our voyage. Seven men and I were one day on shore, and on the following evening, as we were all very merry, the room door bursts open, enter a sergeant and twelve grenadiers with their bayonets screwed, and puts us all under the king's arrest. It seems my company were Scotchmen in the French service, and had been in Scotland to enlist soldiers for the French army. I endeavored all I could to prove my innocence; however, I remained in prison with the rest a fortnight, and with difficulty got off even then. Dear sir, keep this all a secret, or at least say it was for debt, for if it were once known at the university, I should hardly get a degree. But hear how Providence interposed in my favor; the ship was gone on to Bordeaux before I got from prison, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne and every one of the crew were drowned. It happened the last great storm. There was a ship at that time ready for Holland; I embarked, and in nine days, thank my God! I arrived safe at Rotterdam, whence I travelled by land to Leyden, and whence I now write.

You may expect some account of this country, and though I am not well qualified for such an undertaking, yet shall I endeavor to

satisfy some part of your expectations. Nothing surprised me more than the books every day published descriptive of the manners of this country. Any young man who takes it into his head to publish his travels visits the countries he intends to describe, passes through them with as much inattention as his valet-de-chambre, and consequently, not having a fund himself to fill a volume, he applies to those who wrote before him, and gives us the manners of a country, not as he must have seen them, but such as they might have been fifty years before. The modern Dutchman is quite a different creature from him of former times; he in everything imitates a Frenchman but in his easy, disengaged air, which is the result of keeping polite company. The Dutchman is vastly ceremonious, and is, perhaps, exactly what a Frenchman might have been in the reign of Louis XIV. Such are the better bred. But the downright Hollander is one of the oddest figures in nature; upon a head of lank hair he wears a half-cocked, narrow hat, laced with black ribbon; no coat, but seven waistcoats and nine pairs of breeches, so that his hips reach almost up to his arm-pits. This well-clothed vegetable is now fit to see company or make love. But what a pleasing creature is the object of his appetite? Why, she wears a large fur cap with a deal of Flanders lace, and for every pair of breeches he carries she puts on two petticoats.

A Dutch lady burns nothing about her phlegmatic admirer but his tobacco. You must know, sir, every woman carries in her hand a stove with coals in it, which, when she sits, she snugs under her petticoats, and at this chimney dozing Strephon lights his pipe. I take it that this continual smoking is what gives the man the ruddy, healthful complexion he generally wears by draining his superfluous moisture, while the woman, deprived of this amusement, overflows with such viscidities as tint the complexion and give that paleness of visage which low, fenny grounds and moist air conspire to cause. A Dutchwoman and Scotch will well bear an opposition. The one is pale and fat, the other lean and ruddy; the one walks as if she were straddling after a go-cart, and the other takes too masculine a stride. I shall not endeavor to deprive either country of its share of beauty, but must say that of all objects on this earth an English farmer's daughters is most charming. Every woman there is a complete beauty, while the higher class of women want many of the requisites to make them even tolerable. Their pleasures here are very dull, though very various. You may smoke, you

may doze, you may go to the Italian comedy, as good an amusement as either of the former. This entertainment always brings in Harlequin, who is generally a magician, and, in consequence of his diabolical art, performs a thousand tricks on the rest of the persons in the drama, who are all fools. I have seen the pit in a roar of laughter at this humor, when with his sword he touches the glass from which another was drinking. 'Twas not his face they laughed at, for that was masked. They must have seen something vastly queer in the wooden sword that neither I nor you, sir, were you there, could see.

In winter, when their canals are frozen, every house is forsaken, and all people are on the ice; sleds drawn by horses and skating are at that time the reigning amusements. They have boats here that slide on the ice, and are driven by the winds. When they spread all the sails they go more than a mile and a half a minute, and their motion is so rapid the eye can scarcely accompany them. Their ordinary manner of travelling is very cheap and very convenient; they sail in covered boats drawn by horses, and in these you are sure to meet people of all nations. Here the Dutch slumber, the French chatter, and the English play at cards. Any man who likes company may have them to his taste. For my part, I generally detached myself from all society, and was wholly taken up in observing the face of the country. Nothing can equal its beauty; wherever I turn my eye, fine houses, elegant gardens, statues, grottos, vistas, presented themselves; but when you enter their towns you are charmed beyond description. No misery is to be seen here; every one is usefully employed.

Scotland and this country bear the highest contrast. There hills and rocks intercept every prospect; here 'tis all a continued plain. There you might see a well-dressed duchess issuing from a dirty close; and here a dirty Dutchman inhabiting a palace. The Scotch may be compared to a tulip planted in dung; but I never see a Dutchman in his own house but I think of a magnificent Egyptian temple dedicated to an ox. Physic is by no means here taught so well as in Edinburgh; and in all Leyden there are but four British students, owing to all necessaries being so extremely dear and the professors so very lazy (the chemical professor excepted) that we don't much care to come hither. I am not certain how long my stay here may be; however, I expect to have the happiness of seeing you at Kilmore, if I can, next March.

Direct to me, if I am honored with a letter from you, to Madame Diallion's, at Leyden.

Thou best of men, may Heaven guard and preserve you and those you love.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

TO THE REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH, AT LOWFIELD, NEAR BALLYMORE, IN WESTMEATH, IRELAND.

DEAR SIR: Your punctuality in answering a man whose trade is writing is more than I had reason to expect, and yet you see me generally fill a whole sheet, which is all the recompense I can make for being so frequently troublesome. The behavior of Mr. Mills and Mr. Lawder is a little extraordinary. However, their answering neither you nor me is a sufficient indication of their disliking the employment which I assigned them. As their conduct is different from what I expected, so I have made an alteration in mine. I shall, the beginning of next month, send over two hundred and fifty books, which are all that I fancy can be well sold among you, and I would have you make some distinction in the persons who have subscribed. The money, which will amount to sixty pounds, may be left with Mr. Bradley, as soon as possible. I am not certain but I shall quickly have occasion for it. I have met with no disappointment with respect to my East Indian voyage, nor are my resolutions altered; though, at the same time, I must confess it gives me some pain to think I am almost beginning the world at the age of thirty-one. Though I never had a day's sickness since I saw you, yet I am not that strong and active man you once knew me. You scarcely can conceive how much eight years of disappointment, anguish, and study have worn me down. If I remember right, you are seven or eight years older than me, yet I dare venture to say that if a stranger saw us both he would pay me the honors of seniority. Imagine to yourself a pale, melancholy visage, with two great wrinkles between the eye-brows, with an eye disgustingly severe, and a big wig, and you may have a perfect picture of my present appearance. On the other hand, I conceive you as perfectly sleek and healthy, passing many a happy day among your own children, or those who knew you a child. Since I knew what it was to be a man, this is a pleasure I have not known. I have passed my days among a parcel of cool, designing beings, and have

contracted all their suspicious manner in my own behavior. I should actually be as unfit for the society of my friends at home as I detest that which I am obliged to partake of here. I can now neither partake of the pleasure of a revel, nor contribute to raise its jollity. I can neither laugh nor drink, have contracted a hesitating, disagreeable manner of speaking, and a visage that looks ill-nature itself; in short, I have thought myself into a settled melancholy, and an utter disgust of all that life brings with it. Whence this romantic turn that all our family are possessed with ? Whence this love for every place and every country but that in which we reside ? for every occupation but our own ? this desire of fortune, and yet this eagerness to dissipate ? I perceive, my dear sir, that I am at intervals for indulging this splenetic manner, and following my own taste, regardless of yours.

The reasons you have given me for breeding up your son as a scholar are judicious and convincing. I should, however, be glad to know for what particular profession he is designed. If he be assiduous and divested of strong passions (for passions in youth always lead to pleasure) he may do very well in your college; for it must be owned that the industrious poor have good encouragement there, perhaps better than in any other in Europe. But if he has ambition, strong passions, and an exquisite sensibility of contempt, do not send him there, unless you have no other trade for him except your own. It is impossible to conceive how much may be done by a proper education at home. A boy, for instance, who understands perfectly well Latin, French, arithmetic, and the principles of the civil law, and can write a fine hand, has an education that may qualify him for any undertaking. And these parts of learning should be carefully inculcated, let him be designed for whatever calling he will.

Above all things, let him never touch a romance or novel; those paint beauty in colors more charming than nature, and describe happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how destructive are those pictures of consummate bliss ! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness which never existed; to despise the little good which fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave ; and, in general, take the word of a man who has seen the world, and who has studied human nature more by experience than precept. Take my word for it, that books teach us very little of the world. The greatest merit in

a state of poverty would only serve to make the possessor ridiculous —may distress, but cannot relieve him. Frugality, and even avarice, in the lower orders of mankind, are true ambition. These afford the only ladder for the poor to rise to preferment. Teach, then, my dear sir, to your son thrift and economy. Let his poor, wandering uncle's example be placed before his eyes. I had learned from books to be disinterested and generous before I was taught from experience the necessity of being prudent. I had contracted the habits and notions of a philosopher while I was exposing myself to the insidious approaches of cunning; and often by being, even with my narrow finances, charitable to excess, I forgot the rules of justice, and placed myself in the very situation of the wretch who thanked me for my bounty. While I am in the remotest part of the world, tell him this, and perhaps he may improve from my example. But I find myself again falling into my gloomy habits of thinking.

My mother, I am informed, is almost blind. Even though I had the utmost inclination to return home, under such circumstances I could not; for to behold her in distress, without a capacity of relieving her from it, would add too much to my splenetic habit. Your last letter was much too short; it should have answered some queries I had made in my former. Just sit down as I do, and write forward until you have filled all your paper; it requires no thought, at least from the ease with which my own sentiments rise when they are addressed to you. For, believe me, my head has no share in all I write; my heart dictates the whole. Pray, give my love to Bod Bryanton, and entreat him, from me, not to drink. My dear sir, give me some account about poor Jenny (his younger sister, who had married unprosperously). But her husband loves her; if so, she cannot be unhappy.

I know not whether I should tell you—yet why should I conceal those trifles, or, indeed, anything from you?—there is a book of mine will be published in a few days, the life of a very extraordinary man, no less than the great Voltaire. You know already, by the title, that it is no more than a catch-penny. However, I spent but four weeks on the whole performance, for which I received twenty pounds. When published, I shall take some method of conveying it to you, unless you may think it dear of the postage, which may amount to four or five shillings. However, I fear you will not find an equivalent of amusement. Your last letter, I repeat it, was

too short; you should have given me your opinion of the design of the heroi-comical poem which I sent you; you remember I intended to introduce the hero of the poem as lying in a paltry alehouse. You may take the following specimen of the manner, which I flatter myself is quite original. The room in which he lies may be described somewhat this way:

> The window, patched with paper, lent a ray
> That feebly show'd the state in which he lay.
> The sandy floor, that grits beneath the tread;
> The humid wall, with paltry pictures spread;
> The game of goose was there exposed to view,
> And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
> The seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
> And Prussia's monarch show'd his lamp-black face.
> The morn was cold; he views with keen desire
> A rusty grate unconscious of a fire.
> An unpaid reck'ning on the freeze was scor'd,
> And five crack'd teacups dress'd the chimney board.

And now imagine, after his soliloquy, the landlord to make his appearance, in order to dun him for the reckoning:

> Not with that face, so servile and so gay,
> That welcomes every stranger that can pay,
> With sulky eye he smoak'd the patient man,
> Then pull'd his breeches tight, and thus began, etc.

All this is taken, you see, from nature. It is a good remark of Montaigne's, that the wisest men often have friends with whom they do not care how much they play the fool. Take my present follies as instances of regard. Poetry is a much easier and more agreeable species of composition than prose; and could a man live by it, it were not unpleasant enjoyment to be a poet. I am resolved to leave no space, though I should fill it up only by telling you, what you very well know already—I mean that I am your most affectionate friend and brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

MY DEAR FRIEND: We had a very quick passage from Dover to Calais, which we performed in three hours and twenty minutes, all of us extremely sea-sick, which must necessarily have happened, as

my machine to prevent sea-sickness was not completed. We were glad to leave Dover, because we hated to be imposed upon; so were in high spirits at coming to Calais, where we were told that a little money would go a great way. Upon landing two little trunks, which was all we carried with us, we were surprised to see fourteen or fifteen fellows all running down to the ship to lay their hands upon them; four got under each trunk, the rest surrounded and held the hasps, and in this manner our little baggage was conducted, with a kind of funeral solemnity, till it was safely lodged at the Custom-House. We were well enough pleased with the people's civility till they came to be paid, when every creature that had the happiness of but touching our trunks with their fingers expected sixpence, and had so pretty, civil a manner of demanding it that there was no refusing them. When we had done with the porters, we had next to speak with the Custom-House officers, who had their pretty, civil way too. We were directed to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where a valet-de-place came to offer his service, and spoke to me ten minutes before I once found out that he was speaking English. We had no occasion for his services, so we gave him a little money because he spoke English, and because he wanted it. I cannot help mentioning another circumstance. I bought a new ribbon for my wig at Canterbury, and the barber at Calais broke it, in order to gain sixpence by buying me a new one.

TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ., AT LANGTON, NEAR SPILSBY, IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

TEMPLE, BRICK COURT, Sept. 7, 1771.

MY DEAR SIR: Since I had the pleasure of seeing you last I have been almost wholly in the country at a farmer's house, quite alone, trying to write a comedy. It is now finished, but when or how it will be acted, or whether it will be acted at all, are questions I cannot resolve. I am, therefore, so much employed upon that that I am under the necessity of putting off my intended visit to Lincolnshire for this season. Reynolds is just returned from Paris, and finds himself now in the case of a truant that must make up for his idle time by diligence. We have therefore agreed to postpone our journey till next summer, when we hope to have the honor of waiting upon Lady Rothes and you, and staying double the time of our late

intended visit. We often meet, and never without remembering you. I see Mr. Beauclerc very often both in town and country. He is now going directly forward to become a second Boyle, deep in chemistry and physics. Johnson has been down upon a visit to a country parson, Doctor Taylor, and is returned to his old haunts at Mrs. Thrale's. Burke is a farmer, *en attendant* a better place, but visiting about too. Every soul is a visiting about and merry but myself. And that is hard, too, as I have been trying these three months to do something to make people laugh. There have I been strolling about the hedges, studying jests with a most tragical countenance. The "Natural History" is about half finished, and I will shortly finish the rest. God knows I am tired of this kind of finishing, which is but bungling work, and that not so much my fault as the fault of my scurvy circumstances. They begin to talk in town of the Opposition's gaining ground; the cry of liberty is still as loud as ever. I have published, or Davis has published for me, an "Abridgment of the History of England," for which I have been a good deal abused in the newspapers for betraying the liberties of the people. God knows I had no thought for or against liberty in my head, my whole aim being to make up a book of a decent size that, as Squire Richards says, "would do no harm to nobody." However, they set me down as an arrant Tory, and consequently an honest man. When you come to look at any part of it, you'll say that I am a sour Whig. God bless you, and, with my most respectful compliments to her ladyship,

I remain, dear sir, your most affectionate,

Humble servant,

Oliver Goldsmith.

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS,

AND THE "LETTERS OF JUNIUS."

"As specimens of style, the "Letters of Junius" are, in their kind, absolutely perfect."—DR. HART.

"Perhaps the literature of no country in the world can offer a finer example of intense, unscrupulous, yet always elegant and dignified invective."—SHAW.

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS was born in Dublin, in 1740. His father was a scholarly man and an able and versatile writer. Young Francis was educated at St. Paul's School, London. While yet in his sixteenth year, he obtained a government position, and in 1760 visited Portugal in company with the British envoy. On returning to London, the same year, Francis was appointed to a clerkship in the War Office. He resigned this position in 1772. Two years subsequently he received a lucrative office in British India, where he became a member of the Council of Bengal. Here his duties brought him into contact with that disgrace to the British name, that man of blood and violence, Warren Hastings. Hastings was Governor-General of India. Francis, like a true man, opposed the governor's rapacious measures, and a bitter controversy ensued. It ended in a duel. Francis was wounded.

Disgusted with the state of affairs in India, he returned to England in 1781, and three years later he entered the English Parliament as member for Yarmouth. It was chiefly through the efforts of Francis that Warren Hastings was impeached in 1788. He was the mainspring in the famous trial that followed. He supplied the information which Burke and Sheridan expanded into eloquent orations and burning invective. In 1806 Sir Philip Francis was knighted. He died in 1818.

Francis, in his day, was conspicuous as a statesman and member of the British Parliament; and, though an eloquent and effective speaker, he was more fluent with the pen than with the tongue. His real fame, however, rests on the connection of his name with that immortal collection of political epistles—around the authorship of which there hung, for so long a time, the shadow of mystery—the "Letters of Junius."

THE "LETTERS OF JUNIUS."

These "Letters" were published in the *Public Advertiser* of London, and appeared at various times during a period of three years, the first bearing the date January 21, 1769, and the last of January 21, 1772. They number sixty-nine, the majority of them being signed "Junius." This soon became the most famous *nom de plume* in literature. The letters are addressed to various personages, high and low; but it is especially the Duke of Grafton and his colleagues that Junius attacks with cutting satire and merciless severity. The duke was Premier of England, and to him eleven of the letters were addressed. The thirty-fifth letter was addressed to the king.[1] It concludes with these bold words: "The prince who imitates their [the Stuarts'] conduct should be warned by their example; and, while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crown, should remember that as it was acquired by one revolution it may be lost by another."

The burning words that fell from the pen of Junius startled the British nation. All read them, and all were astonished. These singular epistles contain some of the most effective invective to be found in literature. Their condensed and lucid diction, studied epigrammatic sarcasm, dazzling metaphors, and fierce and haughty personal attacks arrested the attention of the Government and of the public. Not less startling was the immediate and minute knowledge which they evinced of court secrets, making it believed that the writer moved in the circle of the court, and was intimately acquainted not only with ministerial measures and intrigues, but with every domestic incident. They exhibit indications of rank and fortune as well as scholarship, the writer affirming that he was "above a common bribe" and far "above pecuniary views."[2]

"How comes this Junius to have broken through the cobwebs of the law," said Edmund Burke in a speech in the House of Commons, "and to range uncontrolled, unpunished through the land? The myrmidons of the court have been long, and are still, pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon you or me. No; they disdain such vermin when the mighty boar of the forest that has broken through all their toils is before them. But what will all their efforts avail? No sooner has he wounded one than he lays another dead at his feet!"

[1] George III.

[2] Appleton's "American Cyclopædia," last edition, vol. ix.

"Who wrote these letters?" was the question asked by king, and lord, and peasant. It was a profound secret. Junius was a mystery; not more so was the "Man with the Iron Mask." In his dedication of his letters to the people of England he said: "I am the sole depository of my secret, and it shall perish with me."

Did it "perish with him"?

It is now more than a century since the last of these famous letters appeared in the *Public Advertiser*. They have been ascribed to *forty-two* different writers,[3] among whom were Edmund Burke, Henry Flood, Henry Grattan, Sir William Jones, and Sir Philip Francis. Over a hundred books have been written on the subject of their authorship. But it may now be considered as proved that the gifted Irishman, SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, was JUNIUS—that keen, sarcastic Junius, from whose pen flowed a brilliant stream of lightning whose flashes frightened lords and dukes, and the thunder of which shook the very Parliament of Great Britain!

The first attempt to fix the authorship of these "Letters" upon Sir Philip Francis was made in 1816 by John Taylor, in his "Identity of Junius with a Distinguished Living Character." Since that time his claims have been most rigorously examined, and each new development but strengthens the evidence that Francis and Junius were the same person. Lord Macaulay said that "the case against Francis, or, if you please, in favor of Francis, rests on coincidences sufficient to convict a murderer."

A volume appeared in 1871 which did much to settle the question. It was entitled "The Hand-writing of Junius Professionally Investigated," by Charles Chabot, an expert. "Its object," writes Dr. Hart, "is to prove by a minute and exhaustive examination of the Junian manuscripts and of the letters of Sir Philip Francis that both were written by the same hand. The proof is of the strongest kind, amounting almost to a demonstration, and will go far to put this vexed question at rest."[4]

Sir Philip Francis was but twenty-nine years of age when he began these famous letters. Doubtless they cost him great labor. They were polished to the utmost brilliancy, and with unequalled dexterity and skill they inflicted deep and envenomed wounds. In English literature they hold the rank of a classic.

[3] See Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors," vol. i.

[4] "English Literature," edition of 1875. See Appleton's "American Cyclopædia," last edition, vol. ix., and the "Encyclopædia Britannica," vol. x., Am. ed.

"I quote Junius in English," says Mathias, "as I would quote Tacitus or Livy in Latin."[5] It is scarcely necessary to add that these "Letters" had a great popularity, and powerfully promoted the cause of civil liberty.

LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

LETTER TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

February 14, 1770.

My Lord: If I were personally your enemy, I might pity and forgive you. You have every claim to compassion that can arise from misery and distress. The condition you are reduced to would disarm a private enemy of his resentment, and leave no consolation to the most vindictive spirit, but that such an object as you are would disgrace the dignity of revenge. But in the relation you have borne to this country you have no title to indulgence, and if I had followed the dictates of my own opinion, I should never have allowed you the respite of a moment. In your public character you have injured every subject of the empire; and though an individual is not authorized to forgive the injuries done to society, he is called upon to assert his separate share in the public resentment. I submitted, however, to the judgment of men more moderate, perhaps more candid, than myself. For my own part, I do not pretend to understand those prudent forms of decorum, those gentle rules of discretion, which some men endeavor to unite with the conduct of the greatest and most hazardous affairs. Engaged in the defence of an honorable cause, I would take a decisive part. I should scorn to provide for a future retreat, or to keep terms with a man who preserves no measures with the public. Neither the abject submission of deserting his post in the hour of danger, nor even the sacred[6] shield of cowardice should protect him. I would pursue him through life, and try the last exertion of my abilities to preserve the perishable infamy of his name, and make it immortal.

What, then, my Lord? Is this the event of all the sacrifices you have made to Lord Bute's patronage and to your own unfortunate ambition? Was it for this you abandoned your earliest friendships, the warmest connections of your youth, and all those honorable

[5] "Pursuits of Literature."

[6] *Sacro tremuere timore*—Every coward pretends to be planet-struck.

engagements by which you once solicited, and might have acquired, the esteem of your country? Have you secured no recompense for such a waste of honor? Unhappy man! what party will receive the common deserter of all parties? Without a client to flatter, without a friend to console you, and with only one companion from the honest house of Bloomsbury, you must now retire into a dreadful solitude. At the most active period of life you must quit the busy scene, and conceal yourself from the world, if you would hope to save the wretched remains of a ruined reputation. The vices operate like age, bring on disease before its time, and in the prime of youth leave the character broken and exhausted.

Yet your conduct has been mysterious, as well as contemptible. Where is now that firmness, or obstinacy, so long boasted of by your friends and acknowledged by your enemies? We were taught to expect that you would not leave the ruin of this country to be completed by other hands, but were determined either to gain a decisive victory over the constitution or to perish bravely, at least, behind the last dike of the prerogative. You knew the danger, and might have provided for it. You took sufficient time to prepare for a meeting with your Parliament to confirm the mercenary fidelity of your dependents, and to suggest to your sovereign a language suited to his dignity, at least, if not to his benevolence and wisdom. Yet, while the whole kingdom was agitated with anxious expectation upon one great point, you meanly evaded the question, and, instead of the explicit firmness and decision of a king, gave us nothing but the misery of a ruined [7] grazier, and the whining piety of a Methodist. We had reason to expect that notice would have been taken of the petitions which the king had received from the English nation; and, although I can conceive some personal motives for not yielding to them, I can find none, in common prudence or decency, for treating them with contempt. Be assured, my Lord, the English people will not tamely submit to this unworthy treatment. They had a right to be heard, and their petitions, if not granted, deserved to be considered. Whatever be the real views and doctrines of a court, the sovereign should be taught to preserve some forms of attention to his subjects; and, if he will not redress their grievances, not to make them a topic of jest and mockery among lords and ladies of the bed-chamber. Injuries may be atoned for and forgiven, but insults admit of no compensation.

[7] There was something wonderfully pathetic in the mention of the horned cattle.

They degrade the mind in its own esteem, and force it to recover its level by revenge. This neglect of the petitions was, however, a part of your original plan of government; nor will any consequences it has produced account for your deserting your sovereign in the midst of that distress in which you and your new friends[8] have involved him. One would think, my Lord, you might have taken this spirited resolution before you had dissolved the last of those early connections which once, even in your own opinion, did honor to your youth—before you had obliged Lord Granby to quit a service he was attached to—before you had discarded one Chancellor and killed another. To what an abject condition have you labored to reduce the best of princes, when the unhappy man who yields at last to such personal instance and solicitation as never can be fairly employed against a subject, feels himself degraded by his compliance, and is unable to survive the disgraceful honors which his gracious sovereign has compelled him to accept! He was a man of spirit, for he had a quick sense of shame, and death has redeemed his character. I know your Grace too well to appeal to your feelings upon this event; but there is another heart, not yet, I hope, quite callous to the touch of humanity, to which it ought to be a dreadful lesson forever.[9]

Now, my Lord, let us consider the situation to which you have conducted, and in which you have thought it advisable to abandon, your royal master. Whenever the people have complained, and nothing better could be said in defence of the measures of the Government, it has been the fashion to answer us, though not very fairly, with an appeal to the private virtues of your sovereign: "Has he not, to relieve the people, surrendered a considerable part of his revenue? Has he not made the judges independent by fixing them in their places for life?" My Lord, we acknowledge the gracious principle which gave birth to these concessions, and have nothing to regret but that it has never been adhered to. At the end of seven years we are loaded with a debt of above five hundred thousand pounds upon the civil list, and now we see the Chancellor of Great Britain tyrannically forced out of his office, not for want of abilities, not for want of integrity, or of attention to his duty, but for delivering his honest opinion in Parliament upon the great-

[8] The Bedford party.

[9] The most secret particular of this detestable transaction shall in due time be given to the public. The people shall know what kind of man they have to deal with.

est constitutional question that has arisen since the revolution. We care not to whose private virtues you appeal. The theory of such a government is falsehood and mockery; the practice is oppression. You have labored, then (though, I confess, to no purpose), to rob your master of the only plausible answer that ever was given in defence of his Government—of the opinion which the people had conceived of his personal honor and integrity. The Duke of Bedford was more moderate than your Grace; he only forced his master to violate a solemn promise made to an individual;[10] but you, my Lord, have successively extended your advice to every political, every moral engagement that could bind either the magistrate or the man. The condition of a king is often miserable; but it required your Grace's abilities to make it contemptible. You will say, perhaps, that the faithful servants in whose hands you have left him are able to retrieve his honor, and to support his Government. You have publicly declared, even since your resignation, that you approved of their measures and admired their conduct, particularly that of the Earl of Sandwich. What a pity it is that, with all this appearance, you should think it necessary to separate yourself from such amiable companions! You forgot, my Lord, that, while you are lavish in the praise of men whom you desert, you are publicly opposing your conduct to your opinions, and depriving yourself of the only plausible pretence you had for leaving your sovereign overwhelmed with distress. I call it plausible; for, in truth, there is no reason whatsoever, less than the frowns of your master, that could justify a man of spirit for abandoning his post at a moment so critical and important. It is in vain to evade the question; if you will not speak out, the public have a right to judge from appearances. We are authorized to conclude that you either differed from your colleagues, whose measures you still affect to defend, or that you thought the administration of the king's affairs no longer tenable. You are at liberty to choose between the hypocrite and the coward. Your best friends are in doubt which way they shall incline. Your country unites the characters, and gives you credit for them both. For my own part, I see nothing inconsistent in your conduct. You began with betraying the people; you conclude with betraying the king.

In your treatment of particular persons you have preserved the uniformity of your character. Even Mr. Bradshaw declares that

[10] Mr. Stuart McKenzie.

no man was ever so ill used as himself. As to the provision [11] you have made for his family, he was entitled to it by the house he lives in. The successor of one chancellor might well pretend to be the rival of another. It is the breach of private friendship which touches Mr. Bradshaw; and, to say the truth, when a man of his rank and abilities had taken so active a part in your affairs, he ought not to have been let down at last with a miserable pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year. Colonel Luttrell, Mr. Onslow, and Governor Burgoyne were equally engaged with you, and have rather more reason to complain than Mr. Bradshaw. These are men, my Lord, whose friendship you should have adhered to on the same principle on which you deserted Lord Rockingham, Lord Chatham, Lord Camden, and the Duke of Portland. We can easily account for your violating your engagements with men of honor; but why should you betray your natural connections? Why separate yourself from Lord Sandwich, Lord Gower, and Mr. Rigby, or leave the three worthy gentlemen above mentioned to shift for themselves? With all the fashionable indulgence of the times, this country does not abound in characters like theirs; and you may find it a very difficult matter to recruit the black catalogue of your friends.

The recollection of the royal patent you sold to Mr. Hine obliges me to say a word in defence of a man whom you have taken the most dishonorable means to injure. I do not refer to the sham prosecution which you affected to carry on against him. On that ground, I doubt not, he is prepared to meet you with tenfold recrimination, and set you at defiance. The injury you have done him affects his moral character. You knew that the offer to purchase the reversion of a place, which has heretofore been sold under a decree of the court of chancery, however impudent in his situation, would no way tend to cover him with that sort of guilt which

[11] A pension of £1,500 per annum, insured upon the four and a half per cents (he was too cunning to trust to Irish security) for the lives of himself and sons. This gentleman, who, a very few years ago, was clerk to a contractor for forage, and afterwards exalted to a petty post in the War-Office, thought it necessary (as soon as he was appointed Secretary to the Treasury) to take that great house in Lincoln's Inn Fields in which the Earl of Northington had resided while he was Lord High-Chancellor of Great Britain. As to the pension, Lord North very solemnly assured the House of Commons that no pension was ever so well deserved as Mr. Bradshaw's. N. B.—Lord Camden and Sir Jeffrey Amherst are not near so well provided for; and Sir Edward Hawke, who saved the state, retires with two thousand pounds a year on the Irish establishment, from which he, in fact, receives less than Mr. Bradshaw's pension.

you wished to fix upon him in the eyes of the world. You labored then, by every species of false suggestion, and even by publishing counterfeit letters, to have it understood that he had proposed terms of accommodation to you, and had offered to abandon his principles, his party, and his friends. You consulted your own breast for a character of consummate treachery, and gave it to the public for that of Mr. Vaughan. I think myself obliged to do this justice to an injured man, because I was deceived by the appearances thrown out by your Grace, and have frequently spoken of his conduct with indignation. If he really be, what I think him, honest though mistaken, he will be happy in recovering his reputation, though at the expense of his understanding. Here I see the matter is likely to rest. Your Grace is afraid to carry on the prosecution. Mr. Hine keeps quiet possession of the purchase, and Governor Burgoyne, relieved from the apprehension of refunding the money, sits down for the remainder of his life *infamous and contented.*

I believe, my Lord, I may now take my leave of you forever. You are no longer that resolute minister who had spirit to support the most violent measures, who compensated for the want of good and great qualities by a brave determination (which some people admired and relied on) to maintain himself without them. The reputation of obstinacy and perseverance might have supplied the place of all the absent virtues. You have now added the last negative to your character, and meanly confessed that you are destitute of the common spirit of a man. Retire, then, my Lord, and hide your blushes from the world; for, with such a load of shame, even *black* may change its color. A mind such as yours, in the solitary hours of domestic enjoyment, may still find topics of consolation. You may find it in the memory of violated friendship, in the afflictions of an accomplished prince whom you have disgraced and deserted, and in the agitations of a great country, driven, by your counsels, to the brink of destruction.

The palm of ministerial firmness is now transferred to Lord North. He tells us so himself, and with the plenitude of the *ore rotundo;*[12] and I am ready enough to believe that, while he can keep his place, he will not easily be persuaded to resign it. Your Grace was the firm minister of yesterday; Lord North is the firm

[12] This eloquent person has got as far as the discipline of Demosthenes. He constantly speaks with pebbles in his mouth to improve his articulation.

minister of to-day; to-morrow, perhaps, his Majesty, in his wisdom, may give us a rival for you both. You are too well acquainted with the temper of your late allies to think it possible that Lord North should be permitted to govern this country. If we may believe common fame, they have shown him their superiority already. His Majesty is, indeed, too gracious to insult his subjects by choosing his first minister from among the domestics of the Duke of Bedford; that would have been too gross an outrage to the three kingdoms. Their purpose, however, is equally answered by pushing forward this unhappy figure, and forcing it to bear the odium of measures which they in reality direct. Without immediately appearing to govern, they possess the power and distribute the emoluments of government as they think proper. They still adhere to the spirit of that calculation which made Mr. Luttrell representative of Middlesex. Far from regretting your retreat, they assure us, very gravely, that it increases the real strength of the ministry. According to this way of reasoning, they will probably grow stronger and more flourishing every hour they exist; for I think there is hardly a day passes in which some one or other of his Majesty's servants does not leave them to improve by the loss of his assistance. But, alas! their countenances speak a different language. When the members drop off, the main body cannot be insensible of its approaching dissolution. Even the violence of their proceedings is a signal of despair. Like broken tenants who have had warning to quit the premises, they curse the landlord, destroy the fixtures, throw everything into confusion, and care not what mischief they do to the estate.

JUNIUS.

LETTER TO LORD NORTH.

August 22, 1770.

MY LORD: Mr. Luttrell's services were the chief support and ornament of the Duke of Grafton's administration. The honor of rewarding them was reserved for your Lordship. The Duke, it seems, had contracted an obligation he was ashamed to acknowledge and unable to acquit. You, my Lord, had no scruples. You accepted the succession with all its encumbrances, and have paid Mr. Luttrell his legacy at the hazard of ruining the estate.

When this accomplished youth declared himself the champion of Government, the world was busy enquiring what honors or emolu-

ments could be a sufficient recompense to a young man of his rank and fortune for submitting to mark his entrance into life with the universal contempt and detestation of his country. His noble father had not been so precipitate. To vacate his seat in Parliament, to intrude upon a country in which he had no interest or connection, to possess himself of another man's right, and to maintain it in defiance of public shame as well as justice, bespoke a degree of zeal or of depravity which all the favor of a pious prince could hardly requite. I protest, my Lord, there is in this young man's conduct a strain of prostitution which, for its singularity, I cannot but admire. He has discovered a new line in the human character; he has degraded even the name of Luttrell, and gratified his father's most sanguine expectations.

The Duke of Grafton, with every possible disposition to patronize this kind of merit, was contented with pronouncing Colonel Luttrell's panegyric. The gallant spirit, the disinterested zeal of the young adventurer, were echoed through the House of Lords. His Grace repeatedly pledged himself to the House, as an evidence of the purity of his friend Mr. Luttrell's intentions, that he had engaged without any prospect of personal benefit, and that the idea of compensation would mortally offend him.[13] The noble Duke could hardly be in earnest, but he had lately quitted his employment and began to think it necessary to take some care of his reputation. At that very moment the Irish negotiation was probably begun. Come forward, thou worthy representative of Lord Bute, and tell this insulted country who advised the king to appoint Mr. Luttrell adjutant-general to the army in Ireland. By what management was Colonel Cunninghame prevailed on to resign his employment, and the obsequious Gisborne to accept of a pension for the government of Kinsale?[14] Was it an original stipulation with the Princess of Wales, or does he owe his preferment to your Lordship's partiality, or to the Duke of Bedford's friendship? My

[13] He now says that his great object is the rank of colonel, and that he *will* have it.

[14] This infamous transaction ought to be explained to the public. Colonel Gisborne was quartermaster-general in Ireland. Lord Townshend persuaded him to resign to a Scotch officer, one Frazer, and gives him the government of Kinsale. Colonel Cunninghame was adjutant-general in Ireland. Lord Townshend offers him a pension to induce him to resign to Luttrell. Cunninghame treats the offer with contempt. What is to be done? Poor Gisborne must move once more. He accepts of a pension of £500 a year until a government of greater value shall become vacant. Colonel Cunninghame is made Governor of Kinsale; and Luttrell, at last, for whom the whole machinery is put in motion, becomes adjutant-general, and, in effect, takes the command of the army in Ireland.

Lord, though it may not be possible to trace this measure to its source, we can follow the stream, and warn the country of its approaching destruction. The English nation must be roused and put upon its guard. Mr. Luttrell has already shown us how far he may be trusted whenever an open attack is to be made upon the liberties of this country. I do not doubt that there is a deliberate plan formed. Your Lordship best knows by whom. The corruption of the legislative body on this side, a military force on the other, and then *farewell to England!* It is impossible that any minister shall dare to advise the King to place such a man as Luttrell in the confidential post of adjutant-general if there were not some secret purpose in view which only such a man as Luttrell is fit to promote. The insult offered to the army in general is as gross as the outrage intended to the people of England. What! Lieutenant-Colonel Luttrell adjutant-general of an army of sixteen thousand men! One would think his Majesty's campaigns at Blackheath and Wimbledon might have taught him better. I cannot help wishing General Harvey joy of a colleague who does so much honor to the employment. But, my Lord, this measure is too daring to pass unnoticed, too dangerous to be received with indifference or submission. You shall not have time to new model the Irish army. They will not submit to be garbled by Colonel Luttrell. As a mischief to the English Constitution (for he is not worth the name of enemy) they already detest him. As a boy, impudently thrust over their heads, they will receive him with indignation and contempt. As for you, my Lord, who, perhaps, are no more than the blind, unhappy instrument of Lord Bute and her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, be assured that you shall be called upon to answer for the advice which has been given, and either discover your accomplices or fall a sacrifice to their security.

JUNIUS.

LETTER TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE LORD MANSFIELD.

November 14, 1770.

MY LORD: The appearance of this letter will attract the curiosity of the public, and command even your Lordship's attention. I am considerably in your debt, and shall endeavor, once for all, to balance the account. Accept of this address, my Lord, as a pro-

logue to more important scenes, in which you will probably be called upon to act or suffer.

You will not question my veracity when I assure you that it has not been owing to any particular respect for your person that I have abstained from you so long. Besides the distress and danger with which the press is threatened, when your Lordship is party, and the party is to be judge, I confess I have been deterred by the difficulty of the task. Our language has no term of reproach, the mind has no idea of detestation, which has not already been happily applied to you, and exhausted. Ample justice has been done, by abler pens than mine, to the separate merits of your life and character. Let it be my humble office to collect the scattered sweets till their united virtue tortures the sense.

Permit me to begin with paying a just tribute to Scotch sincerity wherever I find it. I own I am not apt to confide in the professions of gentlemen of that country, and when they smile I feel an involuntary emotion to guard myself against mischief. With this general opinion of an ancient nation, I always thought it much to your Lordship's honor that, in your earlier days, you were but little infected with the prudence of your country. You had some original attachments, which you took every proper opportunity to acknowledge. The liberal spirit of youth prevailed over your native discretion. Your zeal in the cause of an unhappy prince was expressed with the sincerity of wine and some of the solemnities of religion.[15] This, I conceive, is the most amiable point of view in which your character has appeared. Like an honest man, you took that part in politics which might have been expected from your birth, education, country, and connections. There was something generous in your attachment to the banished house of Stuart. We lament the mistakes of a good man, and do not begin to detest him until he affects to renounce his principles. Why did you not adhere to that loyalty you once professed? Why did you not follow the example of your worthy brother?[16] With him you might have shared in the honor of the Pretender's confidence; with him you might have preserved the integrity of your character; and England, I think, might have spared you without regret. Your friends will

[15] This man was always a rank Jacobite. Lord Ravensworth produced the most satisfactory evidence of his having frequently drank the Pretender's health on his knees.

[16] Confidential secretary to the late Pretender. This circumstance confirmed the friendship between the brothers.

say, perhaps, that, although you deserted the fortune of your liege lord, you have adhered firmly to the principles which drove his father from the throne; that, without openly supporting the person, you have done essential service to the cause, and consoled yourself for the loss of a favorite family by reviving and establishing the maxims of their government. This is the way in which a Scotchman's understanding corrects the errors of his heart. My Lord, I acknowledge the truth of the defence, and can trace it through all your conduct. I see through your whole life one uniform plan to enlarge the power of the crown at the expense of the liberty of the subject. To this object your thoughts, words, and actions have been constantly directed. In contempt or ignorance of the common law of England, you have made it your study to introduce into the court where you preside maxims of jurisprudence unknown to Englishmen. The Roman code, the law of nations, and the opinion of foreign civilians are your perpetual theme; but who ever heard you mention Magna Charta or the Bill of Rights with approbation or respect? By such treacherous arts the noble simplicity and free spirit of our Saxon laws were first corrupted. The Norman conquest was not complete until Norman lawyers had introduced their laws, and reduced slavery to a system. This one leading principle directs your interpretation of the laws, and accounts for your treatment of juries. It is not in political questions only (for there the courtier might be forgiven), but let the cause be what it may, your understanding is equally on the rack, either to contract the power of the jury or to mislead their judgment. For the truth of this assertion I appeal to the doctrine you delivered in Lord Grosvenor's cause. An action for criminal conversation being brought by a peer against a prince of the blood, you were daring enough to tell the jury that, in fixing the damages, they were to pay no regard to the quality or fortune of the parties; that it was a trial between A and B; that they were to consider the offence in a moral light only, and give no greater damages to a peer of the realm than to the meanest mechanic. I shall not attempt to refute a doctrine which, if it was meant for law, carries falsehood and absurdity upon the face of it; but if it was meant for a declaration of your political creed, is clear and consistent. Under an arbitrary government all ranks and distinctions are confounded; the honor of a nobleman is no more considered than the reputation of a peasant; for, with different liveries, they are equally slaves.

Even in matters of private property we see the same bias and inclination to depart from the decisions of your predecessors, which you certainly ought to receive as evidence of the common law. Instead of those certain positive rules by which the judgment of a court of law should invariably be determined, you have fondly introduced your own unsettled notions of equity and substantial justice. Decisions given upon such principles do not alarm the public so much as they ought, because the consequence and tendency of each particular instance is not observed or regarded. In the meantime the practice gains ground, the Court of King's Bench becomes a court of equity, and the judge, instead of consulting strictly the law of the land, refers only to the wisdom of the court, and to the purity of his own conscience. The name of Mr. Justice Yates will naturally revive in your mind some of those emotions of fear and detestation with which you always beheld him. That great lawyer, that honest man, saw your whole conduct in the light that I do. After years of ineffectual resistance to the pernicious principle introduced by your Lordship, and uniformly supported by *humble friends* upon the bench, he determined to quit a court whose proceedings and decisions he could neither assent to with honor nor oppose with success.

The injustice done to an individual[17] is sometimes of service to the public. Facts are apt to alarm us more than the most dangerous principles. The sufferings and firmness of a printer have roused the public attention. You knew and felt that your conduct would not bear a parliamentary enquiry; and you hoped to escape it by the meanest, the basest sacrifice of dignity and consistency that ever was made by a great magistrate. Where was your firmness, where was that vindictive spirit, of which we have seen so many examples, when a man so inconsiderable as Bingley could force you to confess, in the face of this country, that, for two years together, you had illegally deprived an English subject of his liberty, and that he had triumphed over you at last? Yet, I own, my Lord, that yours is not an uncommon character. Women, and men like women, are timid, vindictive, and irresolute. Their passions counteract each other, and make the same creature at one moment hateful, at another contemptible. I fancy, my Lord, some time will elapse before

[17] The oppression of an obscure individual gave birth to the famous Habeas Corpus Act of 31 Car. II. which is frequently considered as another Magna Charta of this kingdom.—"Blackstone" iii. 135.

you venture to commit another Englishman for refusing to answer interrogatories.[18]

The doctrine you have constantly delivered in cases of libel is another powerful evidence of a settled plan to contract the legal power of juries, and to draw questions, inseparable from fact, within the *arbitrium* of the court. Here, my Lord, you have fortune on your side. When you invade the province of the jury, in matter of libel, you in effect attack the liberty of the press, and with a single stroke wound two of your greatest enemies. In some instances you have succeeded, because jurymen are too often ignorant of their own rights, and too apt to be awed by the authority of a chief-justice. In other criminal prosecutions the malice of the design is confessedly as much the subject of consideration to a jury as the certainty of the fact. If a different doctrine prevails in the case of libels, why should it not extend to *all* criminal cases? Why not to capital offences? I see no reason (and dare say you will agree with me, that there is no good one) why the life of the subject should be better protected against you than his liberty or property. Why should you enjoy the full power of pillory, fine, and imprisonment, and not be indulged with hanging or transportation? With your Lordship's fertile genius and merciful disposition, I can conceive such an exercise of the power you have as could hardly be aggravated by that which you have not.

But, my Lord, since you have labored (and not unsuccessfully) to destroy the substance *of the trial,* why should you suffer the form of the *verdict* to remain? Why force twelve honest men, in palpable violation of their oaths, to pronounce their fellow-subject a *guilty* man, when, almost at the same moment, you forbid their enquiring into the only circumstance which, in the eye of law and reason, constitutes guilt—the malignity or innocence of his intentions? But I understand your Lordship. If you could succeed in making the trial by jury useless and ridiculous, you might then, with greater safety, introduce a bill into Parliament for enlarging the jurisdiction of the court, and extending your favorite trial by interrogato-

[18] Bingley was committed for contempt in not submitting to be examined. He lay in prison two years, until the Crown thought the matter might occasion some serious complaint, and therefore he was let out, in the same contumelious state he had been put in, with all his sins about him, unanointed and unanealed. There was much coquetry between the court and the attorney-general about who should undergo the ridicule of letting him escape. *Vide* another "Letter to Almon," p. 189.

ries to every question in which the life or liberty of an Englishman is concerned.[19]

Your charge to the jury in the prosecution against Almon and Woodfall contradicts the highest legal authorities, as well as the plainest dictates of reason. In Miller's case, and still more expressly in that of Baldwin, you have proceeded a step farther, and grossly contradicted yourself. You may know, perhaps, though I do not mean to insult you by an appeal to your experience, that the language of truth is uniform and consistent. To depart from it safely requires memory and discretion. In the last two trials your charge to the jury began, as usual, with assuring them that they had nothing to do with the law; that they were to find the bare fact, and not concern themselves about the legal inferences drawn from it, or the degree of the defendant's guilt. Thus far you were consistent with your former practice. But how will you account for the conclusion? You told the jury that "if, after all, they would take upon themselves to determine the law, *they might do it*, but they must be very sure that they determined according to law; for it touched their consciences, and they acted at their peril." If I understand your first proposition, you mean to affirm that the jury were not competent judges of the law in the criminal case of a libel; that it did not fall within *their* jurisdiction; and that with respect to *them* the malice or innocence of the defendant's intentions would be a question *coram non judice*. But the second proposition clears away your own difficulties and restores the jury to all their judicial capacities.[20] You make the competence of the court to depend upon the legality of the decision. In the first instance you deny the power absolutely; in the second you admit the power, provided it be legally exercised. Now, my Lord, without pretending to reconcile the distinctions of Westminster Hall with the simple infor-

[19] The philosophical poet doth notably describe the damnable and damned proceedings of the judge of hell:

> "Gnossius hæc Radamanthus habet durissima regna,
> Castigatque, auditque dolos, *subigitque fateri*."

First he punisheth and *then* he heareth, and lastly compelleth to confess, and makes and mars laws at his pleasure, like as the Centurion, in the holy history, did to St. Paul; for the text saith: "Centurio apprehendi Paulum jussit, et se catenis ligari, et *tunc interrogabat* quis fuisset, et quid fecisset." But good judges and justices abhor those courses. *Coke*, 2 *Inst.* 53.

[20] Directly the reverse of the doctrine he constantly maintained in the House of Lords and elsewhere upon the decision of the Middlesex election. He invariably asserted that the decision must be *legal* because the court was *competent*, and never could be prevailed on to enter farther into the question.

mation of common sense, or the integrity of fair argument, I shall be understood by your Lordship when I assert that if a jury, or any other court of judicature (for jurors are judges), have no right to enter into a cause or question of law, it signifies nothing whether their decisions be or be not according to law. Their decision is, in itself, a mere nullity; the parties are not bound to submit to it; and if the jury run any risk of punishment, it is not for pronouncing a corrupt or illegal verdict, but for the illegality of meddling with a point on which they have no legal authority to decide.[21]

I cannot quit this subject without reminding your Lordship of the name of Mr. Benson. Without offering any legal objection, you ordered a special juryman to be set aside in a cause where the King was prosecutor. The novelty of the fact required explanation. Will you condescend to tell the world by what law or custom you were authorized to make a peremptory challenge of a juryman? The parties, indeed, have this power, and perhaps your Lordship, having accustomed yourself to unite the characters of judge and party, may claim it in virtue of the new capacity you have assumed, and profit by your own wrong. The time within which you might have been punished for this daring attempt to pack a jury is, I fear, elapsed; but no length of time shall erase the record of it.

The mischiefs you have done this country are not confined to your interpretation of the laws. You are a minister, my Lord, and as such have long been consulted. Let us candidly examine what use you have made of your ministerial influence. I will not descend to little matters, but come at once to those important points on which your resolution was waited for, on which the expectation of your opinion kept a great part of the nation in suspense. A constitutional question arises upon a declaration of the law of Parliament by which the freedom of election and the birthright of the subject were supposed to have been invaded. The King's servants are accused of violating the Constitution. The nation is in a ferment. The ablest men of all parties engage in the question, and exert their utmost abilities in the discussion of it. What part has the honest Lord Mansfield acted? As an eminent judge of the law, his opinion would have been respected. As a

[21] These iniquitous prosecutions cost the best of princes six thousand pounds, and ended in the total defeat and disgrace of the prosecutors. In the course of one of them Judge Aston had the unparalleled impudence to tell Mr. Morris, a gentleman of unquestionable honor and integrity, and who was then giving his evidence on oath, *that he should pay very little regard to any affidavit he should make.*

peer, he had a right to demand an audience of his sovereign, and inform him that his ministers were pursuing unconstitutional measures. Upon other occasions, my Lord, you have no difficulty in finding your way into the closet. The pretended neutrality of belonging to no party will not save your reputation. In a question merely political an honest man may stand neuter; but the laws and Constitution are the general property of the subject; not to defend is to relinquish—and who is there so senseless as to renounce his share in a common benefit, unless he hopes to profit by a new division of the spoil? As a Lord of Parliament, you were repeatedly called upon to condemn or defend the new law declared by the House of Commons. You affected to have scruples, and every expedient was attempted to remove them. The question was proposed and urged to you in a thousand different shapes. Your prudence still supplied you with evasion; your resolution was invincible. For my own part, I am not anxious to penetrate this solemn secret. I care not to whose wisdom it is entrusted, nor how soon you carry it with you to the grave.[22] You have betrayed your opinion by the very care you have taken to conceal it. It is not from Lord Mansfield that we expect any reserve in declaring his real sentiments in favor of government or in opposition to the people; nor is it difficult to account for the motions of a timid, dishonest heart, which neither has virtue enough to acknowledge truth nor courage to contradict it. Yet you continue to support an administration which you know is universally odious, and which, on some occasions, you yourself speak of with contempt. You would fain be thought to take no share in government, while in reality you are the mainspring of the machine. Here, too, we trace the *little*, prudential policy of a Scotchman. Instead of acting that open, generous part which becomes your rank and station, you meanly skulk into the closet and give your sovereign such advice as you have not the spirit to avow or defend. You secretly engross the power, while you decline the title, of a minister; and, though you dare not be Chancellor, you know how to secure the emoluments of the office. Are the seals to be for ever in commission, that you may enjoy five thousand pounds a year? I beg pardon, my Lord! your fears have interposed at last, and forced you to resign. The odium of continuing Speaker of the House of Lords upon such terms was too

[22] He said in the House of Lords that he believed he should carry his opinion with him to the grave. It was afterwards reported that he had entrusted it in special confidence to the ingenious Duke of Cumberland.

formidable to be resisted. What a multitude of bad passions are forced to submit to a constitutional infirmity! But, though you have relinquished the salary, you still assume the rights of a minister. Your conduct, it seems, must be defended in Parliament. For what other purpose is your wretched friend, that miserable Serjeant, posted to the House of Commons? Is it in the abilities of a Mr. Leigh to defend the great Lord Mansfield? Or is he only the Punch of the puppet-show, to speak as he is prompted by the chief juggler behind the curtain? [23]

In public affairs, my Lord, cunning, let it be ever so well wrought, will not conduct a man honorably through life. Like bad money, it may be current for a time, but it will be soon cried down. It cannot consist with a liberal spirit; though it be sometimes united with extraordinary qualifications. When I acknowledge your abilities, you may believe I am sincere. I feel for human nature when I see a man so gifted as you are descend to such vile practices. Yet do not suffer your vanity to console you too soon. Believe me, my good Lord, you are not admired in the same degree in which you are detested. It is only the partiality of your friends that balances the defects of your heart with the superiority of your understanding. No learned man, even among your own tribe, thinks you qualified to preside in a court of common law; yet it is confessed that under *Justinian* you might have made an incomparable *prætor*. It is remarkable enough, but I hope not ominous, that the laws you understand best, and the judges you affect to admire most, flourished in the decline of a great empire, and are supposed to have contributed to its fall.

Here, my Lord, it may be proper for us to pause together. It is not for my own sake that I wish you to consider the delicacy of your situation. Beware how you indulge the first emotions of your resentment. This paper is delivered to the world, and cannot be recalled. The prosecution of an innocent printer cannot alter facts nor refute arguments. Do not furnish me with farther materials against yourself. An honest man, like the true religion, appeals to the understanding, or modestly confides in the eternal evidence of his conscience. The impostor employs force instead of argument, imposes silence where he cannot convince, and propagates his character by the sword.

JUNIUS.

[23] This paragraph gagged poor Leigh. I am really concerned for the man, and wish it were possible to open his mouth. He is a very pretty orator.

EDMUND BURKE.

"This man has been to his own country and to all Europe a new light of political wisdom and moral experience."—SCHLEGEL.

"Edmund Burke was one of the greatest of the sons of men."—ALLIBONE.

EDMUND BURKE was born in a house on Arran Quay, Dublin, in 1730. His father, Richard Burke, a Protestant, was an attorney who enjoyed a large and thriving practice. His mother, Miss Mary Nagle, was a Catholic, an excellent lady, and a member of an ancient Irish family of the county of Cork.[1]

In his twelfth year Edmund was sent to school at Ballitore, in Kildare, and there, under a skilful master, Abraham Shackleton, the Quaker, he studied for about two years. It is said "the boy is father of the man." Of the truth of this, Burke is a happy illustration. As a boy he was very studious and a hard worker. "When we were at play," said his brother Richard, in after years, "Ned was always at work." He was also noted for his wit, humor, and amiability.

Trinity College, Dublin, Burke entered in 1743.[2] To-day his portrait adorns the walls of the Examination Hall. Goldsmith entered Trinity the following year, but it appears these distinguished men knew little of each other in early life. Burke took the degree of B.A. in 1748, and three years subsequently the degree of M.A. While pursuing his university course, he read Shakspere and other great poets with unceasing delight.

In 1747 Edmund Burke entered the Middle Temple, London, with the intention of studying law. But he never became a lawyer. His great genius soon found its fitting sphere in literature and in the life of a statesman. His very first production, "The Vindication of Natural Society," in imitation of Lord Bolingbroke, is pronounced by the best critics to be "the most perfect specimen of imitation that was ever penned." In the course of the same year (1756) he published his celebrated "Essay on the Sublime

[1] Miss Nano Nagle, the holy foundress of the Presentation Nuns, was a descendant of the same family.

[2] It is said that he also studied for a time at the English Catholic College of St. Omer, France.

and Beautiful." This work attracted immense attention, brought the author money, and at once stamped him as a remarkable young man.

He was now in his twenty-eighth year, but severe study and mental effort began to tell on a constitution naturally delicate. To his Catholic countryman, Dr. Christopher Nugent, he applied for advice. He was told that he especially needed relaxation, and the friendly physician, that he might more carefully attend to his wants, invited him to take up his residence in his own hospitable house. Here Burke found a home and unceasing care. The good doctor had a bright, lovely, and most amiable daughter. That the doctor's daughter should assist in the doctor's work was natural, nor perhaps was it less natural that the patient should be fascinated. "The rest may be imagined," says one of Burke's biographers. "The patient ventured to prescribe for himself, the disease having reached the heart, and, in 1757, Miss Nugent became Mrs. Edmund Burke." Thus was the cure perfected in a short time, and, what was more, the future statesman obtained the greatest earthly blessing that any man can desire—a most devoted wife, loving companion, wise adviser, and, above all, sympathizing friend. The young lady had not a shilling; but she brought with her the incomparable fortune of education, beauty, and virtue. The eulogy of this good and accomplished Irishwoman may be given in one sentence of her illustrious husband. He declared that, amid all the toils, and trials, and conflicts of life, "every care vanished the moment he entered his own roof."

Burke's entrance on public life may be dated from his appointment, in 1761, as private secretary to "Single-Speech" Hamilton, who then became Chief-Secretary for Ireland. The atmosphere of Dublin Castle, however, did not long agree with the clever young Whig, who threw up a lately-conferred pension of $1,500 a year, broke with Hamilton, and returned to London. In his whole life Hamilton made but *one* good speech, hence the handle to his name, "Single-Speech." It is said Burke wrote the speech for him. But what this man lacked in brains and ability was abundantly supplied by another sort of article, which we may label "arrogance." Before parting with Burke, he had the meanness to insult him. "I took you *down* from a garret,"[3] taunted the malicious "Single-

[3] This was a falsehood. Burke's family was wealthy, and his own social position was scarcely inferior to Hamilton's.

Speech." "Sir," replied the noble Burke, in a tone of withering sarcasm, "it was I that *descended* to know you."

A brilliant career awaited Burke in London. He was appointed private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, who became Prime Minister in 1765. The following year the gifted author of the "Essay on the Sublime and the Beautiful" entered Parliament as member for Wendover, and no man, perhaps, ever entered or ever will enter the legislative halls of Great Britain with so full a mind and so well trained for his work. Now began his political career. *Reform, Ireland,* and *America* were the great subjects of the day, and the mighty voice of Edmund Burke was ever heard on the side of justice and liberty. His very first speech rivetted the attention of the House. At the success of this first effort a conceited member of the Literary Club expressed some astonishment in the presence of old Dr. Johnson of dictionary fame. "Sir," interrupted the indignant literary dictator, snuffing his man out in a moment—"sir, there is no wonder at all. We who know Mr. Burke know that he will be one of the *first men* in the country."

"At the age of thirty-six," says a late writer, "he stood for the first time on the floor of St. Stephen's Chapel, whose walls were to ring so often during the next eight-and-twenty years with the rolling periods of his grand eloquence, and the peals of acclamation bursting alike from friend and foe. Among the great men who then sat upon the benches of that ancient hall, Burke at once took a foremost place."

He advocated the freedom of the press; he advocated Catholic emancipation;[4] he advocated the rights of the American Colonies; and his matchless words careered over the broad Atlantic, strengthening the hearts and nerving the arms of the American patriots. "Venality and meanness," says Campbell, "stood appalled in his presence."

But we must be brief. The life of Edmund Burke is a history of those eventful times; here it cannot all be told.

One day, after a brilliant conversation, four gentlemen went out for a walk. They were Burke, his son Richard, the friend of his youth, Shackleton, of Ballitore school, and another gentleman.

[4] Edmund Burke was not a Catholic; but "against the penal laws then weighing upon the Irish Catholics," writes Arnold, "he spoke and wrote with a generous pertinacity. The memory of his mother had, perhaps, as much to do with this as the native enlightenment and capacity of his mind."

Mr. Shackleton remarked to young Burke: "Your father is the greatest man of the age." "He is," replied the son with filial enthusiasm, "the greatest man of any age!"[5] His son was a young man of splendid gifts; in fact, Edmund Burke always considered his son's talents as far superior to his own. Such was the modesty of this illustrious man.

Burke's impeachment, in the House of Commons, of Warren Hastings, Governor-General of India, was perhaps the grandest oratorical achievement of his life. In a speech of four days he opened the case, in February, 1788. He continued his statement during certain days in April. His charges he wound up with a matchless address, which began on May 28, and lasted for *nine* succeeding days. The effect was indescribable; ladies sobbed and screamed, and stern men felt the tears trickling down their cheeks. The dignity and grandeur of this memorable speech may be judged from the concluding sentences: "My Lords, it is not the criminality of the prisoner, it is not the claims of the Commons, to demand judgment to be passed upon him; it is not the honor and dignity of this court, and the welfare of millions of the human race, that alone call upon you. When the devouring flames shall have destroyed this perishable globe, and it sinks into the abyss of nature whence it was commanded into existence by the great Author of it—then, my lords, when all nature, kings and judges themselves, must answer for their actions, there will be found what supersedes creation itself—namely, ETERNAL JUSTICE. It was the attribute of the great GOD OF NATURE before worlds were, it will reside with him when they perish; and the earthly portion of it committed to your care is now solemnly deposited in your hands by the Commons of England. I have done."

Another subject now filled his mind. He foresaw, almost with prophetic vision, that the hurricane of revolution was gathering over France, and when it broke in its fury, devastating that beautiful land, he gave the world his greatest work, "Reflections on the Revolution in France." By this unrivalled book the great Irishman made Europe his debtor. Kings complimented him; even the bluff old George III. said "it was a book that every gentleman should read." The King of Poland sent him his likeness on a gold medal, with a flattering letter in English. Honors were showered

[5] Burke had only two children—Christopher, who died an infant, and Richard, who reached the age of manhood, but died some years before his father.

on the author by the universities, and the clergy of France and England were warm in expressing their gratitude.[6]

But by his opinions in regard to the French Revolution he also made himself many opponents. It caused the estrangement between him and Fox. The breach was never healed. When the rupture with Fox occurred, Burke, in one of his eloquent speeches, said, in his own energetic way: "I have made a great sacrifice; I have done my duty, though I have lost my friend."

A severe domestic blow now fell upon the aged philosopher and statesman. His only son, Richard, died in 1794. This sad event threw a dark shadow across his last days. It almost broke his heart, as his love for his gifted son was unbounded. In one of his celebrated letters he thus refers to his loss: "I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me have gone before me; they who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of these old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stript of all my honors. I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. There, and prostrate there, I must unfeignedly recognize the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it."[7]

The three years which he survived his son were chiefly spent in acts of charity. For the children of French emigrants he founded a school, and its permanent support formed one of his latest cares. Retaining the perfect possession of all his faculties to the last, the immortal Edmund Burke calmly expired at his country seat of Beaconsfield in July, 1794, and his honored remains were laid in a vault under Beaconsfield church, beside the dust of that son whom he had loved so well. His last words were: "God bless you!"

Of Burke's works and character we have but space for a few remarks. His "Parliamentary Speeches" fill several volumes, and form an enduring monument to his fame as, perhaps, the greatest philosophical statesman that the world has ever seen. His "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful" stands in the front rank of English classics. Burke holds the same place in English prose that Shakspere does in English verse. He united solidity of thought to brilliancy of imagination in a degree, perhaps, never attained by any other writer. In our prose literature, his "Reflections on the Revolution

[6] "The first orator of England," wrote the noble Catholic Archbishop of Aix, "has become the defender of the clergy of France."

[7] "Letter to a noble Lord."

in France" is the masterpiece of masterpieces. It is a treasury of eloquence and political wisdom. Every great conservative Catholic statesman since the days of Burke has nourished his mind on this book. It is a Christian book. It shows that without religion, civilization must cease to exist. "We know," says Edmund Burke, "and, what is better, we feel inwardly, that religion is the basis of civil society, and the source of all good and of all comfort."

"Burke corrected his age," says the famous Catholic philosopher, Schlegel, "when it was at the height of its revolutionary frenzy; and, without maintaining any system of philosophy, he seems to have seen further into the true nature of society, and to have more clearly comprehended the effect of religion in connecting individual security with national welfare, than any philosopher or any system of philosophy of any preceding age."[8]

This great man loved his native Ireland, and for thirty years his voice and pen ceased not to demand justice for his oppressed Catholic countrymen. His last "Letter on the Affairs of Ireland" was written but a few months before his death. In it he avows that he has not "power of mind or body to bring out his sentiments with their natural force; but," adds the grand old statesman, "I do not wish to have it concealed that I am of the same opinion to my last breath which I entertained when my faculties were at the best." Brave and solemn words, indeed!

In conversation Burke was unrivalled. Said Dr. Johnson: "I do not grudge Burke's being the first man in the House of Commons, for he is the first everywhere. He is an extraordinary man. He is the only man whose common conversation corresponds with the general fame which he has in the world. Take him up where you please, he is ready to meet you. No man of sense could meet Burke by accident under a gateway to avoid a shower without being convinced that he was the first man in England."[9] Grattan also declared that he was the greatest man in conversation he ever met.

"Shakspere and Burke," said Sir James Mackintosh, "are, if I may venture the expression, above talent. Burke's works contain an ampler store of political and moral wisdom than can be found in any other writer whatever."

Lord Macaulay styles him "the greatest master of eloquence," and pronounces him "superior to every orator, ancient or modern."

[8] "Lectures on the History of Literature," lect. xiv.
[9] Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

But, though a master of eloquence, Edmund Burke, happily, had more wisdom than eloquence. "Never," says Cazales, "was there a more beautiful alliance between virtue and talents. Mr. Burke was superior to the age in which he lived. His prophetic genius only astonished the nation which it should have governed."

"Burke," remarked Hamilton, "understood everything but gaming and music."

"He was," said Grattan, "a prodigy of nature and of acquisition. He read everything—he saw everything. His knowledge of history amounted to a power of foretelling; and, when he perceived the wild work that was doing in France, that great political physician, cognizant of symptoms, distinguished between the access of fever and the force of health, and what others conceived to be the vigor of her constitution, *he* knew to be the paroxysm of her madness; and thus, prophet-like, he pronounced the destinies of France, and in his prophetic fury admonished nations."

"So long," exclaims an American writer, "as virtue shall be beloved, wisdom revered, or genius admired, so long will the memory of this illustrious exemplar of all be fresh in the world's history; for human nature has too much interest in the preservation of such a character ever to permit the name of Edmund Burke to perish from the earth." [10]

SPEECH ON AMERICAN TAXATION—1774.

SIR: I agree with the honorable gentleman who spoke last, that this subject is not new in this House. For nine long years, session after session, we have been lashed round and round this miserable circle of occasional arguments and temporary expedients. I am sure our heads must turn and our stomachs nauseate with them. We have had them in every shape; we have looked at them in every point of view. Invention is exhausted; reason is fatigued; experience has given judgment; but obstinacy is not yet conquered.

The honorable gentleman has made one more endeavor to diversify the form of this disgusting argument. He has thrown out a speech composed almost entirely of challenges. Challenges are serious things; and, as he is a man of prudence as well as resolu-

[10] Allibone, "Dictionary of Authors." In person Burke was about five feet ten inches in height, erect and well-formed. He had a manly, pleasing countenance.

tion, I dare say he has very well weighed those challenges before he delivered them.

He desires to know whether, if we were to repeal this tax, agreeably to the propositions of the honorable gentleman who made the motion, the Americans would not post on this concession, in order to make a new attack on the next body of taxes, and whether they would not call for a repeal of the duty on wine as loudly as they do now for the repeal of the duty on tea. Sir, I can give no security on this subject; but I will do all that I can, and all that can be fairly demanded. To the *experience* which the honorable gentleman reprobates in one instant and reverts to in the next, to that experience, without the least wavering or hesitation on my part, I steadily appeal; and would to God there were no other arbiter to decide on the vote with which the House is to conclude this day!

When Parliament repealed the Stamp Act in the year 1766, I affirm, first, that the Americans did *not* in consequence of this measure call upon you to give up the former parliamentary revenue which subsisted in that country, or even any one of the articles which compose it. I affirm also that when, departing from the maxims of that repeal, you revived the scheme of taxation, and thereby filled the minds of the colonists with new jealousy and all sorts of apprehensions, then it was that they quarrelled with the old taxes as well as the new; then it was, and not till then, that they questioned all parts of your legislative power, and by the battery of such questions have shaken the solid structure of this empire to its deepest foundations.

Gentlemen will force the colonists to take the teas. You *will* force them! Has seven years' struggle been yet able to force them? Oh! but it seems "we are in the right. The tax is trifling, in effect it is rather an exoneration than an imposition; three-fourths of the duty formerly payable on teas exported to America is taken off; the place of collection is only shifted; instead of the retention of a shilling from the drawback here, it is threepence custom paid in America." All this, sir, is very true. But this is the very folly and mischief of the act. Incredible as it may seem, you know that you have deliberately thrown away a large duty which you held secure and quiet in your hands for the vain hope of getting one three-fourths less through every hazard, through certain litigation, and possibly through war.

But they tell you, sir, that your dignity is tied to it. I know

not how it happens, but this dignity of yours is a terrible encumbrance to you; for it has of late been ever at war with your interest, your equity, and every idea of your policy. Show the thing you contend for to be reason; show it to be common sense; show it to be the means of attaining some useful end, and then I am content to allow it what dignity you please. But what dignity is derived from the perseverance in absurdity is more than I ever could discern.

Let us, sir, embrace some system or other before we end this session. Do you mean to tax America, and to draw from thence a productive revenue? If you do, speak out; name, fix, ascertain this revenue; settle its quantity, define its objects, provide for its collection, and then fight when you have something to fight for. If you murder, rob; if you kill, take possession; and do not appear in the character of madmen as well as assassins, violent, vindictive, bloody, and tyrannical without an object. But may better counsels guide you!

Again and again revert to your old principles; seek peace and ensure it; leave America, if she has taxable matter in her, to tax herself. I am not here going into the distinctions of rights, nor attempting to mark their boundaries. I do not enter into these metaphysical distinctions; I hate the very sound of them. Leave the Americans as they anciently stood, and these distinctions, born of our unhappy contest, will die along with it. They and we, and they and our ancestors, have been happy under that system. Let the memory of all actions in contradiction to that good old mode on both sides be extinguished for ever. Be content to bind America by laws of trade; you have always done it. Let this be your reason for binding their trade. But do not burden them by taxes; you were not used to do so from the beginning. Let this be your reason for not taxing. These are the arguments of states and kingdoms. Leave the rest to the schools; for there only they may be discussed with safety. But if, intemperately, unwisely, fatally, you sophisticate, and poison the very source of government by urging subtle deductions and consequences odious to those you govern, from the unlimited and illimitable nature of supreme sovereignty, you will teach them by these means to call that sovereignty itself in question. When you drive him hard, the boar will surely turn upon the hunters. If that *sovereignty* and *their freedom* cannot be reconciled, which will they take? They will cast your sovereignty in your face. Nobody will be argued into slavery. Sir, let

the gentlemen on the other side call forth all their ability; let the best of them get up and tell me *what one character of liberty the Americans have, and what one brand of slavery they are free from*, if they are bound in their property and industry by all the restraints you can imagine on commerce, and, at the same time, are made pack-horses of every tax you choose to impose, without the least share in granting them.

A noble lord,[11] who spoke some time ago, is full of the fire of ingenuous youth. He has said that the Americans are our children, and how can they revolt against their parent? He says if they are not free in their present state, England is not free, because Manchester and other considerable places are not represented. So then, because some towns in England are not represented, America is to have no representative at all! They are "our children," but when children ask for bread are we not to give a stone?

Ask yourselves the question: Will the Americans be content in such a state of slavery? If not, look to the consequences. Reflect how you are to govern a people who think *they ought to be free* and *think they are not*. Your scheme yields no revenue; it yields nothing but discontent, disorder, disobedience; and such is the state of America that after wading up to your eyes in blood you could only just end where you begun—that is, to tax where no revenue is to be found, to—my voice fails me; my inclination, indeed, carries me no further, all is confusion beyond it!

On this business of America I confess I am serious, even to sadness. I have had but one opinion concerning it since I sat and before I sat in Parliament. The noble lord[12] will, as usual, probably attribute the part taken by me and my friends in this business to a desire of getting his places. Let him enjoy this happy and original idea. If I deprived him of it, I should take away most of his wit, and all his argument. But I would rather bear the brunt of all his wit, and, indeed, blows much heavier, than stand answerable to God for embracing a system that tends to the destruction of some of the very best and fairest of his works. But I know the map of England as well as the noble lord or any other person, and I know that the way I take is *not* the way to preferment. My excellent and honorable friend under me on the floor has trod that road with great toil for upwards of twenty years together. He is not yet arrived at the noble lord's destination. However, the tracks of my worthy friend

[11] Lord Caremarthen. [12] Lord North.

are those I have ever wished to follow; because I know they lead to honor. Long may we tread the same road together, whoever may accompany us, or whoever may laugh at us on our journey!

LOUIS XVI. AND HIS QUEEN, MARIE ANTIONETTE.

[From "Reflections on the Revolution in France."]

History will record that on the morning of the 6th of October, 1789, the King and Queen of France, after a day of confusion, alarm, dismay, and slaughter, lay down, under the pledged security of public faith, to indulge nature in a few hours of respite and troubled, melancholy repose. From this sleep the Queen was first startled by the voice of the sentinel at her door, who cried out to her to save herself by flight; that this was the last proof of fidelity he could give; that they were upon him, and he was dead. Instantly he was cut down. A band of cruel ruffians and assassins, reeking with his blood, rushed into the chamber of the Queen, and pierced with a hundred strokes of bayonets and poinards the bed from whence this persecuted woman had but just time to fly almost naked, and through ways unknown to the murderers had escaped to seek refuge at the feet of a king and husband not secure of his own life for a moment.

This King, to say no more of him, and this Queen, and their infant children (who once would have been the pride and hope of a great and generous people) were then forced to abandon the sanctuary of the most splendid palace in the world, which they left swimming in blood, polluted by massacre, and strewed with scattered limbs and mutilated carcasses. Thence they were conducted into the capital of their kingdom. Two had been selected from the unprovoked, unresisted, promiscuous slaughter which was made of the gentlemen of birth and family who composed the King's body-guard. These two gentlemen, with all the parade of an execution of justice, were cruelly and publicly dragged to the block and beheaded in the great court of the palace. Their heads were stuck upon spears, and led the procession, whilst the royal captives who followed in the train were slowly moved along, amid the horrid yells and shrilling screams and frantic dances and infamous contumelies, and all the unutterable abominations of the furies of hell, in the abused shape of the

vilest of women. After they had been made to taste, drop by drop, more than the bitterness of death in the slow torture of a journey of twelve miles protracted to six hours, they were, under a guard composed of those very soldiers who had thus conducted them through this famous triumph, lodged in one of the old palaces of Paris, now converted into a Bastile for kings.

Influenced by the inborn feelings of my nature, and not being illuminated by a single ray of the new-sprung modern light, I confess that the exalted rank of the persons suffering, and particularly the sex, the beauty, and the amiable qualities of the descendant of so many kings and emperors, with the tender age of royal infants, insensible only through infancy and innocence of the cruel outrages to which their parents were exposed, instead of being a subject of exultation, adds not a little to my sensibility on that most melancholy occasion.

I hear that though Louis XVI. supported himself, he felt much on that shameful occasion. As a man, it became him to feel for his wife and children, and the faithful guards of his person, that were massacred in cold blood about him; as a prince, it became him to feel for the strange and frightful transformation of his civilized subjects, and to be more grieved for them than to be solicitous for himself. It derogates little from his fortitude, while it adds infinitely to the honor of his humanity. I hear, and I rejoice to hear, that the great lady, the other object of the triumph, has borne that day, and that she bears all the succeeding days, that she bears the imprisonment of her husband, and her own captivity, and the exile of her friends, and the insulting adulation of addresses, and the whole weight of her accumulated wrongs, with a serene patience, in a manner suited to her rank and race, and becoming the offspring of a sovereign distinguished for her piety and her courage; that, like her, she has lofty sentiments; that she feels with the dignity of a Roman matron; that in the last extremity she will save herself from the last disgrace; and that, if she must fall, she will fall by no ignoble hand.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh! what a

revolution, and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the chief defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage, whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

LETTER TO A NOBLE LORD—1796.[13]

My Lord: I could hardly flatter myself with the hope that so very early in the season I should have to acknowledge obligations to the Duke of Bedford and to the Earl of Lauderdale. These noble persons have lost no time in conferring upon me that sort of honor which it is alone within their competence, and which it is certainly most congenial to their nature and their manners, to bestow.

To be ill spoken of, in whatever language they speak, by the zealots of the new sect in philosophy and politics, of which these noble persons think so charitably, and of which others think so justly, to me is no matter of uneasiness or surprise. To have incurred the displeasure of the Duke of Orleans or the Duke of Bed-

[13] This letter was called forth by the shameful personal attacks made upon the venerable writer and his pension, in the House of Lords, by the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale in 1796. The above is simply a few of the best passages in the original, which would fill over fifty pages of the present volume.

ford, to fall under the censure of Citizen Brissot, or of his friend, the Earl of Lauderdale, I ought to consider as proofs not the least satisfactory that I have produced some part of the effect I proposed by my endeavors. I have labored hard to earn what the noble lords are generous enough to pay. Personal offence I have given them none. The part they take against me is from zeal to the cause. It is well. It is perfectly well. I have to do homage to their justice. I have to thank the Bedfords and the Lauderdales for having so faithfully and so fully acquitted towards me whatever arrear of debt was left undischarged by the Priestleys and the Paines.

But will they not let me remain in obscurity and inaction? Are they apprehensive that if an atom of me remains the sect has something to fear? Must I be annihilated lest, like old John Zisca's, my skin should be made into a drum to animate Europe to eternal battle against a tyranny that threatens to overwhelm all Europe and all the human race?

In one thing I can excuse the Duke of Bedford for his attack upon me and my mortuary pension. He cannot readily comprehend the transaction he condemns. What I have obtained is the fruit of no bargain, the production of no intrigue, the result of no compromise, the effect of no solicitation. The first suggestion of it never came from me, mediately or immediately, to his Majesty or any of his ministers. It was long known that the instant my engagements would permit it, and before the heaviest of all calamities had for ever condemned me to obscurity and sorrow, I had resolved on a total retreat. I had executed that design. I was entirely out of the way of serving or of hurting any statesman or any party when the ministers so generously and so nobly carried into effect the spontaneous bounty of the Crown. Both descriptions have acted as became them. When I could no longer serve them, the ministers have considered my situation. When I could no longer hurt them, the revolutionists have trampled on my infirmity. My gratitude, I trust, is equal to the manner in which the benefit was conferred. It came to me, indeed, at a time of life and in a state of mind and body in which no circumstance of fortune could afford me any real pleasure. But this was no fault in the royal donor or in his ministers, who were pleased in acknowledging the merits of an invalid servant of the public, to assuage the sorrows of a desolate old man.

Loose libels ought to be passed by in silence and contempt. By

me they have been so always. I knew that as long as I remained in public I should live down the calumnies of malice and the judgment of ignorance. If I happened to be now and then in the wrong, as who is not, like all other men, I must bear the consequence of my faults and my mistakes. The libels of the present day are just of the same stuff as the libels of the past. But they derive an importance from the rank of the persons they come from and the gravity of the place where they were uttered. In some way or another I ought to take some notice of them. To assert myself thus traduced is not vanity or arrogance. It is a demand of justice; it is a demonstration of gratitude. If I am unworthy, the ministers are worse than prodigal. On that hypothesis I perfectly agree with the Duke of Bedford.

But I decline his Grace's jurisdiction as a judge. I challenge the Duke of Bedford as a juror to pass upon the value of my services. Whatever his natural parts may be, I cannot recognize in his few and idle years the competence to judge of my long and laborious life. If I can help it, he shall not be on the inquest of my *quantum meruit*. Poor rich man! he can hardly know anything of public industry in its exertions, or can estimate its compensations when its work is done. I have no doubt of his Grace's readiness in all the calculations of vulgar arithmetic, but I shrewdly suspect that he is little studied in the theory of moral proportions, and has never learned the rule of three in the arithmetic of policy and state.

His Grace is pleased to aggravate my guilt by charging my acceptance of his Majesty's grant as a departure from my ideas and the spirit of my conduct with regard to economy. If it be, my ideas of economy were false and ill-founded. But they are the Duke of Bedford's ideas of economy I have contradicted, and not my own. If he means to allude to certain bills brought in by me on a message from the throne in 1782, I tell him that there is nothing in my conduct that can contradict either the letter or the spirit of those acts. Does he mean the Pay-Office Act? I take it for granted he does not. The act to which he alludes is, I suppose, the Establishment Act. I greatly doubt whether his Grace has ever read the one or the other. The first of these systems cost me, with every assistance which my then situation gave me, pains incredible. I found an opinion common through all the offices and general in the public at large that it would prove impossible to reform and methodize the office of Paymaster-General. I undertook

it, however, and I succeeded in my undertaking. Whether the military service or whether the general economy of our finance have profited by that act I leave to those who are acquainted with the army and with the treasury to judge.

I was not, like his Grace of Bedford, swaddled and rocked and dandled into a legislation; "*Nitor in adversum*" is the motto for a man like me. I possessed not one of the qualities, nor cultivated one of the arts, that recommend men to the favor and protection of the great. I was not made for a minion or a tool. As little did I follow the trade of winning the hearts by imposing on the understandings of the people. At every step of my progress in life (for in every step was I traversed and opposed), and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to show my passport and again and again to prove my sole title to the honor of being useful to my country by a proof that I was not wholly unacquainted with its laws and the whole system of its interest, both abroad and at home. Otherwise no rank, no toleration even, for me. I had no arts but manly arts. On them I have stood, and, please God, in spite of the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, to the last gasp I will stand.

His Grace may think as meanly as he will of my deserts in the far greater part of my conduct in life. It is free for him to do so. There will always be some difference of opinion in the value of political services. But there is one merit of mine which he, of all men living, ought to be the last to call in question. I have supported with very great zeal, and I am told with some degree of success, those opinions, or, if his Grace likes another expression better, those old prejudices which buoy up the ponderous mass of his nobility, wealth, and titles. I have omitted no exertion to prevent him and them from sinking to that level to which the meretricious French faction, his Grace at least coquets with, omit no exertion to reduce both. I have done all I could to discountenance their enquiries into the fortunes of those who hold large portions of wealth without any apparent merit of their own. I have strained every nerve to keep the Duke of Bedford in that situation which alone makes him my superior. Your Lordship has been a witness of the use he makes of that pre-eminence.

The awful state of the time, and not myself or my own justification, is my true object in what I now write, or in what I shall ever write or say. It little signifies to the world what becomes of such things as me, or even as the Duke of Bedford.

Why will his Grace, by attacking me, force me reluctantly to compare my little merit with that which obtained from the Crown those prodigies of profuse donation by which he tramples on the mediocrity of humble and laborious individuals? I would willingly leave him to the Herald's College, which the philosophy of the *sans-culottes* (prouder by far than all the Garters and Narrays and Clarencieux and Rouge Dragons that ever pranced in a procession of what his friends call aristocrats and despots) will abolish with contumely and scorn. These historians, recorders, and blazoners of virtues and arms differ wholly from that other description of historians who never assign any act of politicians to a good motive. These gentle historians, on the contrary, dip their pens in nothing but the milk of human kindness. They seek no further for merit than the preamble of a patent, or the inscription of a tomb. With them every man created a peer is first a hero ready made. They judge of every man's capacity for office by the offices he has filled, and the more offices the more ability. Every general officer with them is a Marlborough; every statesman a Burleigh; every judge a Murray or a Yorke. They who, when alive, were laughed at or pitied by all their acquaintance make as good a figure as the best of them in the pages of Guillim, Edmondson, and Collins.

Had it pleased God to continue to me hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family. I should have left a son who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honor, in generosity, in humanity, and in every liberal sentiment and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shown himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. He would soon have supplied every deficiency and symmetrized every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant, wasting reservoir of merit in me or in my ancestry. He had in himself a salient living spring of generous and manly action; every day he lived he would have repurchased the bounty of the Crown, and ten times more if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer whose power we are little able to resist, and whose wisdom it behooves us not at all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and (whatever my querulous weakness might suggest) a far better. The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honors; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth. There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognize the divine justice, and, in some degree, submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself and repented in dust and ashes. But even so I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbors of his who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my Lord, I greatly deceive myself if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honor in the world. This is the appetite of but a few. It is a luxury; it is a privilege; it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace as we are made to shrink from pain, and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct, and under the direction of evil, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me. They who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors.

Pardon, my Lord, the feeble garrulity of age. At my years we live in retrospect alone; and, wholly unfitted for the society of vigorous life, we enjoy the best balm to all wounds—the consolation of friendship in those only whom we have lost for ever.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

EDMUND BURKE.

LETTER TO THE CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF AIX.[14]

LONDON, July 15, 1791.

SIR: It is with great satisfaction to me that the generous victims of injustice and tyranny accept in good part the homage which I

[14] The warmest friend that the exiled and persecuted Catholic clergy of France met on reaching the shores of England was the generous-hearted Burke. Through the Arch-

have offered to their virtues. It is a distinction which I would not have had occasion to merit from the clergy of France in the time of their credit and splendor. Your Church, the intelligence of which was the ornament of the Christian world in its prosperity, is now more brilliant in the moment of its misfortunes to the eyes which are capable of judging of it. Never did so great a number of men display a constancy so inflexible, a disinterestedness so manifest, a humility so magnanimous, so much dignity in their patience, and so much elevation in their sentiments of honor. Ages have not furnished so many noble examples as France has produced in the space of two years. It is odious to search in antiquity for the merit we admire, and to be insensible to that which passes under our eyes. France is in a deplorable condition, both in its political and moral state; but it seems to be in the order of the general economy of the world that when the greatest and most detestable vices domineer, the most eminent and distinguished virtues raise their heads more proudly. Such is not the time for mediocrity. We may have some diversity in our opinions, but we have no difference in principles. There is but one kind of honor and virtue in the world; it consists in sacrificing every other consideration to the sentiments of our duty, of right, and of piety. It is this which the clergy of France have done.

One thing I see distinctly, because the bishops of France have proved it by their example, and that is that they have made known to all the orders and to all the classes of citizens the advantages which even religion can derive from the alliance of its own proper dignity with the character which illustrious birth and the sentiment of honor gives to man.

I do not know if it is to the complaisance of your Lordship that I owe the *chefs-d'œuvre* of ingenuity, intelligence, and superior eloquence, varied as the occasions require with different discourses and letters, which I from time to time receive. They are the works of a great statesman, of a great prelate, and of a man versed in the science of administration. We cannot be astonished that the state, the clergy, the finances, and the trade of the kingdom should be ruined when the author of these works, instead of having an important share in the councils of his country, is persecuted and undone. The proscription of such men is enough to

bishop of Aix the Bishops of France conveyed their thanks to him, in reply to which the great statesman wrote the above.

cover a whole people with eternal reproach. Those who persecute them have by this one act done more injury to their country in depriving it of their services than a million of men of their own standard can ever repair, even when they shall be disposed to build upon the ruins they have made.

Maintain, sir, the courage which you have hitherto shown, and be persuaded that, though the world is not worthy of you and your colleagues, we are not insensible of the honor which you do our common nature. I have the honor to be, very truly,

EDMUND BURKE.

LETTER TO DR. FRANKLIN.[15]

LONDON, CHARLES STREET, February 28, 1782.

DEAR SIR: Your most obliging letter demanded an early answer. It has not received the acknowledgment so justly due to it. But Providence has well supplied my deficiencies, and the delay of answer has made it much more satisfactory than at the time of my receipt of your letter I dared to promise myself it could be.

I congratulate you, as the friend of America, on the resolution of the House of Commons, carried by a majority of nineteen, at two o'clock this morning, in a very full house. It was the declaration of two hundred and fifty-four: I think it was the opinion of the whole. I trust it will lead to a speedy peace between the two branches of the English nation, perhaps to a general peace, and that our happiness may be an introduction to that of the world at large. I most sincerely congratulate you on the event.

I wish I could say that I had accomplished my commission. Difficulties remain. But as Mr. Laurens is released from his confinement, and has recovered his health tolerably, he may wait, I hope, without a deal of inconvenience, for the final adjustment of his troublesome business. He is an exceedingly agreeable and honorable man. I am much obliged to you for the honor of his acquaintance. He speaks of you as I do, and is perfectly sensible of your warm and friendly interposition in his favor.

I have the honor to be, with the highest possible esteem and regard, dear sir, your most faithful and obedient servant,

EDMUND BURKE.

[15] This letter was in answer to one from Franklin requesting Burke to interest himself in negotiating the exchange of Henry Laurens, then in the Tower, for Gen. Burgoyne. As will be seen, it announces the happy termination of the long and gallant struggle of America for complete independence.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

"Whatever Sheridan has done or chosen to do has been, *par excellence*, always the best of its kind. He has written the best comedy, the best opera, the best farce, the best address, and, to crown all, delivered the very best oration ever conceived or heard in this country."—LORD BYRON.

"His mind was an essence compounded with art
From the finest and best of all other men's powers;
He ruled like a wizard the world of the heart,
And called up its sunshine or drew down its showers."
—MOORE.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, one of the most singularly gifted men of modern times, was born in Dorset Street, Dublin, in 1751. He belonged to a family which appeared to possess an hereditary monopoly of genius. His grandfather was a great wit, classical scholar, and friend of Swift. His father, Thomas Sheridan, was a noted actor, elocutionist, and lexicographer, whose "General Dictionary of the English Language" was, we believe, the *first* work in which careful attention was given to the best pronunciation of our language. Richard's mother was also a lady of uncommon mental gifts and rare personal attractions. In her day she was a writer of distinction.

The lad in his seventh year was placed under the tuition of Mr. Samuel Whyte, of Grafton Street, Dublin. Here he got many a sound birching, and was regarded as "a most impenetrable dunce."[1] He was next sent to Harrow,[2] but Richard did not injure himself much by overstudy. Still, he contrived to win the affection, and even admiration, of the whole school by his frank and genial ways, and by the occasional gleams of superior intellect which broke through all the indolence and indifference of his manner.[3]

"I saw in him," writes the celebrated Dr. Parr, then one of the teachers in Harrow, "vestiges of a superior intellect. His eye, his

[1] "It may be consoling," writes Moore, "to parents who are in the first crisis of impatience at the sort of hopeless stupidity which some children exhibit, to know that the dawn of Sheridan's intellect was as dull and unpromising as its meridian day was bright."—"Memoirs of Sheridan."

[2] A famous English academy.

[3] Stainforth, "Life of Sheridan."

countenance, his general manner, were striking. His answers to any common question were prompt and acute. We knew the esteem and even admiration which somehow or other all his schoolfellows felt for him. He was mischievous enough, but his pranks were accompanied by a sort of vivacity and cheerfulness which delighted Sumner[4] and myself."[5]

In his eighteenth year Richard was recalled from Harrow. Though at this time he had made some progress in Greek, it is said he was unable to spell English. He never attended any university. The limited means of his father, who then resided at Bath, England, would not permit such a step.

Sheridan's life henceforth reads more like a romance than a sober, matter-of-fact biography. He began it as a hopeless literary adventurer. Yet nothing failed him. Position, fame, and fortune he grasped at as if they were his birthright. "The poor, unknown youth," writes Taine, "wretched translator of an unreadable Greek sophist, who at twenty walked about Bath in a red waistcoat and a cocked hat, destitute of hope and ever conscious of the emptiness of his pockets, gained the heart of the most admired beauty and musician[6] of her time, carried her off from ten rich, elegant, titled adorers, fought with the best hoaxed of the ten, beat him, and carried by storm the curiosity of the public. Then, challenging glory and wealth, he placed successively on the stage the most diverse and the most applauded dramas, comedies, farces, opera, serious verse; he bought and worked a large theatre without a farthing, inaugurated a reign of successes and pecuniary advantages, and led a life of elegance amid the enjoyments of social and domestic joys, surrounded by universal admiration and wonder. Thence, aspiring yet higher, he conquered power, entered the House of Commons, showed himself a match for the first orators, opposed Pitt, accused Warren Hastings, supported Fox, sustained with *éclat*, disinterestedness, and constancy a most difficult and generous part, became one of three or four of the most noted men in England, an equal of the greatest lords, the friend of a royal prince, in the end Re-

[4] Dr. Sumner, the Principal.

[5] Letter on Sheridan's youth.

[6] The celebrated Miss Linley, who was but sixteen when Sheridan first met her. She is said to have possessed exquisite personal charms, and, in spite of her profession as an actress, maintained a character of no ordinary beauty and brightness. To Sheridan she proved a wise, devoted wife. After her death Wilkes wrote that she was "the most modest, pleasing, and delicate flower he had ever seen."

ceiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall and Treasurer to the Fleet. In every career he took the lead." [7]

Sheridan's principal plays are "The Rivals"—produced in 1775—"The Duenna," "The School for Scandal," and "The Critic," which appeared during the five following years. "All these plays are in prose, and all, with the exception of 'The Duenna,' reflect contemporary manners. In the creation of comic character and the conduct of comic dialogue Sheridan has never been surpassed. His wit flashes evermore. In such a play as 'The Rivals' the reader is kept in a state of continual hilarious delight by a profusion of sallies, rejoinders, blunders, contrasts which seem to exhaust all the resources of the ludicrous. *Mrs. Malaprop's* 'parts of speech' will raise the laughter of unborn generations, and the choleric, generous old father will never find a more perfect representation than *Sir Anthony Absolute.* In the evolution of plots he is less happy; nevertheless, in this respect also he succeeded admirably in 'The School for Scandal,' which is by common consent regarded as the most perfect of his plays, and is still an established favorite in our theatres." [8]

The "School for Scandal" was translated into German, and some years ago had a good run in the cities along the Rhine and the Danube. The highest critics agree in pronouncing it *the best comedy* in the English language.

"Sheridan," says Hazlitt, "has been justly called a dramatic star of the first magnitude; and, indeed, among the comic writers of the last century he shines like Hesperus among the lesser lights." [9]

"The dramas of Sheridan," writes J. W. Croker, "have placed him at the head of the genteel comedy of England." [10]

Sheridan made his first speech in the House of Commons on the 20th of November, 1780. He was heard with particular attention. After he had spoken he went to the gallery to his friend, Woodfall, and, with much anxiety, asked what he thought of this first attempt. Woodfall, with unusual frankness, remarked that he did not think Parliamentary speaking was in Sheridan's line. For a moment the latter rested his head upon his hands, and then warmly exclaimed: "It is in me, and it shall come out!"

[7] "The History of English Literature."
[8] Arnold's "Manual of English Literature, Historical and Critical."
[9] "Lectures on the English Comic Writers," Lecture viii.
[10] The London *Quarterly Review.* 1826.

The author of "The School for Scandal" was, however, seven years in Parliament before he gained any reputation as a great orator. The genius and energy of Edmund Burke brought on the famous impeachment of Warren Hastings. This was the event that called forth all the latent ability, dazzling wit, scorching sarcasm, and splendid eloquence of Sheridan. To him was allotted the task of bringing forward in the House of Commons the charge relating to the spoliation of the Begum Princesses of Oude. This speech was delivered on the 7th of February, 1787. It occupied five hours and a half in the delivery. Burke declared it to be "the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit united of which there was any record or tradition." Fox said "all that he had ever heard, all that he had ever read, when compared with it, dwindled into nothing, and vanished like vapor before the sun." And even Pitt acknowledged "that it surpassed all the eloquence of ancient and modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate or control the human mind." Unhappily, this masterpiece of Sheridan's eloquence was poorly reported, so much so that Lord Macaulay remarks that "it may be said to be wholly lost, but which was without doubt the most elaborately brilliant of all the productions of his ingenious mind." [11]

Sheridan's closing speech against Hastings was delivered in Westminster Hall on the 3d, 6th, 10th, and 13th of June, 1788. On the very last night a remarkable evidence of his unrivalled ability —an honor such as no man in Europe or America, past or present, can claim—was exhibited. "The galleries of the English House of Lords were filled to overflowing to hear what all expected would be a masterpiece of eloquence. Peers and peeresses were glad to obtain seats early in the day, in which they continued nearly the entire night, tumultuously overcrowded. On the same night his play, 'The School for Scandal,' the *best* comedy on the British stage, was playing at one theatre, and his opera, 'The Duenna,' the *best* in its line on the stage, was performing at another, while the gifted author was himself delivering to the entranced British senate the most eloquent harangue *ever delivered* within its walls." [12]

Sheridan's conversational powers were remarkable. His wit and humor were only equalled by his good temper, and he was regarded

[11] "Essays." [12] Mooney, "History of Ireland."

as the delight of the social circles in which he moved. Fox declared that he was the wittiest man he had ever known. Indeed, men spent whole nights in listening to him.

On one occasion the author of "The School for Scandal" made his appearance in a new pair of boots. These attracted the notice of some of his friends. "Now guess," said he, "how I came by these boots." Many *probable* guesses then took place. "No," said Sheridan, "you have not hit it, and never will; I bought them and paid for them."

One day Sheridan met two royal dukes in St. James Street, and the younger flippantly remarked: "I say, Sherry, we have just been discussing whether you are a greater fool or rogue. What is your opinion, old boy?" Sheridan bowed, smiled, and, as he took each of them by the arm, quietly replied · "Why, faith, I believe I'm between both!"

Some mention having been made in his presence of a tax upon milestones, he said: "Such a tax would be unconstitutional, as they were a race that could not meet to remonstrate."

Once, being on a Parliamentary committee, Sheridan arrived when all the members were assembled and seated, and about to commence business. In vain he looked around for a seat, and then, with a bow and a quaint twinkle in his eyes, said: "Will any gentleman *move* that I might take the chair?"

Hearing that Gifford, the somewhat savage editor of The *Quarterly Review*, had boasted of his power of conferring and distributing literary reputation, Sheridan remarked: "Very true; and in the present instance he has done it so thoroughly *that he has none left for himself.*"

In a good-natured way he one day remarked to a creditor who demanded instant payment of a long-standing debt with interest: "My dear sir, you know it is not my *interest* to pay the *principal*, nor is it my *principle* to pay the *interest.*"

Lord Lauderdale happening to say that he would repeat some good thing of Sheridan's, the latter said: "Pray don't; *a joke in your mouth is no laughing matter.*"

The brilliant but unhappy Sheridan's parliamentary career drew to a close in 1812. Among the last sentences uttered by him in the House were the following brave and beautiful words: "My objection to the present ministry is that they are avowedly arrayed and embodied against a principle—that of concession to the Catho-

lics of Ireland[13]—which I think, and must always think, essential to the safety of this empire. I will never give my vote to any Administration that opposes the question of Catholic emancipation. I will not consent to receive a furlough upon that particular question, even though a ministry were carrying every other that I wished. In fine, I think the situation of Ireland a paramount consideration. If they were to be the last words I should ever utter in this House, I should say: 'Be just to Ireland, as you value your own honor; be just to Ireland, as you value your own peace.'"

Parliament was dissolved in September, 1812. Sheridan again went to the polls, but was defeated. This completed his ruin. The success and fortune which had smiled on his younger years frowned on his old age. For him all ordinary rules were reversed. At forty-four debts began to shower upon him; at sixty he was a hopeless bankrupt. What was the cause of his misfortune? The truth must be told; poor Sheridan had drank to excess. The *bottle* had blighted his bright genius and his hopeful life. He—the gifted and brilliant Sheridan—closed his last days in the shades of poverty and neglect. Oh! what a lesson. Forsaken by the false great ones who had basked around him in the sunshine of prosperity, Richard Brinsley Sheridan died in London on July 7, 1816, in his sixty-fifth year. The titled knaves who had heartlessly shunned the great man's death-bed now crowded round to partake of his glory as he was laid in the grave. In the worldly sense of the word, his funeral was "grand." Barons and lords, marquises and dukes followed in the train. Moore wrote:

'Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow
And friendships so false in the great and high born;
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died friendless and lorn!

"How proud they can press to the funeral array
Of him whom they shunned in his sickness and sorrow—
How bailiffs may seize his last blanket[14] to-day
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!"

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the Poet's Corner. Sheridan, when young, possessed a manly, handsome counte-

[13] Sheridan, it must be remembered, was not a Catholic.

[14] "A sheriff's officer arrested the dying man in his bed, and was about to carry him off in his blankets, when Doctor Bain interfered, and by threatening the officer with the responsibility he must incur if his prisoner should expire on the way, averted this outrage."—Stainforth's "Life of Sheridan."

nance, but in his later years his eyes were the only testimonials of beauty that remained to him. In person he was about the middle size, strong, and well proportioned.

Lord Byron's monody on Sheridan terminates thus:

> "Long shall we seek his likeness, long in vain,
> And turn to all of him which may remain,
> Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
> And broke the die in moulding Sheridan!"

We cannot better conclude this sketch than in the wise and eloquent words of his illustrious countrywoman, the Nun of Kenmare: "Had not Sheridan's besetting sin degraded and incapacitated him, it is probable he would have been Prime Minister on the death of Fox. At the early age of forty he was a confirmed drunkard. The master mind which had led a senate was clouded over by the fumes of an accursed spirit; the brilliant eyes that had captivated a million hearts were dimmed and bloodshot; the once noble brain, which had used its hundred gifts with equal success and ability, was deprived of all power of acting; the tongue whose potent spell had entranced thousands was scarcely able to articulate. Alas! and a thousand times alas! that man can thus mar his Maker's work, and stamp ruin and wretchedness where a wealth of mental power had been given to reign supreme!"[15]

SELECTIONS FROM SHERIDAN'S WORKS.

DRY BE THAT TEAR.

Dry be that tear, my gentlest love,
Be hush'd that struggling sigh,
Nor seasons, day, nor fate shall prove
More fixed, more true than I.
Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,
Cease boding doubt, cease anxious fear—
Dry be that tear.

Ask'st thou how long my love will stay,
When all that's new is past?
How long, ah! Delia?[16] can I say
How long my life will last?

[15] "Illustrated History of Ireland."
[16] Miss Elizabeth Linley, whom he afterwards married.

Dry be that tear, be hush'd that sigh,
At least I'll love thee till I die—
Hush'd be that sigh.

And does that thought affect thee too,
The thought of Sylvio's [17] death—
That he who only breathed for you
Must yield that faithful breath ?
Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,
Nor let us lose our heaven here—
Dry be that tear.

TO THE RECORDING ANGEL.

Cherub of Heaven that from thy secret stand
Dost note the follies of each mortal here,
Oh ! if Eliza's [18] steps employ thy hand,
Blot the sad legend with a mortal tear.
Nor when she errs, through passion's wild extreme,
Mark then her course, nor heed each trifling wrong ;
Nor when her sad attachment is her theme
Note down the transports of her erring tongue.
But when she sighs for sorrow not her own,
Let that dear sigh to mercy's cause be given,
And bear that tear to her Creator's throne
Which glistens in the eye upraised to Heaven !

THE LEARNED (!) DIALOGUE BETWEEN MRS. MALAPROP AND SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

FROM "THE RIVALS," ACT I. SCENE II.

Mrs. Malaprop and old Sir Anthony enter Lydia's room.

Mrs. Malaprop. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate simpleton who wants to disgrace her family and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lydia (*Mrs. Malaprop's niece*). Madam, I thought you once—

Mrs. Malaprop. You *thought*, miss ! I don't know any busi-

[17] Sheridan. [18] Mrs. Elizabeth Sheridan, *née* Linley.

ness you have to think at all; *thought* does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

LYDIA. Ah! madam, our memories are independent of our wills. It is not so easy to forget.

MRS. MALAPROP. But I say it is, miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to forget, if a person chooses to set about it. I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor, dear uncle as if he had never existed; and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

SIR ANTHONY. Why, sure she don't pretend to remember what she's ordered not!—ay, this comes of her reading.

MRS. MALAPROP. Now, don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it. But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid? Will you take a husband of your friend's choosing?

LYDIA. Madam, I must tell you plainly that, had I no preference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

MRS. MALAPROP. What business have you, miss, with preference and aversion? They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know that, as both always wear off, 'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor, dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a blackamoor; and yet, miss, you are sensible of what a wife I made; and when it pleased Heaven to release me from him 'tis unknown what tears I shed. But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

LYDIA. Could I belie my thoughts so far as to give that promise, my actions would certainly as far belie my words.

MRS. MALAPROP. Take yourself to your room. You are fit company for nothing but your ill-humors.

LYDIA. Willingly, ma'am. I cannot change for the worse.

[*Exit Lydia.*]

MRS. MALAPROP. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

SIR ANTHONY. It is not to be wondered at, ma'am; all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read. Had I a thousand daughters, confound it! I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet.

Mrs. Malaprop. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony; you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir Anthony. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming from a circulating library. She had a book in each hand; they were half-bound volumes with marble covers. From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress.

Mrs. Malaprop. Those are vile places, indeed.

Sir Anthony. Madam, a circulating library in a town is an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge. It blossoms through the year. And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves will long for the fruit at last.

Mrs. Malaprop. Fie, fie, Sir Anthony! you surely speak laconically.

Sir Anthony. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. Malaprop. Observe me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman. For instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning; neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments. But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts; and as she grew up I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries; but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do, and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know, and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

Sir Anthony. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I must confess that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almost every third word you say is on my side of the question. I have hopes, madam, that time will bring the young lady—

Mrs. Malaprop. Oh! there's nothing to be hoped for from her She's as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile!

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH ON THE IRISH REBELLION.

(*Delivered in June*, 1798.)

WHAT! when conciliation was held out to the people of Ireland, was there any discontent? When the government of Ireland was agreeable to the people, was there any discontent? After the prospect of that conciliation was taken away—after Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled—after the hopes which had been raised were blasted—when the spirit of the people was beaten down, insulted, despised, I will ask any gentleman to point out a single act of conciliation which has emanated from the government of Ireland! On the contrary, has not that country exhibited one continual scene of the most grievous oppression, of the most vexatious proceedings; arbitrary punishments inflicted; torture declared necessary by the highest authority in the sister kingdom next to that of the Legislature?

And do gentlemen say that the indignant spirit which is aroused by such exercise of government is unprovoked? Is this conciliation? Is this lenity? Has everything been done to avert the evils of rebellion? It is the fashion to say, and the Address holds the same language, that the rebellion which now rages in the sister kingdom has been owing to the machinations of "wicked men." Agreeing to the amendment proposed, it was my first intention to move that these words should be omitted. But, sir, the fact they assert is true. It is, indeed, to the measures of *wicked men* that the deplorable state of Ireland is to be imputed. It is to those *wicked ministers* who have broken the promises they held out; who betrayed the party they seduced to their views, to the instruments of the foulest treachery that ever was practised against any people. It is to those *wicked ministers* who have given up that devoted country to plunder, resigned it a prey to this faction, by which it has been so long trampled upon, and abandoned to every species of insult and oppression by which a country was ever overwhelmed or the spirit of a people insulted, that we owe the miseries into which Ireland is plunged and the dangers by which England is threatened. These evils are the doings of *wicked ministers*, and applied to them, the language of the Address records a fatal and melancholy truth!

SPEECH IN OPPOSITION TO PITT'S FIRST INCOME-TAX.

(*Delivered in the House of Commons.*)

A WISE man, sir, it is said, should doubt of everything. It was this maxim, probably, that dictated the amiable diffidence of the learned gentleman who addressed himself to the chair in these remarkable words: "I rise, Mr. Speaker, if I have risen." Now, to remove all doubts, I can assure the learned gentleman[19] that he actually did rise, and not only rose, but pronounced an able, long, and elaborate discourse, a considerable portion of which was employed in an erudite dissertation on the histories of Rome and Carthage. He further informed the House, upon the authority of Scipio, that we could never conquer the enemy until we were first conquered ourselves. It was when Hannibal was at the gates of Rome that Scipio had thought the proper moment for the invasion of Carthage—what a pity it is that the learned gentleman does not go with this consolation and the authority of Scipio to the Lord Mayor and aldermen of the city of London! Let him say: "Rejoice, my friends! Bonaparte is encamped at Blackheath! What happy tidings!" For here Scipio tells us you may every moment expect to hear of Lord Hawkesbury making his triumphal entry into Paris. It would be whimsical to observe how they would receive such joyful news. I should like to see such faces as they would make on that occasion. Though I doubt not of the erudition of the learned gentleman, he seems to me to have somehow confounded the stories of Hanno and Hannibal, of Scipio and the Romans. He told us that Carthage was lost by the parsimony or envy of Hanno in preventing the necessary supplies for the war being sent to Hannibal; but he neglected to go a little further, and to relate that Hanno accused the latter of having been ambitious—

"Juvenem furentem cupidine regni"—

and assured the Senate that Hannibal, though at the gates of Rome, was no less dangerous to Hanno. Be this, however, as it may, is there any Hanno in the British Senate? If there is, nothing can be more certain than that all the efforts and remonstrances of the British Hanno could not prevent a single man or a single guinea being sent for the supply of any Hannibal our ministers might

[19] Mr. Perceval, afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer.

choose. The learned gentleman added, after the defeat of Hannibal, Hanno laughed at the Senate ; but he did not tell us what he laughed at. The advice of Hannibal has all the appearance of being a good one:

"Carthaginis mœnia Romæ munerata."

If they did not follow his advice, they had themselves to blame for it.

The circumstance of a great, extensive, and victorious republic, breathing nothing but war in the long exercise of its most successful operations, surrounded with triumphs, and panting for fresh laurels, to be compared, much less represented as inferior, to the military power of England, is childish and ridiculous. What similitude is there between us and the great Roman Republic in the height of its fame and glory? Did you, sir, ever hear it stated that the Roman bulwark was a naval force? And, if not, what comparison can there be drawn between their efforts and power? This kind of rhodomontade declamation is finely described in the language of one of the Roman poets:

"I, demens, curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas, et DECLAMATIO fias."[20]
—*Juvenal*, Sat. x., 166.

The proper ground, sir, upon which this bill should be opposed I conceive to be neither the uncertainty of the criterion nor the injustice of the retrospect, though they would be sufficient. The tax itself will be found to defeat its own purposes. The amount which an individual paid to the assessed taxes last year can be no rule for what he shall pay in future. All the articles by which the gradations rose must be laid aside and never resumed again. Circumstanced as the country is, there can be no hope, no chance whatever, that, if the tax succeeds, it ever will be repealed. Each individual, therefore, instead of putting down this article or that, will make a final and general retrenchment, so that the minister cannot get at him in the same way again by any outward sign which might be used as a criterion of his wealth. These retrenchments cannot fail of depriving thousands of their bread, and it is vain to hold out the delusion of modification or indemnity to the

[20] Go, fight, to please schoolboy statesmen, and furnish a DECLAMATION for a doctor learned in the law.

lower orders. Every burthen imposed upon the rich in the articles which give the poor employment affects them not the less for affecting them circuitously. A coachmaker, for instance, would willingly compromise with the minister, to give him a hundred guineas not to lay the tax upon coaches; for though the hundred guineas would be much more than his proportion of the new tax, yet it would be much better for him to pay the larger contribution, than, by the laying down of coaches, be deprived of those orders by which he got his bread. The same is the case with watchmakers, which I had lately an opportunity of witnessing, who, by the tax imposed last year, are reduced to a state of ruin, starvation, and misery; yet, in proposing that tax, the minister alleged that the poor journeymen could not be affected, as the tax would only operate on the gentlemen by whom the watches were worn. It is as much cant, therefore, to say that, by bearing heavily on the rich, we are saving the lower orders, as it is folly to suppose we can come at real income by arbitrary assessment or by symptoms of opulence. There are three ways of raising large sums of money in a state: First, by voluntary contributions; secondly, by a great addition of new taxes; and, thirdly, by forced contributions, which is the worst of all, and which I aver the present plan to be. I am at present so partial to the first mode that I recommend the further consideration of this measure to be postponed for a month, in order to make an experiment of what might be effected by it. For this purpose let a bill be brought in authorizing the proper persons to receive voluntary contributions; and I should not care if it were read a third time to-night. I confess, however, that there are many powerful reasons which forbid us to be too sanguine in the success even of this measure. To awaken a spirit in the nation, the example should come from the first authority and the higher departments of the state. It is, indeed, seriously to be lamented that, whatever may be the burdens or distresses of the people, the government has hitherto never shown a disposition to contribute anything, and this conduct must hold out a poor encouragement to others. Heretofore all the public contributions were made for the benefit and profit of the contributors, in a manner inconceivable to more simple nations. If a native inhabitant of Bengal or China were to be informed that in the west of Europe there was a small island which in the course of one hundred years contributed four hundred and fifty millions to the exigencies of the state, and that

every individual, on the making of a demand, vied with his neighbor in alacrity to subscribe, he would immediately exclaim: "Magnanimous nation! you must surely be invincible." But far different would be his sentiments if informed of the tricks and jobs attending these transactions, where even loyalty was seen cringing for its bonus! If the first example were given from the highest authority, there would at least be some hopes of its being followed by other great men who received large revenues from the government. I would instance particularly the Teller of the Exchequer, and another person of high rank, who receive from their offices £13,000 a year more in war than they do in peace. The last noble lord (Lord Grenville) had openly declared for perpetual war, and could not bring his mind to think of anything like a peace with the French. Without meaning any personal disrespect, it was the nature of the human mind to receive a bias from such circumstances. So much was this acknowledged in the rules of this House that any person receiving a pension or high employment from his Majesty thereby vacated his seat. It was not, therefore, unreasonable to expect that the noble lord would contribute his proportion, and that a considerable one, to carry on the war, in order to show the world his freedom from such a bias. In respect to a near relative of that noble lord, I mean the noble marquis (Marquis of Buckingham), there could be no doubt of his coming forward liberally.

I remember when I was Secretary to the Treasury the noble marquis sent a letter there requesting that his office might, in point of fees and emoluments, be put under the same economical regulations as the others. The reason he assigned for it was, "the emoluments were so much greater in time of war than peace that his conscience would be hurt by feeling that he received them from the distresses of his country. No retrenchment, however, took place in that office. If, therefore, the marquis thought proper to bring the arrears since that time also from his conscience, the public would be at least £40,000 the better for it. By a calculation I have made, which, I believe, cannot be controverted, it appears, from the vast increase of our burdens during the war, that if peace were to be concluded to-morrow we should have to provide taxes annually to the amount of £28,000,000. To this is further to be added the expense of that system by which Ireland is not governed, but ground, insulted, and oppressed. To find a remedy for all these incum-

brances, the first thing to be done is to restore the credit of the bank, which has failed, as well in credit as in honor. Let it no longer, in the minister's hands, remain the slave of political circumstances. It must continue insolvent till the connection is broken off. I remember, in consequence of expressions made use of in this House upon former discussions, when it was thought the minister would relinquish that unnatural and ruinous alliance, the newspapers sported a good deal with the idea that the House of Commons had forbid the bans between him and the old lady.[21] Her friends had interfered, it was said, to prevent the union, as it was well known that it was her dower he sought, and not her person nor the charms of her society.

It is, sir, highly offensive to the decency and sense of a commercial people to observe the juggle between the minister and the bank. The latter vauntingly boasted itself ready and able to pay, but that the minister kindly prevented, and put a lock and key upon it. There is a liberality in the British nation which always makes allowance for inability of payment. Commerce requires enterprise, and enterprise is subject to losses. But I believe no indulgence was ever shown to a creditor saying, "I can, but will not pay you." Such was the real condition of the bank, together with its accounts, when they were laid before the House of Commons, and the chairman[22] reported from the committee, stating its prosperity and the great increase of its cash and bullion. The minister, however, took care to vary the old saying, "Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is better." "Ah!" said he, "my worthy chairman, this is excellent news, but I will take care to secure it." He kept his word, took the money, gave the Exchequer bills for it, which were no security, and there was then an end to all our public credit. It is singular enough, sir, that the report upon this bill stated that it was meant to secure our public credit from the avowed intentions of the French to make war upon it. This was done most effectually. Let the French come when they please; they cannot touch our public credit at least. The minister has wisely provided against it; for he has previously destroyed it. The only consolation besides that remains to us is his assurance that all will return again to its former state at the conclusion of the war. Thus we are to hope

[21] "Old lady of Threadneedle Street" is in England a common expression for the Bank of England.

[22] Mr. Bragge was chairman of the committee, and this gave Sheridan the hint for his punning allusion.

that, though the bank now presents a meagre spectre, as soon as peace is restored the golden bust will make its reappearance. This, however, is far from being the way to inspirit the nation or intimidate the enemy. Ministers have long taught the people of the inferior order that they can expect nothing from them but by coercion, and nothing from the great but by corruption. The highest encouragement to the French will be to observe the public supineness. Can they have any apprehension of national energy or spirit in a people whose minister is eternally oppressing them?

Though, sir, I have opposed the present tax, I am still conscious that our existing situation requires great sacrifices to be made, and that a foreign enemy must at all events be resisted. I behold in the measures of the minister nothing except the most glaring incapacity and the most determined hostility to our liberties; but we must be content, if necessary for preserving our independence from foreign attack, to strip to the skin. "It is an established maxim," we are told, that men must give up a part for the preservation of the remainder. I do not dispute the justice of the maxim. But this is the constant language of the gentleman opposite to me. We have already given up part after part, nearly till the whole is swallowed up. If I had a pound, and a person asked me for a shilling to preserve the rest, I should willingly comply, and think myself obliged to him. But if he repeated that demand till he came to my twentieth shilling, I should ask him, "Where is the remainder? Where is my pound now? Why, my friend, that is no joke at all." Upon the whole, sir, I see no salvation for the country but in the conclusion of a peace and the removal of the present ministers.

HENRY GRATTAN.

"By reading the admirable speeches of Grattan, I have discovered, as it were, a new world—the world of Ireland, of her long sufferings, her times of freedom and glory, her sublime geniuses, and her indefatigable struggles."[1]—COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.

"Who that ever hath heard him—that drank at the source
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring the fire and the force
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown."—MOORE.

"The speeches of Grattan are the finest specimens of imaginative eloquence in the English or in any language."—DAVIS.

HENRY GRATTAN, one of the greatest of Irish orators, statesmen, and patriots, was born in Dublin on the 3d of July, 1746. His father was for many years Recorder of the Capital of Ireland. Mary Marlay,[2] his mother, was a lady of refined taste, cultivated mind, and great personal attractions—in short, a rare woman. Henry, like most other great men of history, inherited his natural genius from his gifted mother. In nothing did he resemble his father, whose views were narrow and bigoted in the extreme.

Young Grattan was first sent to a school kept by a Mr. Ball in Great Ship Street, Dublin. Though of delicate constitution, he exhibited from his earliest years great energy of character. "His body," says one of his biographers, "was rather a frail tenement for a spirit so enterprising."[3]

In his seventeenth year Henry entered Trinity College, studied hard and successfully, and graduated with distinction in 1767. He then proceeded to London to qualify for the bar. Here he made the acquaintance of Burke, Fox, Chatham, and other famous men whose names have since passed into history.

Grattan's was a poetic and emotional nature. He loved others intensely, and the warmth of his friendship was universally reciprocated. He delighted in wandering in the open country, and his love of rural scenery had the nature of a passion.[4]

[1] This is the enthusiastic language of a gifted boy of eighteen.

[2] She was the daughter of Chief-Justice Marlay, who belonged to a distinguished Irish family of Norman origin.

[3] Madden, "Memoir of Grattan."

[4] Madden.

Many anecdotes are told of this period of Grattan's life. He was in the habit of declaiming to himself. His London landlady was alarmed. She wrote to his friends, requesting that he should be removed, as he was always pacing her garden addressing some person whom he called "Mr. Speaker;" and, in truth, she was in doubt of the sanity of her lodger! Judge Day relates that Grattan, in one of his moonlight rambles through Windsor Forest, stopped at a gibbet, whose chains he apostrophized in his usual animated strain. He was suddenly tapped upon the shoulder by a very prosaic personage, who enquired: "How the devil did you get down?"

In his twenty-sixth year, Grattan was called to the Irish bar. He soon discovered that law was not his vocation. Abandoning it, he was induced by several of his friends to enter the Irish Parliament. In the fall of 1775[5] he was elected member for Charlemont. Now began that grand public career extending over half a century —a career that ended only with the life of the illustrious man.

Let us glance back a hundred years. What do we see in unhappy Ireland? "A hundred years ago," says a recent writer, "one island insisted on ruling the other with iron despotism. Ireland, indeed, possessed a Parliament of its own; but not all the Lords and Commons of Ireland could pass a law, even about an Irish turnpike gate, without leave expressly asked and expressly given from London. Ireland had not a single representative in the English Parliament, and yet the English Parliament bound Ireland by any laws it liked. This legislative power was, as might be supposed, used ignorantly. It could scarcely be otherwise in those days, when a Yorkshire squire knew far less about Ireland than such a squire now knows about Timbuctoo. Whenever Irish interests clashed, or seemed to clash, with English interests, England remorselessly sacrificed the former to the latter, and laws were passed with the avowed object of prejudicing the entire population of Ireland."

A man now stepped upon the scene of Irish public affairs—a bright, brave man, whose soul scorned injustice, whose noble nature hated iniquity and tyranny, and who could not be bribed to stand unmoved at the awful oppression of his loved and unfortunate country. It was Henry Grattan. He was "twenty-nine years of age when he entered politics, and in seven years he was the trium-

[5] The same year, be it remarked, in which Daniel O'Connell was born.

phant leader of a people free and victorious, after hereditary bondage."[6] In 1779 he addressed the House on the subject of free trade for Ireland, and on the 19th of April, 1780, he made his famous demand for the constitutional independence of the Irish Parliament and the Irish nation. "His memorable speech[7] upon that occasion," writes Madden, "was the most splendid piece of eloquence that had ever been heard in Ireland, and it vies with the greatest efforts ever made in the English House of Commons."[8]

"I wish for nothing," exclaimed the noble Grattan in that immortal speech, "but to breathe in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition unless it be the ambition to break your chain and to contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked, but he shall not be in irons!"

The giant efforts of Grattan at length brought a day about on which the legislative independence of Ireland was proclaimed. She was permitted to make her own laws. It was April 16, 1782, one of the most memorable days in Irish history. The spectacle presented by the Irish metropolis was something never witnessed before, nor since. Thousands crowded round the Parliament House on College Green. The Irish Volunteers, soldiers racy of the soil, kept the multitude in order. Carriage after carriage passes. Finally one moves slowly and solemnly between the lines of the Volunteers. It contains the hero of the day. The name of Grattan is murmured. Cheers burst forth. The nation in one voice thunders its words of joyous welcome. Grattan bows to the people. He hurries up the granite steps, and as he does so a keen observer could see that those eyes which never feared the face of man are now streaming with overflowing tears. "Ah! dear, dear Grattan," exclaims one of his eloquent countrymen, "kindly Irish of the Irish—all our own!"[9]

Let us enter the Parliament-House. The Duke of Portland[10] rises. His message is brief. In the very first sentence he announces that the Irish have won the game, and that the King, Lords, and Com-

[6] Davis, "Literary and Historical Essays."
[7] See p. 338 for this speech on "The Declaration of Irish Right."
[8] "Memoir of Grattan."
[9] The late lamented Rev. James J. Murphy, editor of the Montreal *True Witness*.
[10] At that time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

mons of Great Britain have acceded without reserve to the declaration of the Irish Parliament, and have acknowledged officially the constitutional independence of Ireland. And now it is Grattan's turn. He is just thirty-six years of age; but he looks older by at least a dozen years. His face is not by any means a handsome face, not made according to any model that painters or young ladies have ever loved. But it is essentially a face of power, and of power that looks as if it had declared everlasting war against knavery and injustice. There is terrible strength in the intense mouth, terrible fire in the intense eyes, terrible daring in the knotted and grappling brows, and over the whole visage there is that awful self-forgetfulness which only comes from long pondering in the dark, or long watching with the stars. As the man rises—and he rises with a painful effort which seems spasmodic—his body looks to be small and shrunken, below the middle height, spare and bony, and as, lifting himself erect, he stretches out his uplifted hand the fingers seem spare and knotted as an eagle's claw. For the first two or three minutes, says a looker on, you can hardly keep from laughing, so awkward is the figure, so uncouth is the gesture; but gradually the man's voice asserts itself, soul is left alone with soul, and you are smitten through heart and brain with such a strength of speech as was never heard before except from the great Demosthenes. The stillness is terrible as death and the judgment day. At last the speaker sits down, every fibre of his body trembling with emotion, and at once there arises from all that vast assemblage such a rapture of applause as tells the people in the remotest part of historic Dublin that Grattan has triumphed and that Ireland is free.[11] Men shake hands with one another and toss their caps high in the air, and renewed and thunderous cheers proclaim the praises of Henry Grattan.[12]

"When Grattan rose, none dared oppose
The claim he made for freedom;
They knew our swords to back his words
Were ready, did he need them." [13]

"Thus was carried the revolution of 1782," writes Madden, "in the achievement of which Henry Grattan played a part that would

[11] On that day England for the first time recognized Ireland as a distinct kingdom, with a Parliament of her own, the sole legislature thereof.

[12] Rev. James J. Murphy.

[13] Davis's "Song of the Volunteers of 1782."

preserve his memory in history, even if his eloquence had not immortalized his name."[14]

The gratitude of the Irish nation was boundless. It was purposed in Parliament to reward Grattan's great services by voting him $500,000, "as a testimony of the national gratitude for great national services." To decline the grant was his first impulse. But his patrimony was small, and by the advice of his friends he consented to accept half of the sum voted him, at the same time forming the inflexible resolution never to take office, a resolution to which he adhered to the day of his death.

In 1782, during the very crisis of the age, Grattan married Miss Henrietta Fitzgerald, "a lady of beauty and virtue," writes Madden, "to whose character her son has paid a most touching tribute while recording his father's career."[15]

We have not space to follow minutely Grattan's grand Parliamentary career. We come down at once to the dark days of the Union. Unsuccessful revolution, disunion, the corruption begot of English gold, had at length done their sad work. Ireland was about to lose her Parliament, to give up her existence as a distinct kingdom. Where was Grattan? Though at this time sick at his home and almost dead, he had himself elected for Wicklow. It was the 15th of January, 1800. The last session of the last Irish Parliament opened its sittings. The crisis was at hand. The bill for the union of Ireland and England was the subject up for discussion. Each speaker for and against excelled himself. The night wore on. Suddenly, cheering was heard at the door of the House. Two of the members rushed out. Returning, they led between them a wasted and feeble man. It was Grattan! At his appearance, we are told, the whole House stood up and uncovered. As he took the oaths Lord Castlereagh and the ministers bowed and remained standing. Sobs of emotion burst from the galleries. All acknowledged the presence of genius and virtue in the person of the very father of the Irish Parliament, the great patriot whose frail body could scarcely contain his dauntless spirit. He was unable to stand; but, sitting down, he addressed the House for two hours, his eyes sparkling, and burning words flowing from his pale lips. The closing sentence of that great and solemn speech in opposition to the Union was: "Against such a proposition, were I expiring on

[14] "Memoir of Grattan."

[15] See Grattan's "Life," by his son, vol. iii. chap. i.

the floor, I should beg to utter my last breath and record my dying testimony!" "If the Irish Parliament," said a writer, "could have been saved by eloquence, Grattan would have saved it." But corruption was victorious, iniquity won the day, and Ireland disappeared from the list of independent nations!

Grattan, sad at heart, retired from public life, and until 1805 lived in the bosom of his family. In that year the friends of Catholic emancipation induced him to offer himself as a candidate for the British Parliament. He was elected for Dublin, which city he represented till his death. Let it be remembered to the everlasting honor of Grattan, that, though a Protestant himself, he was the unceasing advocate of the poor, oppressed, and down-trodden Catholics of his native isle. When other statesmen were ashamed to speak of Catholics as men having any rights, the noble Grattan, transcending the meanness and narrow bigotry of his age, raised his manly voice in their favor. At all times he claimed their entire emancipation. He wrought for them in the Irish Parliament. He wrought for them in the English Parliament. In season and out of season, till his dying day he was their tried and trusted friend. To their sacred cause, to use his own words, he "clung with desperate fidelity." It may be said with truth that he died in the cause of Catholic emancipation.[16] Though warned by his medical attendants of the consequences, he insisted, in 1820, upon going to London, that he might once more present the petition of the Catholics. "I shall be happy," said the venerable patriot, "to die in the performance of my duty." With these words on his lips he left Ireland never to see it again. He took sick soon after his arrival in England.

To the end he thought of nothing, dreamt of nothing, but his dear and unhappy country. "Keep knocking at the Union," he whispered on his death-bed to Lord Cloncurry. These were almost his last words. He died in London on June 6, 1820, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

"The purity of his life," says Sir James Mackintosh, "was the brightness of his glory. Among all the men of genius I have known, I have never found so much native grandeur of soul accompanying all the wisdom of age and all the simplicity of genius."[17]

"The history of his life," writes Mr. Chambers, "is, in a great

[16] "The Penny Cyclopædia," vol. xi.
[17] "Eulogy of Grattan."

measure, the history of the Irish Constitution, and entirely the history of the Irish Parliament." [18]

Grattan was the *first* modern Irishman who really ministered intellectually to the national character of his country. He "invented an eloquence," writes Madden, "to which the moral temperament of his country responded. His speeches are so much in conformity with its genius and its mental characteristics, as the pensive and wildly beautiful, yet alternately gay and exciting, music of the island. You may trace in his eloquence the vivid nature, the eager mind, the cordial sympathy, and aspiring soul of the Irishman. In short, Grattan was the first powerful assertor, as he is certainly the most splendid illustrator, of Irish genius." [19]

"No other orator," observes Thomas Davis, "is so uniformly animated. No other orator has brightened the depths of political philosophy with such vivid and lasting light. No writer in the language, except Shakspere, has so sublime and suggestive a diction. His force and vehemence are amazing—far beyond Chatham, far beyond Fox, far beyond any orator we can recall." [20]

"Grattan may be ranked," wrote a famous critic, "among the greatest masters of the sarcastic style. He had a lively and playful fancy, which he seldom permitted to break loose, and his habits of labor were such that he abounded in all information, ancient and modern, which his subject required, and could finish his composition with a degree of care seldom bestowed upon speeches in modern times. Finally, he was a man of undaunted courage, and always rose with the difficulties of his situation. No one ever threw him off his guard. Whoever dreamed that he had caught him unawares was speedily aroused to a bitter sense of his mistake; and it is a remarkable circumstance that, of all his speeches now preserved, the two most striking in point of execution are those personal attacks upon Mr. Flood and Mr. Corry, which, from the nature of the occasions that called them forth, must of necessity have been the production of the moment." [21]

Lord Byron said that Grattan was—

> "With all that Demosthenes wanted endowed,
> And his rival or master in all he possessed."

Of Grattan the famous Sydney Smith wrote: "No government

[18] "Chambers's Encyclopædia," vol. v.
[19] "Memoir of Grattan."
[20] "Literary and Historical Essays."
[21] *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxxviii.

ever dismayed him; the world could not bribe him; he thought only of Ireland; lived for no other object; dedicated to her his beautiful fancy, his manly courage, and all the splendor of his astonishing eloquence."

To the foregoing we add our sincere and admiring testimony. It is now (1877) fifty-seven years since Grattan's death. The fame of his greatness and his eloquence has but grown with the growth of years. We read and reread his speeches—his unrivalled speeches—with astonishment and delight. Evermore they enrich English literature. In a degree possessed by no others they find their way to the heart, they captivate the soul. And as a noble and patriotic orator, whose excellent sense, massive grandeur of thought, sublimity of sentiment, beauty of imagination, and magic grasp of language carry all before them, we must concede to Grattan the highest rank. We style him the orator of orators.

SPEECH ON THE DECLARATION OF IRISH RIGHTS.

(*Delivered in the Irish House of Commons, April* 19, 1780.)

Sir: I have entreated an attendance on this day that you might, in the most public manner, deny the claim of the British Parliament to make law for Ireland, and with one voice lift up your hands against it.

If I had lived when the 9th of William took away the woollen manufacture, or when the 6th of George I. declared this country to be dependent and subject to laws to be enacted by the Parliament of England, I should have made a covenant with my own conscience to seize the first moment of rescuing my country from the ignominy of such acts of power; or, if I had a son, I should have administered to him an oath that he would consider himself a person separate and set apart for the discharge of so important a duty. Upon the same principle am I now come to move a declaration of right, the first moment occurring, since my time, in which such a declaration could be made with any chance of success, and without aggravation of oppression.

Sir, it must appear to every person that, notwithstanding the import of sugar and export of woollens, the people of this country are not satisfied; something remains; the greater work is behind;

the public heart is not well at ease. To promulgate our satisfaction; to stop the throats of millions with the votes of Parliament; to preach homilies to the volunteers; to utter invectives against the people, under pretence of affectionate advice, is an attempt weak, suspicious, and inflammatory.

You cannot dictate to those whose sense you are entrusted to represent. Your ancestors who sat within these walls lost to Ireland trade and liberty; you, by the assistance of the people, have recovered trade; you still owe the kingdom liberty; she calls upon you to restore it; and if this nation, after the death-wound given to her freedom, had fallen on her knees in anguish and besought the Almighty to frame an occasion in which a weak and injured people might recover their rights, prayer could not have asked, nor God have furnished, a moment more opportune for the restoration of liberty than this in which I have the honor to address you.

England now smarts under the lesson of the American War; the doctrine of imperial legislature she feels to be pernicious. The revenues and monopolies annexed to it she has found to be untenable; she lost the power to enforce it. Her enemies are a host, pouring upon her from all quarters of the earth. Her armies are dispersed; the sea is not hers; she has no minister, no ally, no admiral—none in whom she long confides—and no general whom she has not disgraced. The balance of her fate is in the hands of Ireland; you are not only her last connection, you are the only nation in Europe that is not her enemy. Besides, there does, of late, a certain damp and spurious supineness overcast her arms and councils, miraculous as that vigor which has lately inspirited yours. For with you everything is the reverse. Never was there a Parliament in Ireland so possessed of the confidence of the people. You are the greatest political assembly now sitting in the world; you are at the head of an immense army. Nor do we only possess an unconquerable force, but a certain unquenchable public fire, which has touched all ranks of men like a visitation.

Turn to the growth and spring of your country, and behold and admire it! Where do you find a nation who, upon whatever concerns the rights of mankind, expresses herself with more truth or force, perspicuity or justice? Not the set phrase of scholastic men, not the tame unreality of court addresses, not the vulgar raving of a rabble, but the genuine speech of liberty and the unsophisticated oratory of a free nation.

See her military ardor, expressed not only in 40,000 men, conducted by instinct as they were raised by inspiration, but manifested in the zeal and promptitude of every young member of the growing community. Let corruption tremble! Let the enemy, foreign or domestic, tremble; but let the friends of liberty rejoice at these means of safety and this hour of redemption! Yes, there does exist an enlightened sense of rights, a young appetite for freedom, a solid strength, and a rapid fire, which not only put a declaration of right within your power, but put it out of your power to decline one. Eighteen counties are at your bar. They stand there with the compact of Henry, with the charter of John, and with all the passions of the people. "Our lives are at your service; but our liberties—we received them from God; we will not resign them to man." Speaking to you thus, if you repulse these petitioners, you abdicate the privileges of Parliament, forfeit the rights of the kingdom, repudiate the instruction of your constituents, belie the sense of your country, palsy the enthusiasm of the people, and reject that good which not a minister, not a Lord North, not a Lord Buckinghamshire, not a Lord Hillsborough, but a certain providential conjuncture, or rather the hand of God, seems to extend to you. Nor are we only prompted to this when we consider our strength; we are challenged to it when we look to Great Britain. The people of that country are now waiting to hear the Parliament of Ireland speak on the subject of their liberty; it begins to be made a question in England whether the principal persons wish to be free. It was the delicacy of former Parliaments to be silent on the subject of commercial restrictions, lest they should show a knowledge of the fact and not a sense of the violation. You have spoken out; you have shown a knowledge of the fact, and not a sense of the violation. On the contrary, you have returned thanks for a partial repeal made on a principle of power; you have returned thanks as for a favor, and your exultation has brought your character as well as your spirit into question, and tends to shake to her foundation your title to liberty. Thus you do not leave your rights where you found them. You have done too much not to do more; you have gone too far not to go on; you have brought yourselves into that situation in which you must silently abdicate the rights of your country or publicly restore them. It is very true you may feed your manufacturers, and landed gentlemen may get their rents, and you may export woollens, and may load a vessel with baize, serges,

and kerseys, and you may bring back again directly from the plantations sugar, indigo, speckle-wood, beetle-root, and panellas; but liberty, the foundation of trade, the charters of the land, the independence of Parliament, the securing, crowning, and the consummation of everything, are yet to come. Without them the work is imperfect, the foundation is wanting, the capital is wanting, trade is not free, Ireland is a colony without the benefit of a charter, and you are a provincial synod without the privileges of a Parliament.

I therefore say, with the voice of 3,000,000 of people, that, notwithstanding the import of sugar, beetle-wood, and panellas, and the export of woollens and kerseys, nothing is safe, satisfactory, or honorable, nothing except a declaration of right. What! are you, with 3,000,000 of men at your back, with charters in one hand and arms in the other, afraid to say you are a free people? Are you, the greatest House of Commons that ever sat in Ireland, that want but this one act to equal that English House of Commons that passed the Petition of Right, or that other that passed the Declaration of Right, are you afraid to tell that British Parliament you are a free people? Are the cities and the instructing counties, who have breathed a spirit that would have done honor to old Rome when Rome did honor to mankind, are they to be free by connivance? Are the military associations, those bodies whose origin, progress, and deportment have transcended—equalled, at least—anything in modern or ancient story—is the vast line of northern army—are they to be free by connivance? What man will settle among you? Where is the use of the Naturalization Bill? What man will settle among you? Who will leave a land of liberty and a settled government for a kingdom controlled by the Parliament of another country, whose liberty is a thing by stealth, whose trade a thing by permission, whose judges deny her charters, whose Parliament leaves everything at random; where the chance of freedom depends upon the hope that the jury shall despise the judge stating a British act, or a rabble stop the magistrate executing it, rescue your abdicated privileges, and save the Constitution by trampling on the Government, by anarchy, and confusion?

But I shall be told that these are groundless jealousies, and that the principal cities, and more than one-half of the counties of the kingdom, are misguided men raising those groundless jealousies. Sir, let me become, on this occasion, the people's advocate, and your

historian. The people of this country were possessed of a code of liberty similar to that of Great Britain, but lost it through the weakness of the kingdom and the pusillanimity of its leaders. Having lost our liberty by the usurpation of the British Parliament, no wonder we became a prey to her ministers; and they did plunder us with all the hands of all the harpies, for a series of years, in every shape of power, terrifying our people with the thunder of Great Britain and bribing our leaders with the rapine of Ireland. The kingdom became a plantation; her Parliament, deprived of its privileges, fell into contempt, and with the Legislature, the law, the spirit of liberty, with her forms, vanished. If a war broke out, as in 1778, and an occasion occurred to restore liberty and restrain rapine, Parliament declined the opportunity; but, with an active servility and trembling loyalty, gave and granted, without regard to the treasure we had left or the rights we had lost. If a partial reparation was made upon a principle of expediency, Parliament did not receive it with the tranquil dignity of an august assembly, but with the alacrity of slaves.

The people of Ireland are not satisfied; they ask for a Constitution; they have the authority of the wisest men in this House for what they now demand. What have these walls for this last century resounded? The usurpation of the British Parliament and the interference of the Privy Council. Have we taught the people to complain, and do we now condemn their insatiability because they desire us to remove such grievances at a time in which nothing can oppose them, except the very men by whom these grievances were acknowledged?

Sir, we may hope to dazzle with illumination, and we may sicken with addresses, but the public imagination will never rest, nor will her heart be well at ease—never! so long as the Parliament of England exercises or claims a legislation over this country. So long as this shall be the case, that very free trade, otherwise a perpetual attachment, will be the cause of new discontent; it will create a pride to feel the indignity of bondage; it will furnish a strength to bite your chain, and the liberty withheld will poison the good communicated.

The British minister mistakes the Irish character. Had he intended to make Ireland a slave, he should have kept her a beggar. There is no middle policy; win her heart by the restoration of her right, or cut off the nation's right hand; greatly emancipate, or

fundamentally destroy. We may talk plausibly to England, but so long as she exercises a power to bind this country, so long are the nations in a state of war; the claims of the one go against the liberty of the other, and the sentiments of the latter go to oppose those claims to the last drop of her blood. The English Opposition, therefore, are right; mere trade will not satisfy Ireland—they judge of us by other great nations, by the nation whose political life has been a struggle for liberty; they judge of us with a true knowledge of and just deference for our character—that a country enlightened as Ireland, chartered as Ireland, armed as Ireland, and injured as Ireland, will be satisfied with nothing less than liberty.

There is no objection to this resolution, except fears. I have examined your fears; I pronounce them to be frivolous. If England is a tyrant, it is you have made her so; it is the slave that makes the tyrant, and then murmurs at the master whom he himself has constituted. There is nothing in the way of your liberty except your own corruption and pusillanimity, and nothing can prevent your being free except yourselves. It is not in the disposition of England; it is not in the interest of England; it is not in her arms. What! can 8,000,000 of Englishmen, opposed to 20,000,000 of French, to 7,000,000 of Spanish, to 3,000,000 of Americans, reject the alliance of 3,000,000 in Ireland? Can 8,000,000 of British men, thus outnumbered by foes, take upon their shoulders the expense of an expedition to enslave you? Will Great Britain, a wise and magnanimous country, thus tutored by experience and wasted by war, the French navy riding her Channel, send an army to Ireland, to levy no tax, to enforce no law, to answer no end whatsoever, except to spoliate the charters of Ireland and enforce a barren oppression? What! has England lost thirteen provinces? Has she reconciled herself to this loss, and will she not be reconciled to the liberty of Ireland? Take notice that the very Constitution which I move you to declare, Great Britain herself offered to America; it is a very instructive proceeding in the British history. In 1778 a commission went out, with powers to cede to the thirteen provinces of America, totally and radically, the legislative authority claimed over her by the British Parliament, and the commissioners, pursuant to their powers, did offer to all or any of the American States the total surrender of the legislative authority of the British Parliament. What! has England offered this to the resistance of America, and will she refuse it to the

loyalty of Ireland? Your fears are then nothing but an habitual subjugation of mind; that subjugation of mind which made you, at first, tremble at every great measure of safety; which made the principal men amongst us conceive the commercial association would be a war; that fear, which made them imagine the military association had a tendency to treason; which made them think a short money-bill would be a public convulsion; and yet these measures have not only proved to be useful, but are held to be moderate, and the Parliament that adopted them praised, not for its unanimity only, but also for its temper. You now wonder that you submitted for so many years to the loss of the woollen trade and the deprivation of the glass trade; raised above your former abject state in commerce, you are ashamed at your past pusillanimity. So when you have summoned a boldness which shall assert the liberties of your country—raised by the act, and reinvested, as you will be, in the glory of your ancient rights and privileges—you will be surprised at yourselves, who have so long submitted to their violation. Moderation is but a relative term; for nations, like men, are only safe in proportion to the spirit they put forth, and the proud contemplation with which they survey themselves. Conceive yourselves a plantation, ridden by an oppressive government, and everything you have done is but a fortunate frenzy; conceive yourselves to be what you are, a great, a growing, and a proud nation, and a declaration of right is no more than the safe exercise of your indubitable authority.

I shall hear of ingratitude; I name the argument to despise it and the men who make use of it. I know the men who use it are not grateful, they are insatiate; they are public extortioners, who would stop the tide of public prosperity, and turn it to the channel of their own emolument. I know of no species of gratitude which should prevent my country from being free, no gratitude which should oblige Ireland to be the slave of England. In cases of robbery and usurpation nothing is an object of gratitude except the thing stolen, the charter spoliated. A nation's liberty cannot, like her treasures, be meted and parcelled out in gratitude. No man can be grateful or liberal of his conscience, nor woman of her honor, nor nation of her liberty. There are certain unimpartable, inherent, invaluable properties not to be alienated from the person, whether body politic or body natural. With the same contempt do I treat that charge which says that Ireland is insatiable, saying that Ireland asks nothing but that

which Great Britain has robbed her of, her rights and privileges. To say that Ireland will not be satisfied with liberty because she is not satisfied with slavery is folly. I laugh at that man who supposes that Ireland will not be content with a free trade and a free Constitution; and would any man advise her to be content with less?

I shall be told that we hazard the modification of the law of Poynings' and the Judges' Bill, and the Habeas Corpus Bill, and the Nullum Tempus Bill; but I ask, Have you been for years begging for these little things and have not you yet been able to obtain them? and have you been contending against a little body of eighty men in Privy Council assembled, convocating themselves into the image of a Parliament, and ministering your high office? And have you been contending against one man, an humble individual, to you a leviathan, the English Attorney-General, who advises in the case of Irish bills, and exercises legislation in his own person, and makes your parliamentary deliberations a blank, by altering your bills or suppressing them? And have you not yet been able to conquer this little monster? Do you wish to know the reason? I will tell you; because you have not been a parliament nor your country a people. Do you wish to know the remedy? be a Parliament, become a nation, and these things will follow in the train of your consequence. I shall be told that titles are shaken, being vested by force of English acts; but, in answer to that, I observe time may be a title, acquiescence a title, forfeiture a title, but an English act of Parliament certainly cannot. It is an authority which, if a judge would charge, no jury would find, and which all the electors in Ireland have already disclaimed unequivocally, cordially, and universally. Sir, this is a good argument for an act of title, but no argument against a declaration of right. My friend, who sits above me (Mr. Yelverton), has a Bill of Confirmation; we do not come unprepared to Parliament. I am not come to shake property, but to confirm property and restore freedom. The nation begins to form; we are moulding into a people; freedom asserted, property secured, and the army (a mercenary band) likely to be restrained by law. Never was such a revolution accomplished in so short a time, and with such public tranquillity.

The same laws, the same charters, communicate to both kingdoms, Great Britain and Ireland, the same rights and privileges; and one privilege above them all is that communicated by Magna Charta, by the 25th of Edward the Third, and by a multitude of other statutes, "not to be bound by any act except made with the archbishops,

bishops, earls, barons, and freemen of the commonalty"—viz., of the Parliament of the realm. On this right of exclusive legislation are founded the Petition of Right, Bill of Right, Revolution, and Act of Settlement. The King has no other title to his crown than that which you have to your liberty; both are founded, the throne and your freedom, upon the right vested in the subject to resist by arms, notwithstanding their oaths of allegiance, any authority attempting to impose acts of power as laws, whether that authority be one man or a host, the second James, or the British Parliament.

And as anything less than liberty is inadequate to Ireland, so is it dangerous to Great Britain. We are too near the British nation, we are too conversant with her history, we are too much fired by her example, to be anything less than her equal; anything less! we should be her bitterest enemies, an enemy to that power which smote us with her mace, and to that Constitution from whose blessings we were excluded. To be ground as we have been by the British nation, bound by her Parliament, plundered by her Crown, threatened by her enemies, insulted with her protection, while we returned thanks for her condescension, is a system of meanness and misery which has expired in our determination, as I hope it has in her magnanimity.

That there are precedents against us I allow—acts of power I would call them, not precedents—and I answer the English pleading such precedents as they answered their kings when they urged precedents against the liberty of England: Such things are the weakness of the times; the tyranny of the one side, the feebleness of the other, the law of neither; we will not be bound by them; or rather, in the words of the Declaration of Right, "no doing judgment, proceeding, or anywise to the contrary, shall be brought into precedent or example." Do not, then, tolerate a power, the power of the British Parliament, over this land which has no foundation in utility, or necessity, or empire, or the laws of England, or the laws of Ireland, or the laws of nature, or the laws of God; do not suffer it to have a duration in your mind.

Do not tolerate that power which blasted you for a century, that power which shattered your looms, banished your manufactures, dishonored your peerage, and stopped the growth of your people; do not, I say, be bribed by an export of woollen, or an import of sugar, and permit that power which has thus withered the land to remain in your country and have existence in your pusillanimity.

Do not suffer the arrogance of England to imagine a surviving hope in the fears of Ireland; do not send the people to their own resolves for liberty, passing by the tribunals of justice and the high court of Parliament; neither imagine that, by any formation of apology, you can palliate such a commission to your hearts, still less to your children, who will sting you with their curses in your grave for having interposed between them and their Maker, robbing them of an immense occasion, and losing an opportunity which you did not create and can never restore.

Hereafter, when these things shall be history—your age of thraldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament—shall the historian stop at liberty, and observe that here the principal men among us fell into mimic trances of gratitude; they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury; and when liberty was within their grasp, and the temple opened her folding doors, and the arms of the people clanged, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down and were prostituted at the threshold?

I might, as a constituent, come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you, by the laws of the land and their violation, by the instruction of eighteen counties, by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment, tell us the rule by which we shall go, assert the law of Ireland, declare the liberty of the land.

I will not be answered by a public lie in the shape of an amendment; neither, speaking for the subject's freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags. He may be naked, he shall not be in irons; and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it, and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.

I shall move you, "That the King's most excellent Majesty, and the Lords and Commons of Ireland, are the only power competent to make laws to bind Ireland."

SPEECH ON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

(*Delivered in the Irish Parliament, Feb.* 20, 1782.)

Sir: I object to any delay that can be given to this clause.[22] When this country had resolved no longer to crouch beneath the burden of oppression that England had laid upon her, when she armed in defence of her rights, and a high-spirited people demanded a free trade, did the Roman Catholics desert their countrymen? No, no; they were found among the foremost. When it was afterwards thought necessary to assert a free Constitution, the Roman Catholics displayed their public virtue; they did not endeavor to make terms for themselves, but they entered frankly and heartily into the cause of their country, judging by their own virtue that they might depend upon your generosity for their reward. But now, after you have retained a free trade, after the voice of the nation has asserted her independence, they approach the House as humble suppliants, and beg to be admitted to the common rights of men. Upon the occasions I have mentioned I did carefully observe their actions, and did then determine to support their cause whenever it came before this House.

The question now is, whether we shall grant Roman Catholics the power of enjoying estates—whether we shall be *a Protestant settlement or an Irish nation?* Whether we shall throw open the gates of the temple of liberty to all our countrymen, or whether we shall confine them in bondage by penal laws. So long as the penal code remains, we *never* can be a great nation. The penal code is the shell in which the Protestant power has been hatched, and now that it has become a bird it must burst the shell or perish in it.

In Holland, where the number of Roman Catholics is comparatively small, the toleration of their religion is an act of mercy to them; but in this country it is an act of policy, an act of necessity, an act of incorporation. The question is not whether we shall show mercy to the Roman Catholics, but whether we shall mould the inhabitants of Ireland into a people; for so long as we exclude Catholics from natural liberty and the common rights of man we are not *a people. We may triumph over them, but other nations will triumph over us.* If you love the Roman Catholic, you may be sure of a re-

[22] A clause in the bill which moved that Irish Catholics be *restored* to the *rights* of purchasing, holding, and inheriting property. By the barbarous Government of England they had long been deprived of any rights—even the right to breathe and live!

turn from him; but if you treat him with cruelty, you must always live in fear, conscious that you merit his just resentment. Will you, then, go down the stream of time, the Roman Catholic sitting by your side, unblessing and unblest, blasting and blasted? Or will you take off his chain, that he may take off yours? Will you give him freedom, that he may guard your liberty?

I give my consent to the clause in its *principle*, *extent*, and *boldness;* I give my consent to it as the most likely means of obtaining a victory over the prejudices of Catholics, and over our own; I give my consent to it because I would not keep 2,000,000 of my fellow-subjects in a state of slavery, and because, as a mover of the *Declaration of Rights*, I would be ashamed of giving *freedom* to but 600,000 of my countrymen when I could extend it to 2,000,000 more.

PHILIPPIC AGAINST FLOOD.

(*October* 28, 1783.)

It is not the slander of an evil tongue that can defame me. I maintain my reputation in public and in private life. No man who has not a bad character can ever say that I deceived; no country can call me a cheat. But I will suppose such a public character. I will suppose such a man to have existence; I will begin with his character in his political cradle, and I will follow him to the last state of political dissolution.

I will suppose him in the first stage of his life to have been intemperate, in the second to have been corrupt, and in the last seditious; that after an envenomed attack on the persons and measures of a succession of Viceroys, and after much declamation against their illegalities and their profusion, he took office, and became a supporter of Government when the profusion of ministers had greatly increased, and their crimes multiplied beyond example; when your money bills were altered without reserve by the council; when an embargo was laid on your export trade, and a war declared against the liberties of America. At such a critical moment I will suppose this gentleman to be corrupted by a great sinecure office to muzzle his declamation, to swallow his invectives, to give his assent and vote to the ministers, and to become a supporter of Government, its measures, its embargo, and its American War. I will sup-

pose that he was suspected by the Government that had bought him, and in consequence thereof that he thought proper to resort to the arts of a trimmer, the last sad refuge of disappointed ambition; that, with respect to the Constitution of his country—that part, for instance, which regarded the Mutiny Bill when a clause of reference was introduced whereby the articles of war which were, or hereafter might be, passed in England should be current in Ireland without the interference of her Parliament—when such a clause was in view I will suppose this gentleman to have absconded. Again, when the bill was made perpetual, I will suppose him again to have absconded. But a year and a half after the bill had passed, then I will suppose this gentleman to have come forward, and to say that your Constitution had been destroyed by the perpetual bill. With regard to that part of the Constitution that relates to the law of Poynings, I will suppose the gentleman to have made many a long, very long, disquisition before he took office, but after he had received office to have been as silent on that subject as before he had been loquacious. That when money bills, under color of that law, were altered year after year, as in 1775 and 1776, and when the bills so altered were resumed and passed, I will suppose that gentleman to have absconded or acquiesced, and to have supported the minister who made the alteration; but when he was dismissed from office, and a member introduced a bill to remedy this evil, I will suppose that this gentleman inveighed against the mischief, against the remedy, and against the person of the introducer, who did that duty which he himself for seven years had abandoned. With respect to that part of the Constitution which is connected with the repeal of the 6th of George I., when the adequacy of the repeal was debating in the House I will suppose this gentleman to make no kind of objection; that he never named at that time the word renunciation; and that, on the division on that subject, he absconded; but when the office he had lost was given to another man, that then he came forward and exclaimed against the measure; nay, that he went into the public streets to canvass for sedition, that he became a rambling incendiary, and endeavored to excite a mutiny in the volunteers against an adjustment between Great Britain and Ireland of liberty and repose, which he had not the virtue to make, and against an Administration who had the virtue to free the country without buying the members.

With respect to commerce, I will suppose this gentleman to have

supported an embargo which lay on the country for three years, and almost destroyed it, and when an address in 1778 to open her trade was propounded, to remain silent and inactive; and with respect to that other part of her trade which regarded the duty on sugar, when the merchants were examined in 1778 on the inadequate protecting duty, when the inadequate duty was voted, when the act was recommitted, when another duty was proposed, when the bill returned with the inadequate duty substituted, when the altered bill was adopted—on every one of those questions I will suppose the gentleman to abscond; but a year and a half after the mischief was done, he out of office, I will suppose him to come forth, and to tell his country that her trade had been destroyed by an inadequate duty on English sugar, as her Constitution had been ruined by a perpetual Mutiny Bill. With relation to three-fourths of our fellow-subjects, the Catholics, when a bill was introduced to grant them rights of property and religion, I will suppose this gentleman to have come forth to give his negative to their pretensions. In the same manner I will suppose him to have opposed the institution of the volunteers, to which we owe so much, and that he went to a meeting in his own country to prevent their establishment; that he kept himself out of their associations; that he was almost the only man in this House that was not in uniform; and that he never was a volunteer until he ceased to be a placeman, and until he became an incendiary.

With regard to the liberties of America, which were inseparable from ours, I will suppose this gentleman to have been an enemy decided and unreserved; that he voted against her liberty, and voted, moreover, for an address to send 4,000 Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans; that he called these butchers "armed negotiators," and stood with a metaphor in his mouth and a bribe in his pocket, a champion against the rights of America, the only hope of Ireland, and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind.

Thus defective in every relationship, whether to Constitution, commerce, toleration, I will suppose this man to have added much private improbity to public crimes; that his probity was like his patriotism, and his honor on a level with his oath. He loves to deliver panegyrics on himself. I will interrupt him, and say: Sir, you are much mistaken if you think that your talents have been as great as your life has been reprehensible. You began your parlia-

mentary career with an acrimony and personality which could have been justified only by a supposition of virtue. After a rank and clamorous opposition, you became on a sudden *silent;* you were silent for seven years; you were silent on the greatest questions, and you were silent for money! In 1773, while a negotiation was pending to sell your talents and your turbulence, you absconded from your duty in Parliament; you forsook your law of Poynings; you forsook the questions of economy, and abandoned all the old themes of your former declamation; you were not at that period to be found in the House; you were seen, like a guilty spirit, haunting the lobby of the House of Commons, watching the moment in which the question should be put, that you might vanish. You were descried with a criminal anxiety retiring from the scenes of your past glory; or you were perceived coasting the upper benches of this House like a bird of prey, with an evil aspect and a sepulchral note, meditating to pounce on its quarry. These ways —they were not the ways of honor—you practised pending a negotiation which was to end either in your sale or your sedition. The former taking place, you supported the rankest measures that ever came before Parliament—the embargo of 1776, for instance. "O fatal embargo! that breach of law and ruin of commerce!" You supported the unparalleled profusion and jobbing of Lord Harcourt's scandalous ministry; the address to support the American War; the other address to send 4,000 men whom you had yourself declared to be necessary for the defence of Ireland to fight against the liberties of America, to which you had declared yourself a friend; you, sir, who delight to utter execrations against the American commissioners of 1778, on account of their hostility to America; you, sir, who manufacture stage thunder against Mr. Eden for his anti-American principles; you, sir, whom it pleases to chant a hymn to the immortal Hampden; you, sir, approved of the tyranny exercised against America, and you, sir, voted 4,000 Irish troops to cut the throats of the Americans fighting for their freedom, fighting for your freedom, fighting for the great principle, *liberty.* But you found at last (and this should be an eternal lesson to men of your craft and cunning) that the king had only dishonored you; the court had bought, but would not trust, you; and, having voted for the worst measures, you remained for seven years the creature of *salary,* without the confidence of Government. Mortified at the discovery, and stung by disappointment, you betake yourself to

the sad expedients of duplicity; you try the sorry game of a trimmer in your progress to the acts of an incendiary; you give no honest support either to the Government or the people; you, at the most critical period of their existence, take no part, you sign no non-consumption agreement, you are no volunteer, you oppose no perpetual Mutiny Bill, no altered Sugar Bill; you declare that you lament that the Declaration of Rights should have been brought forward; and observing, with regard to prince and people, the most impartial treachery and desertion, you justify the suspicion of your sovereign by betraying the Government, as you had sold the people; until, at last, by this hollow conduct, and for some other steps, the result of mortified ambition, being dismissed, and another person put in your place, you fly to the ranks of the volunteers, and canvass for mutiny; you announce that the country was ruined by other men during that period in which she had been sold by you. Your logic is that the repeal of a declaratory law is not the repeal of a law at all, and the effect of that logic is an English act affecting to emancipate Ireland by exercising over her the legislative authority of the British Parliament. Such has been your conduct, and at such conduct every order of your fellow-subjects have a right to exclaim. The merchant may say to you, the constitutionalist may say to you, the American may say to you, and I, I now say, and say to your beard: Sir, you are not an honest man.

REPLY TO CORRY.

(*February* 14, 1800.)

Has the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House, but I did not call him to order. Why? Because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time. On any other occasion I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt anything which might fall from that honorable member, but there are times when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation.

I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it when not made by an honest man.

The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask, why not "traitor," unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him it was because he dare not. It was the act of a coward who raises his aim to strike but has not courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a Privy Counsellor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I say he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament and freedom of debate to the uttering language which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a Privy Counsellor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow. He has charged me with being connected with the rebels; the charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false. Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not. I scorn to answer any wizard of the Castle throwing himself into fantastical airs. But if an honorable and independent man were to make a charge against me, I would say: "You charge me with having an intercourse with the rebels, and you found your charge upon what is said to have appeared before a committee of the Lords. Sir, the report of that committee is totally and egregiously irregular." I will read a letter from Mr. Nelson, who had been examined before that committee. It states that what the report represents him as having spoken is *not what he said.*[23]

[23] Mr. Grattan here read a letter from Mr. Nelson denying that he had any connection with Mr. Grattan as charged in the report; and concluding by saying, "*Never was misrepresentation more vile than that put into my mouth by the report.*"

From the situation that I held, and from the connections I had in the city of Dublin, it was necessary for me to hold intercourse with various descriptions of persons. The right honorable member might as well have been charged with a participation in the guilt of those traitors; for he had communicated with some of those very persons on the subject of parliamentary reform. The Irish Government, too, were in communication with some of them.

The right honorable member has told me I deserted a profession where wealth and station were the reward of industry and talent. If I mistake not, that gentleman endeavored to obtain those rewards by the same means; but he soon deserted the occupation of a barrister for those of a parasite and pander. He fled from the labor of study to flatter at the table of the great. He found the lord's parlor a better sphere for his exertions than the hall of the Four Courts; the house of a great man a more convenient way to power and to place; and that it was easier for a statesman of middling talents to sell his friends than for a lawyer of no talents to sell his clients.

For myself, whatever corporate or other bodies have said or done to me, I from the bottom of my heart forgive them. I feel I have done too much for my country to be vexed at them. I would rather that they should not feel or acknowledge what I have done for them, and call me traitor, than have reason to say I sold them. I will always defend myself against the assassin, but with large bodies it is different. To the people I will bow; they may be my enemy, I never shall be theirs.

At the emancipation of Ireland in 1782 I took a leading part in the foundation of that Constitution which is now endeavored to be destroyed. Of that Constitution I was the author; in that Constitution I glory; and for it the honorable gentleman should bestow praise, not invent calumny. Notwithstanding my weak state of body, I come to give my last testimony to this Union, so fatal to the liberties and interests of my country. I come to make common cause with these honorable and virtuous gentlemen about me; to try and save the Constitution; or if not save the Constitution, at least to save our characters, and remove from our graves the foul disgrace of standing apart while a deadly blow is aimed at the independence of our country.

The right honorable gentleman says I fled from the country after exciting rebellion, and that I have returned to raise another. No

such thing. The charge is false. The civil war had not commenced when I left the kingdom, and I could not have returned without taking a part. On the one side there was the camp of the rebel, on the other the camp of the minister, a greater traitor than that rebel. The stronghold of the Constitution was nowhere to be found. I agree that the rebel who rises against the Government should have suffered, but I missed on the scaffold the right honorable gentleman. Two desperate parties were in arms against the Constitution. The right honorable gentlemen belonged to one of those parties, and deserved death. I could not join the rebels; I could not join the Government; I could not join torture; I could not join half-hanging; I could not join free quarter; I could take part with none. I was, therefore, absent from a scene where I could not be active without self-reproach, nor indifferent with safety.

Many honorable gentlemen thought differently from me. I respect their opinions, but I keep my own; and I think now, as I thought then, *that the treason of the minister against the liberties of the people was infinitely worse than the rebellion of the people against the minister.*

I have returned, not as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm, I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my deserts. I have returned to protect that Constitution of which I was the parent and the founder from the assassination of such men as the honorable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt—they are seditious—and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand ready for impeachment or trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman; I defy the Government; I defy their whole phalanx. Let them come forth. I tell the ministers I will neither give them quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House in defence of the liberties of my country.

THE RIGHT REV. JAMES DOYLE, D.D., O.S.A.,

BISHOP OF KILDARE AND LEIGHLIN.

"Dr. Doyle, the incomparable 'J. K. L.'"—ARNOLD.

"Behold great Doyle! with reverence speak his name—
His life was virtue and his death was fame!"

"The most powerful faculty in Dr. Doyle's genius was his vigorous understanding. Perhaps no writer was ever more free from stiffness and mannerism. He was always practical and to the point."—GILES.

WERE a person to visit London a little more than half a century ago, and were he permitted to traverse the halls of the House of Lords, he would there see before a select committee of English peers a noble-looking personage wearing the habiliments and insignia of a Catholic bishop. On further enquiry he might be told that this distinguished man was giving evidence on the state of the Irish people, endeavoring to enlighten the dark and narrow minds of bigoted and ignorant statesmen, and eloquently pleading in favor of what he loved next to God—his native land. This was no other than the subject of our sketch, Dr. Doyle, the illustrious Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.

James Doyle was born near the town of New Ross, county of Wexford, in 1786. His father was a small farmer, an upright, but very eccentric man, and belonged to a family whose rank was once high in his native county.[1] Some months before the child's birth his father died, and his support and education devolved on his mother, "a young woman of vigorous and almost masculine strength of judgment."[2] Like many other gifted men, James doubtless inherited his remarkable strength of character from his mother. In his twelfth year the boy was sent to a Catholic academy kept by a zealous priest named Father Crane, O.S.A. Here he pursued his studies until, becoming of canonical age, he entered the novitiate of the Augustinians, at Grantstown. His mind, naturally gifted and powerful,

[1] The O'Doyles were an ancient Irish sept.
[2] Fitzpatrick, "Life and Times of Dr. Doyle," vol. i.

was imbued with a deep religious feeling, the result of early and careful training.

In 1806, young Doyle proceeded to the continent to continue his higher studies. Within the time-honored walls of the famous University of Coimbra he labored with ceaseless industry. The uncommon calibre of our Irish student's mind was soon well-known. But a storm was coming. The invasion of the French upset everything. The landing of Wellington was the signal for resistance, and the students of Coimbra—foremost among who was Doyle—threw aside their books and assumed the helmet and the sword, to aid in driving the legions of Bonaparte from the soil of Portugal.

Doyle had now reached a period in life when many dangers beset his path. He was young, was living in stormy times. The French Revolution had swept over Europe, uprooting ancient landmarks, overturning almost everything social, political, and religious. The world seemed to be falling back into chaos. Voltaire and his infidel works did much to complete the disorder that prevailed. Doyle read those books. He was even surrounded by professed infidels who boasted of their principles. Such dreadful influences gave, for a time, an unhappy bent to his youthful intellect. Often he paced the halls of his Alma Mater revolving within himself whether he should become an unbeliever or still remain a Christian.

Speaking of this period of his life, the great prelate afterwards wrote: "I recollect, and always with fear and trembling, the danger to which I exposed the gifts of faith and Christian morality which I had received from a bounteous God; and since I became a man, and was enabled to think like a man, I have not ceased to give thanks to the Father of mercies, who did not deliver me over to the pride and presumption of my own heart. But even then, when all things which could have an influence over my youthful mind combined to induce me to shake off the yoke of Christ, I was arrested by the majesty of religion. Her innate dignity, her grandeur and solemnity, as well as her sweet influence upon the heart, filled me with awe and veneration. I examined the systems of religion prevailing in the East; I read the Koran with attention; I perused the Jewish history, and the history of Christ, of his disciples, and of his Church, with an intense interest, and I did not hesitate to continue attached to the religion of our Redeemer, as alone worthy of God; and being a Christian, I could not fail to be a Catholic. Since then my habits of life and profession have rendered me familiar at least with the

doctrines and ordinances of divine revelation, and I have often exclaimed with Augustine: 'O beauty ever ancient and ever new! too late have I known thee, too late have I loved thee.'" [3]

On completing a brilliant course of studies at Coimbra, Doyle returned to Ireland in 1808. By uniting labor and perseverance to great talents, we are told that he had "outstripped all his fellow-students, and was qualified to teach before others were half instructed." He was ordained the following year. In 1813 Father Doyle obtained a professorship in Carlow College. An anecdote is related in connection with this appointment. He was introduced to Dean Staunton, the president. "What can you teach?" enquired the Dean. "Anything," replied Doyle, "from A, B, C to the 'Third Book of Canon Law.'" The president did not altogether like the confidence of the answer, and, long accustomed to the tuition of youth, a rebuke flowed with ease from his lips. "Pray, young man, can you teach and practise humility?" "I trust I have at least the humility to feel," answered Doyle, "that the more I read the more I see how ignorant I have been, and how little can at best be known." The president was so struck with the reply that he mused, "You'll do." [4] Father Doyle was first appointed to the chair of rhetoric, then to that of philosophy and mathematics, and finally elevated to the professorship of theology and sacred Scripture. In the discharge of all these highly responsible offices he displayed the ability of a master mind. But the light of his life could not be hidden under a college bushel; when only in his thirty-second year Doctor Doyle was elevated to the united sees of Kildare and Leighlin.[5]

His life, henceforth, was given with unreserved devotion to his God, his people, his native Ireland. "His devotion to the affairs of his diocese," writes the Nun of Kenmare, "from the care of the very poorest of his people to the supervision of his clergy, was beyond all praise." [6]

In 1822 Bishop Doyle came out as a writer of marked ability. Magee, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, had insulted the

[3] "Letters on the State of Ireland."

[4] Fitzpatrick's "Life and Times of Dr. Doyle."

[5] He was appointed at the *unanimous* request—a rare tribute of respect—of the Irish bishops and the clergy of the entire diocese. Dr. R. S. Mackenzie states that Doyle was "the youngest man ever raised to the prelacy in Ireland."—"Sketches of the Irish Bar," vol. i., p. 382, note.

[6] "Life of Daniel O'Connell."

Catholics in a circular. Dr. Doyle at once replied. His letters—keen, bold, learned, and powerful—were signed "J. K. L." The public—so little accustomed to see or hear a brave word in favor of the down-trodden Catholics—were astonished; and, to use a common expression, Magee was extinguished. "Who is the writer?" was the question asked by every one. It looked as if "Junius" was yet alive, and turned Jesuit. But no; it was a greater still. It was James, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin; hence the initials "J. K. L."

In 1824 Dr. Doyle sent forth to the world an able and eloquent work entitled "Vindication of the Roman Catholic People of Ireland." In the same year he wrote his celebrated "Twelve Letters on the State of Ireland." These, in their way, were masterpieces. He afterwards published the Letters in book-form, dedicating them to Daniel O'Connell.

Dr. Doyle's Letters threw so much light on the state of Ireland, and were so frequently quoted in the British Parliament, that he was summoned to give evidence on the state of Ireland before a select committee of peers in the House of Lords. This occurred in 1825, and of all the public acts of his life this was, perhaps, the greatest—certainly one requiring great abilities. His astonishing memory, ripe scholarship, and vast knowledge as a theologian, jurist, and politician, were never entirely known or called into requisition until this occasion. The questions asked and the answers given would fill a volume. "You are examining Doyle?" said a peer to the Duke of Wellington, as they met in the portico of the House. "No, no," replied the Iron Duke dryly; "Doyle is examining us." And he continued, "That Doyle has a prodigious mind; his head is as clear as rock-water."[7]

"Lord ——," said Dr. Doyle afterwards, "had given me a voluntary assurance that he would protect me throughout the examination. My name was called, and I entered. What was my surprise, as I glanced round the varied array of faces before me, to find no trace of Lord ——'s countenance! 'Ah!' I soliloquized, 'Lord —— has abandoned me to the Philistines; but there is another and a greater Lord who will not forsake me in the hour of need.' Several peers eagerly put questions to me. I never made a reply until I discovered the object which the enquirer had in view. His query, if insidious, I received on the point of the bayonet. If a direct reply was unavoidable, I uttered a mental prayer to God that He

[7] Fitzpatrick, "Life and Times of Dr. Doyle."

would direct and protect me; and He did so. I found it easier to answer the bishops than the lords."

"Who is there," says the *Morning Chronicle*, "of the Established clergy of England, Ireland, or Scotland, for instance, to compare with Dr. Doyle? Compare his evidence before the Poor-Law Committee with that of Dr. Chalmers, and the superiority appears immense."

The effect of this evidence was most happy. It changed the principles of many British lords, who from inveterate foes of Ireland were transformed into fast friends. The influence of Dr. Doyle's labors in the cause of Catholic emancipation cannot be overestimated. O'Connell and he toiled hand in hand in obtaining that great boon for the Catholics of Ireland and the British Empire.

"His influence," writes Henry Giles, "was very efficient in promoting O'Connell's election for Clare, which was the decisive blow that brought the Tory statesmen to their senses. The pen of Dr. Doyle was as powerful in its way as the tongue of O'Connell. Dr. Doyle had influence over classes which O'Connell did not reach. Dr. Doyle's writings were read by aristocratic and educated men of all parties—men who would not listen to O'Connell, and whom, if they would, O'Connell could not convince. O'Connell had the ears and hearts of the masses; Dr. Doyle had the attention and thoughts of the select." [8]

We have not space to speak of Dr. Doyle as an eloquent preacher and illustrious bishop. He was a bishop of bishops.

> "He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

"He shone," writes Mooney, "a continued light among the faithful. He embodied in his life the precepts, beauty, and poetry of religion. He pointed the way to Heaven with a hand untarnished and unencumbered by grasped wealth. His precepts were delivered in fascinating spells of eloquence, unbroken by any allusion to money, to house, or to lands. He exhibited during his episcopate the learning, charity, and toleration of Fénelon combined with the heroic independence of St. Thomas à Becket. His years were few but glorious. Ireland will treasure his memory to the latest generations." [9]

[8] "Lectures and Essays."

[9] "History of Ireland."

Dr. Doyle's unceasing toils, especially the numberless letters, tracts, and essays that he wrote, acted as a continued strain on his physical and mental powers. Indeed, the activity of his mind was fast wearing out his delicate frame. His last hours were eloquent expressions of faith, hope, and charity. But a few moments before he expired, he asked to be laid on the hard, uncarpeted floor, that he might die in a manner somewhat similar to his divine Master. The request was granted, and thus lying on the boards, his pure, great soul fortified by the sacraments of the Church, died this illustrious Irish bishop on Sunday morning, June 16, 1834. He was only in his forty-eighth year.

Dr. Doyle, who was unacquainted with "the pride that apes humility," thus describes his own lofty character better than any other pen can do: "I am a churchman, but I am unacquainted with avarice, and I feel no worldly ambition. I am attached to my profession, but I love Christianity more than its earthly appendages. I am a Catholic from the fullest conviction; but few will accuse me of bigotry. I am an Irishman, hating injustice, and abhorring with my whole soul the oppression of my country; but I desire to heal her sores, not to aggravate her sufferings."

"Dr. Doyle," said a celebrated English statesman, "was as much superior to O'Connell as O'Connell was superior to other men."

His tomb is in Carlow Cathedral, ornamented with a noble-looking figure of himself from Hogan's chisel. O'Connell relates that when this statue of Dr. Doyle was first exhibited Lord Anglesey and a party from Dublin Castle went to examine it. One of the party said: "I never remember seeing Dr. Doyle in that remarkable position." "I remember it well," interrupted the marquis. "When he was giving evidence before a committee in the Lords, a peer put a ridiculous question which touched the Catholic doctrine. Throwing up his arm just in that commanding way, the bishop said, 'I did not think there was a British peer so ignorant as to ask such a question.'"

Dr. Doyle was a man of extraordinary natural gifts. With a prodigious memory, he possessed remarkable discernment, an excellent judgment, and a masculine courage that quailed before nothing. Indeed, it was generally well known that fear was a feeling utterly unknown to him. In manner he was very grave and dignified. Speaking of him as a professor in Carlow College, his biographer writes: "Although Doyle was remarkably youthful in appearance,

a frequent expression of awe grew up in his immediate presence. His general deportment was not by any means calculated to diminish this feeling. Erect as a lath, grave as a judge, reserved, dignified, and austere, he was feared by some, beloved by those who knew him intimately, and revered by all. The noon-day sun was not more spotless than his dress and person." [10]

"He appeared at that era in Irish history," writes Mooney, "when the people were yet in the most torpid state of despair, when nothing appeared in the surrounding gloom but objects horrible to the sight. He entered with spirit, with honesty, and with unbounded acquirements the great political and religious controversies which then shook the British Empire. Everything that came from his pen or his tongue had weight. His mind was unfathomable. His thoughts were things, maxims, axioms, shaped in the mould of justice, learning, philosophy, and religion." [11]

Speaking of the "Twelve Letters on the State of Ireland," a work of 364 pages, Mr. Fitzpatrick writes: "Though written rapidly, with a view to assist the researches of the Parliamentary Committee on the State of Ireland, they can bear the severest ordeal of literary criticism. The views expressed are sound, sensible, courageous; the majority of them sparkle with the freshness of originality, while many passages swell with an indignant eloquence and vigor, which Grattan in his happiest perorations has not surpassed."

"They present," says Rev. Mr. Brennan, "a rare combination of eloquence, patriotism, and philosophy. The nerve and unlabored simplicity of the diction, together with the justness of the remarks with which they abound, rendered them perhaps the most popular literary collection that has ever been published in this country." [12]

We have not space to point out the rare merits of this great Irish bishop's writings, or to depict their numerous beauties. His diction, like his intellect, was rich, luminous, splendid, and powerful. With greater dignity and more massive strength, he possessed all the wit and sarcasm of "Junius." Lord Bacon did not surpass "J. K. L." in pointed brevity, nor was Edmund Burke more solid and sublime.

[10] Fitzpatrick, "Life and Times of Dr. Doyle."
[11] "History of Ireland."
[12] "Ecclesiastical History of Ireland."

THE STUDENTS' ADIEU TO THEIR ALMA MATER.

Moore, in his autobiographical sketch of his life, revives the old remark that it would be difficult to name any eminent public man, unless Pitt, who had not, at some time, tried his hand at verse. Dr. Doyle was no exception to this rule. In the summer of 1812, the religious students of the Catholic college at Ross were about to depart to their appointed convents, when Dr. Doyle—then a priest—at the earnest solicitation of the warm-hearted novices, composed the following farewell lines, to the air of "Bannows Banks."

THE drooping sun concealed his rays behind the cultured hill;
The lengthening shade forsook the flood, or faded from the rill;
The blue smoke, curling from the cot, seemed lingering to the view,
As if in nature's silent hour 'twould hear our last adieu.

The tuneful bird now pensive sat, or smoothed its languid wing;
Its notes no longer closed the day, nor would the milkmaid sing;
The blooming meadow turned to gray, and lost its lovelier hue,
When we by nature's self were forced to take our last adieu.

All human ties must break in time, new scenes old scenes replace;
Hands may be rent, but hearts cannot be torn apart by space.
Affection makes one sad farewell, and love springs up anew—
Love, the best passion of the heart, that sanctions our adieu.

With minds improved, with grateful hearts, we leave the scene we love,
Where social virtues fix their seat, descended from above;
Where all that generous nature yields, and gentle wishes woo,
Lie round about our college hill, that hears our last adieu.

Hail, College, hail! thou blessed abode, where innocence and mirth,
Where frequent play and casual feast, made paradise on earth;
Mayst thou each year send forth, like us, a fond and fervent few,
Who, when the hour of duty comes, will bid thy walls adieu.

Ah! father of our college days, and must we go and leave
Our boyhood's prop, our manhood's pride, our dream in life's last eve?
Parental fondness filled thy breast; let filial tears bedew
These cheeks, made cheerful long by thee, whom now we bid adieu.

With feelings of fraternal love each heart responds for all;
We go, "immortal souls to save," obedient to our call;
But ere we leave our college nest to cleave life's tempest through,
Do thou, our father and our friend, receive our last adieu.

ON PARTIES IN IRELAND.

[From "Letters on the State of Ireland."]

My Dear Sir: The object of this letter is to give you some idea of the state of parties in Ireland, their composition and ulterior views, and to throw some light on the character of our gentry.

The country is divided into three great parties—the Orangemen, the Catholics, and the Government party, besides a vast mass of inert matter, or what Swift would call prudent men, who, solely intent on their own interest, whisper away the characters of all the others, pass judgment in secret upon whatever occurs, are never pleased with anything, and are ready to pray with Cromwell or cry with Charles, but not until the contest between them is decided.

The Orange party are next to the Government in the paucity of their numbers, in their knowledge of court discipline, in the array of their responsible offices, in their legal forms and proceedings, in the formality of their attitude, in the show and circumstance of their dignity, in keeping up a standing army, in administering oaths of allegiance, in having a council of state, plenipotentiaries, and envoys, with a public press to publish and defend their proceedings.

This party would be even stronger than it is, and more than able to cope with either of the other two, if it were not overbearing, haughty, insolent, and cruel. Monopoly and injustice are written on its standards, oppression is its watchword, falsehood and slander are its heralds; it has no reason or justice with it, but it is so clamorous and so menacing and so unblushing as to overwhelm or confound whomsoever would approach it with argument, or seek to treat with it on a basis just, useful, or honorable.

This party, like Catiline and Cethegus, has collected into its ranks every spendthrift, every idler, every punished or unpunished malefactor, every public robber and private delinquent, all the gamblers, all those whom gluttony or extravagance has reduced to want;

in fine, all who love commotion, and who hope to live by corruption or to rebuild their broken fortunes on the ruins of their country.

There is also a large class of saints or fanatics, another of conscientious Protestants, a third of traders in education, with almost the entire body of the established clergy, who, through fear or hatred of the Catholics, are induced to give their support to the Orangemen. These classes form, in appearance, a neutral power, but constitute in reality the force which sustains the warfare in this country.

Government should exist for the sake of the people, and not the people for those who govern them. The forms of speech to which we are accustomed sanction this mode of expression, and we may suppose, therefore, that the Government here is formed and carried on for the good of the community. The Catholics, therefore, who are, morally speaking, the people of this country, should engross the principal attention of our rulers; their interests in the state of Ireland should be considered like those of other subjects. Their rank or station or property, however respectable, should not be so much contemplated as their numbers; for just laws make no distinction in providing for the happiness and security of the rich more than of the poor. To treat of the Catholics, then, as of a party in Ireland is not altogether correct, according to this theory; nor again is it just in point of law, for such is the profound wisdom of our laws that they almost ignore the existence of the people, and contemplate as subjects men who are nowhere to be found.

The Catholics, then, under the fostering care of penal statutes, and quite unnoticed by the laws made to protect and foster the faithful subjects of this part of the realm, have grown at least into a party.

This party is kept in a state of constant excitement; they are goaded by the Orangemen, they are insulted by the press, they are taunted with insult by the education societies, the distributors of Bibles, and itinerant saints; they are stripped naked and almost starved by the squierarchy and church; the Legislature does not attend to them; the Government does not protect them; the judges, who would not give a stone to them for bread, are generally inaccessible to them; they are reduced to such a state that thousands upon thousands of them look to death for repose, as the exhausted traveller looks to the shadow of a great rock in a land fainting from

heat. Add to these causes of excitement the harangues of their own leaders, the recollection of their former greatness, the history of their country, recollections "pleasing and mournful to the soul," and which are known by reading or by tradition to them all; but, above all, we should add their enthusiastic attachment to the faith of their fathers—a faith rendered more and more dear to them by being daily and hourly reviled. When you have considered all these things, you may judge of the state of feeling which pervades the Catholic population.

Should it be suffered to continue? Should this party or this people, whichever it may be called, remain neglected by the Legislature—should their grievances be left unredressed—should their poor be left to perish—should their children be left a prey to Evangelicals and Methodists—should their religion continue to be insulted—should the agent, and the tithe-proctor, and the churchwarden, like the toads and locust, come still in succession to devour the entire fruit of their industry—should their blood when wantonly spilled go unrevenged, we need no Pastorini to foretell the result. We have only to refer to our own history, or open the volume of human nature, in order to ascertain it. A Police Bill, and a Tithe-composition Bill, and an Insurrection Bill, and fifty thousand bayonets, may repress disturbances, but who can contemplate a brave and generous people so abused? who can dwell in a country so accursed? What man can appear before his God who has looked patiently at so much wrong, or who has not contributed by every legal means to relieve his fellow-creatures from sufferings so intense?

How often have I perceived in a congregation of some thousand persons how the very mention from my own tongue of the penal code caused every eye to glisten and every ear to stand erect! The trumpet of the last judgment, if sounded, would not produce a more perfect stillness in any assemblage of Irish peasantry than a strong allusion to the wrongs we suffer. And there are men who think that the country can be improved whilst such a temper continues, or that this temper will cease whilst emancipation is withheld. Vain and silly thought! Men who reason so know nothing of human nature, or if they do, they know nothing of the nature of Irishmen.

The gentry have as many grades as there were steps in Jacob's ladder. Those of them who are possessed of large estates, and whose education and rank should lift them above local prejudices and bless

them with a knowledge of men and things, are *for the greater part absent from the country;* they know not the condition of their tenantry, unless from the reports of their agents, some of whom, to my knowledge, are most excellent men, whilst others of them are unfeeling extortioners, who exercise over the tenantry an inconceivable tyranny, and are the very worst description of oppressors. I have the honor to remain, dear sir, J. K. L.

THE IRISH AS A PROFOUNDLY RELIGIOUS PEOPLE.

[From "Letters on the State of Ireland."]

The Irish are, morally speaking, not only religious, like other nations, but entirely devoted to religion. The geographical position of the country, its soil and climate, as well as the state of society, have a strong influence in forming the natural temperament of the people. The Irish people are more sanguine than the English, less mercurial than the French; they seem to be compounded of both these nations, and more suited than either to seek after and indulge in spiritual affections. When it pleased God to have an Island of Saints upon earth, he prepared Ireland from afar for this high destiny. Her attachment to the faith once delivered to her was produced by many concurrent causes, as far as natural means are employed by Providence to produce effects of a higher kind. The difference of language, the pride of a nation, the injustice and crimes of those who would introduce amongst us a second creed, are assigned as the causes of our adhesion to that which we first received. These causes have had their influence, but there was another and a stronger power laboring in Ireland for the faith of the Gospel; there was the natural disposition of the people suited to a religion which satisfied the mind and gratified the affections, whilst it turned them away from one whose origin, as it appeared to us, was tainted, and which stripped worship of substance and solemnity. Hence, the aboriginal Irish are all Catholics, for the few of them who have departed from the faith of their fathers only appear "*rari nuntes in gurgite vasto.*"

To these are joined, especially within the ancient Pale, great numbers who have descended from the first settlers, and who in

process of time have become more Irish than the Irish themselves. Every year, also, adds considerably to their numbers, not only, as we suppose, through the influence of divine grace, but also by that attractive power which abides in the multitude; so that were it not for the emoluments and pride attached to Protestantism, and the artificial modes resorted to for recruiting its strength, there would not remain in three provinces of Ireland, amongst the middling and lower classes, more than a mere remnant of the modern faith. These Catholics have for nearly three centuries been passing through an ordeal of persecution more severe than any recorded in history. I have read of the persecutions by Nero, Domitian, Genseric, and Attila, with all the barbarities of the sixteenth century; I have compared them with those inflicted on my own country, and I protest to God that the latter, in my opinion, have exceeded in duration, extent, and intensity, all that has ever been endured by mankind for justice' sake.

The Irish Catholics are obliged to sweat and toil for those very ministers of another religion [13] who contributed to forge their chains. Their hay and corn, their fleece and lambs, with the roots on which they feed, they are still compelled to offer at an altar which they deem profane. They still are bound to rebuild and ornament their own former parish church and spire, that they may stand in the midst of them as records of the rights of conquest, or of the triumph of law over equity and the public good. They still have to attend the bailiff when he calls with the warrant of the churchwardens to collect their last shilling (if one should happen to remain), that the empty church may have a stove, the clerk a surplice, the communion-table elements to be sanctified, though perhaps there be no one to partake of them; they have also to pay a singer and a sexton, but not to toll a bell for them, with a schoolmaster, perhaps, but one who can teach the lilies how to grow, as he has no pupils. Such is their condition, while some half-thatched cabin or unfurnished house collects them on Sundays to render thanks to God for even these blessings, and to tell their woes to Heaven!

[13] The Anglican or Protestant Church.

THE TRUE FRIENDS OF THE POOR AND THE AFFLICTED.

A PICTURE OF SUFFERING IRELAND.

[From "Letters on the State of Ireland."]

I AM laboring as the advocate of the poor, of the unprotected, and of the distressed. I can ask with Cicero how could I fail to be interested in the general agitation of religious and political, civil and ecclesiastical interests; or how could I be insensible to the generous impulse of our nature? St. Paul himself exclaims: "*Quis infirmatur et ego non infirmor, quis scandilizatur et ego non uror.*" In every nation a clergyman is separated from society only that he may labor the more efficiently for his fellow-men, and his duty of administering to their temporal wants is not less pressing than that of devoting himself to their spiritual concerns. The one ought to be done by him, and the other ought not to be neglected.

There are times and circumstances when he is justified, nay, when he is obliged, to mix with his fellow-countrymen, and to suspend his clerical functions whilst he discharges those of a member of society. I myself have once been placed in such circumstances, and devoted many a laborious hour to the service of a people engaged in the defence of their rights and liberties. The clerical profession exalts and strengthens the natural obligation we are all under of laboring for our country's welfare; and the priests and prophets of the old law have not only announced and administered the decrees of Heaven, but have aided by their counsel and their conduct the society to which Providence attached them. In the Christian dispensation priests and bishops have greatly contributed to the civilization and improvement of mankind; they have restrained ambition, they have checked turbulence, they have enlightened the councils of kings, and infused their own wisdom into laws and public institutions. Arts and sciences are their debtors; history and jurisprudence have been cultivated by them. They have been the teachers of mankind, and have alone been able to check the insolence of power, or plead before it the cause of the oppressed.

The clergy of the Catholic Church have been accused of many faults; but in no nation or at no time—not even by the writers of the reign of Henry the Eighth—have they been charged with betraying this sacred trust, or embezzling the property of the poor. In Ireland, above all, where their possessions were immense, their hearts were never corrupted by riches; and, whether during the

incursions of the Danes, or the civil wars, or foreign invasions, which desolated the country, it was the clergy who repaired the ravages that were committed, rebuilt cities and churches, restored the fallen seats of literature, gave solemnity to the divine worship, and opened numberless asylums for the poor. Whilst Ireland, though a prey to many evils, was blessed with such a clergy, her poor required no extraordinary aid; the heavenly virtue of charity was seen to walk unmolested over the ruins of towns and cities, to collect the wanderer, to shelter the houseless, to support the infirm, to clothe the naked, and to minister to every species of human distress; but "*fuit Ilium et ingens gloria Dardanidum!*"

When the ancient religion was expelled from her possessions, and another inducted in her place, the church and the hospital and the cabin of the destitute became alike deserted, or fell into utter ruin. This change, with the others which accompanied or followed after it, in Ireland threw back all our social and religious institutions into what is generally called a state of nature—a state, such as Hobbes describes it, in which men are always arming or engaged in war. Clergymen,[14] so-called, still appeared amongst their fellow-men, but they were no longer "of the seed of those by whom salvation had been wrought in Israel"; they did not consider it a portion of their duty to be employed in works of mercy, or to devote the property which had passed into their hands to those sacred purposes for which it was originally destined. They were, like the generality of mankind, solely intent on individual gain, or the support or aggrandizement of their families, but totally regardless of those sublime virtues or exalted charities which the Gospel recommends. They found themselves vested with a title to the property of the poor; they did not stop to enquire whether they held it in trust; there was no friend to humanity who would impeach them for abuse, and they appropriated all, everything to which they could extend their rapacious grasp. The churches were suffered to decay, and the spacious cloister or towering dome through which the voice of prayer once resounded became for a while the resort of owls and bats, till time razed their foundations and mixed up their ruins with the dust. The poor were cast out into the wilderness, and left, like Ishmael, to die; whilst Ireland, like the afflicted mother of the rejected child, cast her last sad looks towards them, and then left them to perish. These men "ate the milk, and clothed them-

[14] Ministers of the Anglican Church.

selves with the wool, and killed that which was fat; but the flock they did not feed, the weak they did not strengthen, and that which was sick they did not heal, neither did they seek for that which was lost; but they ruled over them with rigor and with a high hand." They could not be blamed; they had a title and a calling different from their predecessors;[15] and the state, from which they derived their commission, could not infuse into them virtues which can only emanate from Christ.

The evidence already given to Parliament shows that the average wages of a laboring man in Ireland (and a great mass of the poor are laborers) is worth scarcely THREEPENCE A DAY! Threepence[16] a day for such as obtain employment, whilst in a family where one or two persons are employed there may be four, perhaps six, others dependent on these two for their support! Good God! an entire family to be lodged, clothed, fed, on THREEPENCE A DAY! Less than the average price of a single stone of potatoes; equal only to the value of a single quart of oatmeal! What further illustration can be required? Why refer to the nakedness, to the hunger of individuals? Why speak of parishes receiving extreme unction before they expired of hunger? Why be surprised at men feeding on manure; of contending with the cattle about the weeds; of being lodged in huts and sleeping on the clay; of being destitute of energy, of education, of the virtues or qualities of the children of men? Is it not clear, is it not evident, that the great mass of the poor are in a state of habitual famine, the prey of every mental and bodily disease? Why are we surprised at the spectres who haunt our dwellings, whose tales of distress rend our hearts—at the distracted air and incoherent language of the wretched father who starts from the presence of his famished wife and children, and gives vent abroad in disjointed sounds to the agony of his soul?

How often have I met and labored to console such a father! How often have I endeavored to justify to him the ways of Providence, and check the blasphemy against Heaven which was already seated on his tongue! How often have I seen the visage of youth, which should be red with vigor, pale and emaciated, and the man who had scarcely seen his fortieth year withered like the autumn leaf, and his face furrowed with the wrinkles of old age! How often has the virgin, pure and spotless as the snow of heaven, detailed to me the miseries of her family, her own destitution, and sought

[15] The Catholic clergy. [16] About five cents.

through the ministry of Christ for some supernatural support whereby to resist the allurements of the seducer and to preserve untainted the dearest virtue of her soul! But above all, how often have I viewed with my eyes, in the person of the wife and of the widow, of the aged and the orphan, the aggregate of all the misery which it was possible for human nature to sustain! And how often have these persons disappeared from my eyes, returned to their wretched abode, and closed in the cold embrace of death their lives and their misfortunes! What light can be shed on the distresses of the Irish poor by statements of facts when their notoriety and extent are known throughout the earth.

But Ireland, always unhappy, always oppressed, is reviled when she complains, is persecuted when she struggles; her evils are suffered to corrode her, and her wrongs are never to be redressed! We look to her pastures, and they teem with milk and fatness; to her fields, and they are covered with bread; to her flocks, and they are numerous as the bees which encircle the hive; to her ports, they are safe and spacious; to her rivers, they are deep and navigable; to her inhabitants, they are industrious, brave, and intelligent as any people on earth; to her position on the globe, and she seems to be intended as the emporium of wealth, as the mart of universal commerce; and yet, . . . but no, we will not state the causes, they are obvious to the sight and to the touch; it is enough that the mass of her children are the most wretched of any civilized people on the globe.

THE CATHOLIC RELIGION.

[From "Vindication of the Principles of the Irish Catholics."]

It was the creed, my Lord, of a Charlemagne and of a St. Louis, of an Alfred and an Edward, of the monarchs of the feudal times as well as of the Emperors of Greece and Rome. It was believed at Venice and at Genoa, in Lucca and the Helvetic nations in the days of their freedom and greatness; all the barons of the middle ages, all the free cities of later times, professed the religion we now profess. You well know, my Lord, that the charter of British freedom and the common law of England have their origin and source in Catholic times. Who framed the free constitutions of the Spanish Goths? Who preserved science and literature during the long night

of the middle ages? Who imported literature from Constantinople and opened for her an asylum at Rome, Florence, Padua, Paris, and Oxford? Who polished Europe by art and refined her by legislation? Who discovered the New World and opened a passage to another? Who were the masters of architecture, of painting, and of music? Who invented the compass and the art of printing? Who were the poets, the historians, the jurists, the men of deep research and profound literature? Who have exalted human nature and made man appear again little less than the angels? Were they not almost exclusively the professors of our creed? Were they who created and professed freedom under every shape and form unfit for her enjoyment? Were men, deemed even now the lights of the world and the benefactors of the human race, the deluded victims of a slavish superstition? But what is there in our creed which renders us unfit for freedom? Is it the doctrine of passive obedience? No; for the obedience we yield to authority is not blind, but reasonable. Our religion does not create despotism; it supports every established constitution which is not opposed to the laws of nature, unless it be altered by those who are entitled to change it. In Poland it supported an elective monarch; in France, an hereditary sovereign; in Spain, an absolute or constitutional king indifferently; in England, when the houses of York and Lancaster contended, it declared that he who was king *de facto* was entitled to the obedience of the people. During the reign of the Tudors there was a faithful adherence of the Catholics to their prince, under trials the most severe and galling, because the Constitution required it. The same was exhibited by them to the ungrateful race of Stuart; but since the expulsion of James (foolishly called an abdication) have they not adopted with the nation at large the doctrine of the Revolution—"that the crown is held in trust for the benefit of the people, and that should the monarch violate his compact, the subject is freed from the bond of his allegiance." Has there been any form of government ever devised by man to which the religion of Catholics has not been accommodated? Is there any obligation, either to a prince or to a constitution, which it does not enforce?

What, my Lord! is the allegiance of the man divided who gives to Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar and to God what belongs to God? Is the allegiance of the priest divided who yields submission to his bishop and his king? of the son who obeys his parent and his prince? And yet these duties are not more distinct than those

which we owe our sovereign and our spiritual head. Is there any man in society who has not distinct duties to discharge? May not the same person be the head of a corporation and an officer of the king? a justice of the peace, perhaps, and a bankrupt surgeon with half his pay? And are the duties thus imposed upon him incompatible with one another? If the Pope can define that the Jewish Sabbath is dissolved and that the Lord's day is to be sanctified, may not this be believed without prejudice to the act of settlement or that for the limitation of the Crown? If the church decree that on Fridays her children shall abstain from flesh-meat, are they thereby controlled from obeying the king when he summons them to war?

No, I conclude it is impossible that any rational man could suppose that the Catholics, under equal laws, would be less loyal, less faithful subjects than any others

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EDUCATION.

Next to the blessing of redemption and the graces consequent upon it, there is no gift bestowed by God equal in value to a good education. Other advantages are enjoyed by the body; this belongs entirely to the spirit. Whatever is great, or good, or glorious in the works of men is the fruit of educated minds. Wars, conquests, commerce, all the arts of industry and peace, all the refinements of life, all the social and domestic virtues, all the refinements and delicacies of mutual intercourse; in a word, whatever is estimable amongst men, owes its origin, increase, and perfection to the exercise of those faculties whose improvement is the object of education. Religion herself loses half her beauty and influence when not attended or assisted by education, and her power, splendor, and majesty are never so exalted as when cultivated genius and refined taste become her heralds or her handmaids. Many have become fools for Christ, and by their simplicity and piety exalted the glory of the cross; but Paul, not John, was the apostle of nations, and doctors, more even than prophets, have been sent to declare the truths of religion before kings and princes and the nations of the earth. Education draws forth the mind, improves its faculties, increases its resources, and by exercise strengthens and augments its powers. I consider it, therefore, of inestimable value; but, like gold, which is the instrument of human happiness, it is and always

must be unequally distributed amongst men. Some will always be unable or unwilling to acquire it, others will expend it prodigally or pervert it to the worst ends, whilst the bulk of mankind will always be more or less excluded from its possession.[17]

LETTER TO HIS NIECE.

CARLOW COLLEGE,[18] 4th November, 1814.

MY DEAR MARY: I find the longer a correspondence is interrupted the more difficult it is to resume it. My situation in life, my views, my prospects, my acquaintances are so different from yours, and so little known to you, that I can scarcely find a subject for a letter when I wish to write, unless I were to fill it with expressions of esteem for you and interest in your welfare; but this would be useless at present.

You might expect that I would be offering you advice, and so I should if it were necessary; but in your own family you have enough to consult, and my only wish is that you should always act in concert with your husband and mother, and at all times prefer their wishes and opinions to your own.

A thousand things occur in your town and county, and yet you stand so much on ceremony with me that you would not write me a single word unless I had formally requested of you to do so.

As to myself, I have little to say; if good health and a good fireside, plenty of labor, plenty of money,[19] and a good name be advantages, I enjoy them to the fullest extent. I feel contented; and, except when a recollection of poor Pat[20] disturbs my mind, I might say that none of my family can be more happy. Providence has been particularly kind to me. I strive to thank God every day; and, as I pray for you as well as myself, I hope you will do the same for me in your turn.

I had promised to spend the Christmas vacation at Kilkenny with Dr. Marum; but as he is about to be consecrated Bishop of Ossory, he may be so occupied that I would not wish to intrude on him. Adieu.

Believe me, most truly and affectionately, yours,

J. DOYLE.

[17] "Letters on the State of Ireland," letter vi.

[18] At this date Dr. Doyle was a professor in Carlow College.

[19] His salary as professor was $125 a year. The apostolic Doyle considered this "plenty."

[20] His brother, a gifted young lawyer, who died some time before.

LETTER TO A NUN[21] IN DUBLIN.

ROBERTSTOWN, 29th April, 1824.

MY DEAR MARIANA: After straying through almost every part of this diocese, like your last letter, I find myself here in the midst of an immense hotel, through which all the elements are driving furiously, and having packed up my papers and finished about half a dozen letters, I fold my arms and put myself to think on what I have next to do.

Your letter, endorsed by the postmarks of the various towns, ending with Derrig or Derg, through which it had been missent, occurred to me as still waiting amongst others to be disposed of, and, though my head is confused and my spirits exhausted, I am resolved to tell you that I am strongly inclined to go up to Dublin to tell you some silly story by way of apology for not replying to your letters; but as I may be obliged to take some other direction, it is necessary, I suppose, to inform you that when your last note reached me I was just leaving home with an intention of seeing you before my return. Mr. Fitzgerald, also, when leaving Carlow promised to see you, to present you with my compliments, and to tell me on his return all the good news he could collect of you and of my dear Catherine.[22] The favorable account you gave in your letter of the state of her health lessened my anxiety about it, and increased my desire of seeing her, should I be able to go to Dublin, and ascertain with my own eyes that improvement which I so anxiously wish for.

From the exhausted state of my mind, I am unable to write you a very long letter. I am just going to dine at Mr. Dease's. I must remain in that neighborhood until after Sunday, and whether I can go up to town before my return is somewhat uncertain. If not, I shall be deprived of the pleasure of seeing my dear child until June next, when she may be so much restored as to come to cull the flowers at old Derrig, which always droop in the absence of the Hermit [Dr. Doyle], who unhappily is driven from them in the summer; but probably they might continue in bloom till his return if only a genial breath fell upon them from the countenance of his friend, or a tear of sympathy for the absence of their solitary guardian. Tell

[21] Mariana was an accomplished young Irish lady, the daughter of a Protestant banker. She became a Catholic, and finally a religious, and found a wise and dear friend in Dr. Doyle. Many years afterwards she became superioress of a convent.

[22] Mariana's sister, who had also embraced the ancient faith.

her how truly I rejoice at the prospect of her thorough recovery. Bless the little, the good Sarah for her blessing to me, and with best respects to her who is blessed by you all—your mother—believe me always, dear Mariana, etc.

✠ J. Doyle.

LETTER IN REPLY TO A "WOLFF[23] IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING."

Carlow, 17th October, 1826.

Sir: I have received your letter written at Knaresborough. I regret that a young person, such as you are, should continue in the delusion in which you seem to live. It is, perhaps, my duty to tell you that your "challenge," as you call it, excited in this county nought but ridicule, and that you might as justly expect one of the judges in the courts of law to descend from the bench and dispute with you about the code which he administers as to hope that any Catholic bishop would attend to your "challenge."

My dear young man, you are either deceived, or seeking to deceive others. I did not refuse to see you; I refused to admit you to reside in my family, and for the reasons explained in my note to you on the subject. Did you at any time call upon me to consult with me as to what you should do, or to enquire what you want to know, I would offer to you the best advice or information in my power. I feel for you nought but pity and compassion. You have strayed from the truth. You are very much occupied with yourself. You err greatly as to your own value or efficiency. You are not capable of rendering service to your brethren, whether Jews or Gentiles, whilst you yourself continue a victim of delusion or a hypocrite, as you must be, if you be not a fanatic.

Your correspondence with me can serve no good purpose; may I request, therefore, that it cease, and should you at any time call upon me, pray present yourself without an inclination to dispute, for "if any one love disputes, we have no such custom," says an Apostle.

✠ J. Doyle.

[23] Rev. J. Wolff was an apostate student of the Propaganda. He came to Ireland as a Protestant preacher, and one of his eccentric feats was to issue a "challenge" to the Catholic bishops of Ireland to meet him in argument! The bishops, of course, did not notice the buzzing theological insect. Wolff, finally, addressed himself to Dr. Doyle, who snuffed him out with the foregoing letter.

LETTER TO HIS NIECE.

CARLOW, 15th August, 1828.

MY DEAR MARY: Since J. W—— handed me your letter I have had little leisure to reply to it, but as I am about leaving home on my visitation, and will not return for six weeks, I must discharge my debt to you, though it is now late at night, and this has been with me a day of great labor.

It is no wonder that your constitution should be altered by so many and so severe attacks, and it may be that Providence will renew your youth, now that you are taught how to use it well. All things, without doubt, work together for the good of the elect, and it often happens that nothing less than continued and severe illness would preserve them in the fear of God and the observance of his commands. Unless we sigh after our eternal abode, we will not enter it, and when all things are agreeable to us here below we rather fear than wish for an exchange. I think, therefore, my dear Mary, considering the temporal blessings which have attended you, that if you had not been chastened by the pressure of the cross, you might have become worldly in your disposition, tepid in the exercise of religion, and too little desirous of eternal life. I am sure, however great my affection for you—and there is scarcely any person whom I more love—that what I esteem most in you is that religious disposition, that patience and forgiveness towards others, and that cordial charity to the poor with which our good God has always inspired you. You will not cease to thank him and to promote his will on earth whilst you remain here, and whether you and I often meet on this side of the grave is of little consequence.

Our mutual interest and affection for each other will not be diminished, and the grace of Christ and the virtue of his holy religion will enable us to serve each other by our mutual prayers.

I intend to keep my promise of seeing you at the time I mentioned, if we be still alive. My health is often very good and sometimes not so; my incessant cares and labors are wearing my constitution, but that gives me no concern. I have lived long enough if I were but prepared to die; but the day or the hour of the departure is known only to God; our business is to be always prepared. Pierce [24] is really a very good boy; I am very fond of him and hope he will be virtuous. As to his talents, they are sufficient; I scarcely

[24] "Pierce," the bishop's nephew.

wish to have them better. Great talents are often a great evil; those which have been given to me have led me into many useless labors and desires; they are like riches, which render the way to heaven narrow as the eye of an needle. Go see Peter, and remember me to all friends, especially to your mother and John; and believe me, my dear Mary, most affectionately yours,

✠ J. Doyle.

LETTER TO DANIEL O'CONNELL.[25]

Carlow, 12th January, 1829.

My Dear Sir: He who speaks often and handles exciting topics will not fail to commit mistakes and to give offence, nor can a popular assembly, writhing under injustice, be justly condemned for the excesses into which it may be betrayed.

We do not claim exemption from error, but the purity of our principles entitles all we do and say to the most charitable construction, whilst those who oppose and condemn us, even when their language is fair and their proceedings moderate, deserve reproach, because they are not sustained by any sound principle either of justice or policy. I think I can judge without passion, and I can find nothing in the conduct of our opponents respected. Who can respect ignorance or stupidity? Who can defer to bigotry or monopoly? All opposition is founded on ignorance, religious intolerance, or self-interest.

When you proceeded to combat this opposition in Clare, I saw to its fullest extent the difficulties and dangers, public and personal, to be encountered; but I thought they ought to be braved, and I cheered you upon your way. You were well fitted for that contest, but that which is now before you is of a different and more delicate character. Courage, perseverance, and address were then necessary, but in addition to them you now require Parliamentary knowledge, great fortitude, and that cool deliberation which cannot be circumvented, but knows how to turn every occurrence to the best account.

The *suaviter in modo* and *fortiter in re*, so little suited to us *Irish*, would be always useful to you, but in your approaching struggle will be indispensable. You will have to give "honor to whom honor is due," whilst you enforce the rights you possess, knowing

[25] This was written shortly after O'Connell's election as M.P. for Clare.

that they belong to you even as the crown belongs to a king. Were I not of a profession which prescribes to me other duties, I should attend you to the door of the House of Commons and share in your success, for success must attend you; but at home I shall pray unceasingly to him who holds in his hands the hearts of men, that he may direct and prosper you in all your ways, that he may vouchsafe to give peace in our days, and not suffer his people to be tried beyond what they can bear.

Yours most sincerely,

✠ J. Doyle.

LETTER TO HIS NIECE.

Carlow, 26th May, 1831.

My Dear Mary: You may be assured I participated both in your anxiety during the late elections and in your joy at the result. I am very much obliged to you for your letters, and delayed writing to acknowledge them until I should receive that other letter which you promised; but your promise was like most of those made at elections—*not* to be relied on; and having despaired of its fulfilment, I hasten to congratulate you and all our friends on the issue of our struggle against the old and irreclaimable enemies of our country.

I should never again have boasted of my native country had she not acted now as she has done, for I knew the power was in her if she had only virtue to exert it; and if she had not, I would resign her to the Saxons or Normans, and attach myself to some *more* Celtic soil. I have, however, been spared the pain of separation, and I will continue attached to the country of my birth. Our victory here was signal. We had no aid but God and our own strength; but when a good cause is well conducted it succeeds in spite of all opposition.

The affairs of Ireland are beginning to improve, but they are only beginning. We have many difficulties to contend with, and if we relax we will be thrown back; for our enemies, though now defeated, have still great resources, and have no notion of quitting the field. You have an excellent representative in Mr. Walker, and I trust Mr. Lambert will realize all your hopes of him. Write me that long letter you promised when your head is composed. Tell John,

Richard, and all my friends how delighted I was with the exhibition of their patriotism. Say everything kind for me to your mother and to the family at Piercestown.

Affectionately yours,

✠ J. Doyle.

LETTER TO ANOTHER NIECE.

Carlow, February 22, 1833.

My Dear Kate: I am very glad to hear from you, and particularly gratified to know that the Rev. Mr. O'—— was about to be restored for some time longer to his health and friends. Of all those who regret his pain or sympathize with him in his sufferings, we should be the first, as we always enjoyed the advantage of his special friendship and affectionate regard. Pay him a visit for me; tell him how much I lamented his illness, and how I rejoice at the prospect of his recovery; for though I hope his demise, whenever it may occur, will be only a removal to a happy life, still I cannot but wish that his stay in this world may be somewhat more prolonged.

It is well that you have not been visited by the cholera, which has kept us in a state of alarm for several months. How are all your little ones? When you write to me, dear Kate, you must change your mode of address. What you use is too stiff and schoollike. You must be familiar, and easy, and affectionate when writing or conversing with me; so begin your letters with "My Dear Uncle," and end them in the same way; and do not think how or what you write, but set down everything that comes intoy our head, as a child tells a story to a father. Adieu.

Yours most affectionately,

✠ J. Doyle.

Believe me
your affectionate brother
Gerald Griffin

GERALD GRIFFIN.

"A sure test, it has been often said, as to the good influence of a writer is that when we lay aside his book we feel better in ourselves, and we think better of others. This test, I believe, Gerald Griffin can safely stand."—GILES.

"Poetry was his first and greatest inspiration, and if his natural bent had been properly encouraged, he would probably have been the greatest of the Irish poets."—HAYES.

THE name of Gerald Griffin is one of the purest and brightest in the history of literature. It is surrounded by a halo of glory, and virtue, and romance.

Gerald, the ninth son of Patrick Griffin, was born "in one of the most ancient and celebrated parts" of the city of Limerick, on December 12, 1803. His parents belonged to old Irish and Catholic families of great respectability. His father was a man of intelligence, and if remarkable for anything, it was his quiet humor and unruffled good nature. His mother was a lady of great elevation of character, religious, earnest, and very affectionate. "She was," writes Gerald's biographer,[1] "a person of exceedingly fine taste on most subjects, particularly on literature, for which she had a strong original turn, and which was indeed her passion." Her passion for letters and her deep sensibility, "the restless and inexhaustible fountain of so much happiness and so much pain, she handed down to her son Gerald in all its entireness."[2]

Of his first schoolmaster an anecdote is related. Mrs. Griffin went to school with the boys on the first day of their entrance. "Mr. MacEligot," said she, "you will oblige me very much by paying particular attention to the boys' pronounciation and making them perfect in their reading." He looked at her with astonishment. "Madam," he abruptly exclaimed, "you had better take your children home; I can have nothing to do with them." She expressed some surprise. "Perhaps, Mrs. Griffin," said he, after a pause, "you are not aware that there are only *three* persons in Ireland who know how to read." "Three!" said she. "Yes,

[1] Gerald's "Life," written by his brother, Daniel Griffin, is one of the most charming biographies in the English language.

[2] "Life of Griffin," by his brother.

madam, there are only three—the Bishop of Killaloe, the Earl of Clare, and your humble servant. Reading, madam, is a natural gift, not an acquirement. If you choose to expect impossibilities, you had better take your children home." Mrs. Griffin found much difficulty in keeping her countenance; but, confessing her ignorance of this important fact, she gave the able but vain and eccentric pedagogue[3] to understand that she would not look for a degree of perfection so rarely attainable, and the matter was made up.

In 1810, Gerald being in his seventh year, Mr. Griffin with his family moved from the city to a place in the country, which he named Fairy Lawn. It was situated on the Shannon, about twenty-eight miles from Limerick. Here young Griffin, either at school or at home, received the greater part of his education. He read widely, and acquired a good knowledge of classical literature. Here he also learned to read and admire the works of God in the beauties of nature. On the banks of the lordly Shannon, in the solitude of the fine fields and woods, or in the solemn stillness of grand old ruins, he had the training which was best suited to his character and genius. The ruined abbey and the picturesque hillside were to him poems which yielded ideas lofty and sublime. "The influence on his mind," writes Henry Giles, "of natural beauty and of ancient traditions may be traced in all his writings, both of poetry and of prose. He had equally a passion for nature and a passion for the past."[4]

After the Griffin family had lived in Fairy Lawn for a considerable number of years, they were induced to emigrate to America by an elder brother of Gerald's, an officer in the British army. This occurred in 1820. Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, with a portion of the family, chose for their future abode a sweet spot in Pennsylvania, in Susquehanna County. In memory of their former Irish home, they called it Fairy Lawn. Gerald, who was intended for the medical profession, remained in Ireland under the guardianship of an older brother, Dr. William Griffin, who took up his residence at Adare, about ten miles from Limerick. Two sisters and his brother Daniel—afterwards Gerald's biographer—also remained in the old

[3] One of Mr. MacEligot's advertisements began thus: "When ponderous pollysyllables promulgate professional powers"! What alliterative bombast! We hope Mr. MacEligot's elocution was better than his style of writing.

[4] "Lectures and Essays."

land. Under his excellent brother's instruction, Gerald made some progress in his medical studies, until that passion arose which soon swallowed up all other desires.

When a mere child he exhibited his love of poetry. He read the poets with delight. The little fellow had a scrap-book into which he carefully copied many of Moore's "Melodies." He also had "a secret drawer in which he kept papers, and it was whispered that he wrote scraps and put them there." All this in the sweet days of boyhood—

> "The shining days when life is new,
> And all is bright as morning dew."

Youth came, and with it arose higher thoughts, higher aspirations, and loftier schemes. At the age of nineteen he wrote his drama of "Aguire," of which his brother, Dr. Griffin, thought so highly that he consented to Gerald's going to London to seek his fortune as a dramatic writer. Gerald had early conceived the idea—a somewhat romantic one—of reforming the modern drama. In the fall of 1823—in his twentieth year—the gifted and enthusiastic young Irishman entered the capital of England unknown, unfriended, scantily provided with means, having no other weapon or armor to fight the battle of life, upon which he was about to enter, than a facile pen, a good constitution, a well-balanced mind, and indomitable perseverance, and the patient, hopeful spirit of true genius. There, in the "modern Babylon," his life for nearly three weary years was a prolonged struggle, first for recognition and then for existence itself. It was dreadful up-hill work. He was sternly obliged "to labor and to wait." Often with an empty stomach, a sad heart, and shabby garments he toiled away, the glimmering taper of hope cheering him on, and the spirit of a bold and resolute independence nerving him in his destitution and distress.

In July, 1824, he published in the *Literary Gazette* a poem the first stanza of which is truly sad and expressive of his London life:

> "My soul is sick and lone,
> No social ties its love entwine;
> A heart upon a desert thrown
> Beats not in solitude like mine;
> For though the pleasant sunlight shine,
> It shows no form that I may own,
> And closed to me is friendship's shrine—
> I am alone—I am alone!"

In a letter, written about the same date, to his sister in America, Griffin says: "You have no idea what a heart-breaking life that of a young scribbler beating about and endeavoring to make his way in London is, going into a bookseller's shop, as I have often done, and being obliged to praise up my own manuscript to induce him to look at it at all—for there is so much competition that a person without a name will not even get a trial—while he puts on his spectacles and answers your self-commendation with a 'hum—um.' A set of hardened villains! and yet at no time whatever could I have been prevailed upon to quit London altogether. That horrid word *failure*—no! death first." This paragraph is the key to his difficulties and his lofty feelings. Poor, noble Griffin! bright soul of genius! "failure" was the word that you dreaded most to admit into your dictionary of life.

In his gifted countryman, Banim, he found a good and generous friend. Writing in the early part of 1824, he says: "What would I have done if I had not found Banim? I should never be tired of talking and thinking of Banim. Mark me! he is a man—the only one I have met since I left Ireland. We[5] walked over Hyde Park together on St. Patrick's day, and renewed our home recollections by gathering shamrocks and placing them in our hats, even under the eye of John Bull."

"The darkest day will pass away."

At length, Griffin's occasional sketches in the newspapers and periodicals attracted attention. He worked his way above the surface. In the autumn of 1826 "Holland-Tide" appeared. This work gained for the author some money, and the applause of the critics. It was followed the succeeding year by the "Tales of the Munster Festivals," thorough Irish stories, evincing great powers of observation and description. Griffin's abilities as a novelist were now recognized by all, and, at last, he had discovered his true vocation. Abandoning the drama, to which he had hitherto devoted much attention, he resolved to bend his energies to prose fiction. He returned to Ireland in the spring of 1827, and in the quiet of his Irish home continued to give the world his masterpieces. His splendid work "The Collegians" appeared in 1829. "The Duke of Monmouth," "The Rivals and Tracey's Ambition," "The Inva-

[5] Himself and Banim.

sion," "The Christian Physiologist," and others were issued from the press from time to time.

Griffin had now climbed the steep and rugged hill of fame, and upon him shone the sun of fortune. Still, his immaculate genius was not satisfied; his heart craved something more. God alone could fill it, and to God he resolved to dedicate himself. After mature deliberation, he became a Christian Brother in 1838. In this new, modest, and sublime sphere, Brother Joseph—such was Griffin's name in religion—labored with all the earnestness of his deep, ardent nature. From the monastery in Cork, he wrote to a friend in London in 1839: "I was ordered off here from Dublin last June, and have been since enlightening the craniums of the wondering Paddies in this quarter, who learn from me with profound amazement and profit that O-X spells ox, that the top of a map is the north, and the bottom the south, with various other 'branches'; as also that they ought to be good boys and do as they are bid, and say their prayers every morning and evening, etc.; and yet it seems curious even to myself that I feel a great deal happier in the practice of this daily routine than I did while I was roving about your great city absorbed in the modest project of rivalling Shakspere and throwing Scott into the shade."

For two years he led the devoted life of a good religious, of a saint, then "death softly touched him and he passed away" on the 12th of June, 1840. Cheered and sanctified by religion, the lofty genius and pure, bright soul of Gerald Griffin passed to that better, brighter world where all is joy and happiness supreme. In the little cemetery of the North Monastery in Cork, the traveller will see a simple headstone marked, "Brother Joseph." That is the honored grave of Gerald Griffin, saint, poet, dramatist, novelist, patriot—in short, one of the very best, greatest, and most gifted men ever produced by Ireland.

The poetry of Gerald Griffin glows with all the fire and feeling of youth. Dearly we love it for its pure beauty, freshness, and originality.

His excellent tragedy of "Gisippus"—written in his twentieth year, while shouldering his way through the rough-and-tumble of London life—was performed for the first time at Drury Lane in 1842. Both by the press and public it was received with the utmost favor.

As a writer, Griffin is bold, Irish, faithful, original. In the field of fiction he holds the first rank—indeed, it is our opinion that he is

the greatest of the Irish novelists. "The Collegians" is his most popular, and perhaps his most powerful, work. His works, in ten volumes, are published by D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

Gerald Griffin was a wonderful compound of the purest feeling and the most splendid intellect. His character was deep, lofty, beautiful, and independent. In person he was dignified and commanding. His brother, who visited him in London in 1826, tells us of his "tall figure, expressive features, and his profusion of dark hair, thrown back from a fine forehead, giving an impression of a person remarkably handsome and interesting."

"How long we live, not years but actions tell;
That man lives twice who lives the first life well."

SELECTIONS FROM GRIFFIN'S WORKS.

I LOVE MY LOVE IN THE MORNING.

I LOVE my love in the morning,
For she like morn is fair;
Her blushing cheek its crimson streak,
Its clouds her golden hair,
Her glance its beam, so soft and kind,
Her tears its dewy showers,
And her voice the tender, whispering wind
That stirs the early bowers.

I love my love in the morning,
I love my love at noon;
For she is bright as the lord of night,
Yet mild as autumn's moon.
Her beauty is my bosom's sun,
Her faith my fostering shade,
And I will love my darling one
Till even the sun shall fade.

I love my love in the morning,
I love my love at even;
Her smile's soft play is like the ray,
That lights the western heaven.

I loved her when the sun was high,
I loved her when he rose;
But best of all when evening's sigh
Was murmuring at its close.

MY SPIRIT IS GAY.

My spirit is gay as the breaking of dawn,
As the breeze that sports over the sunlighted lawn,
As the song of yon lark from his kingdom of light,
Or the harp-string that rings in the chambers at night.
For the world and its vapors, though darkly they fold,
I have light that can turn them to purple and gold,
Till they brighten the landscape they came to deface,
And deformity changes to beauty and grace.

Yet say not to selfish delights I must turn,
From the grief-laden bosoms around me that mourn;
For 'tis pleasure to share in each sorrow I see,
And sweet sympathy's tear is enjoyment to me.
Oh! blest is the heart, when misfortunes assail,
That is armed in content as a garment of mail;
For the grief of another that treasures its zeal,
And remembers no woe but the woe it can heal.

When the storm gathers dark o'er the summer's young bloom,
And each ray of the noontide is sheathèd in gloom,
I would be the rainbow, high arching in air,
Like a gleaming of hope on the brow of despair.
When the burst of its fury is spent on the bower
And the buds are yet bow'd with the weight of the shower,
I would be the beam that comes warming and bright,
And that bids them burst open to fragrance and light.

I would be the smile that comes breaking serene
O'er the features where lately affliction has been;
Or the heart-speaking scroll after years of alloy
That brings home to the desolate tidings of joy;
Or the life-giving rose-odor borne by the breeze
To the sense rising keen from the couch of disease,

Or the whisper of charity, tender and kind,
Or the dawning of hope on the penitent's mind.

Then breathe ye, sweet roses, your fragrance around,
And awaken, ye wild-birds, the grove with your sound;
When the soul is restrained and the heart is at ease
There's a rapture in pleasures so simple as these.
I rejoice in each sunbeam that gladdens the vale,
I rejoice in each odor that sweetens the gale,
In the bloom of the spring, in the summer's gay voice,
With a spirit as gay I rejoice! I rejoice!

OLD TIMES! OLD TIMES!

OLD times! old times! the gay old times!
When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes,
Under the sally tree.
My Sunday palm beside me placed,
My cross upon my hand,
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land!
Old times! old times!

It is not that my fortunes flee,
Nor that my cheek is pale,
I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
My darling native vale.
A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I loitered there;
But in my wisdom there is woe,
And in my knowledge care.
Old times! old times!

I've lived to know my share of joy,
To feel my share of pain,
To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
To love, and love in vain,

To feel a pang and wear a smile,
  To tire of other climes,
To like my own unhappy isle,
  And sing the gay old times!
    Old times! old times!

And sure the land is nothing changed,
  The birds are singing still,
The flowers are springing where we ranged,
  There's sunshine on the hill;
The sally, waving o'er my head,
  Still sweetly shades my frame;
But, ah! those happy days are fled,
  And I am not the same!
    Old times! old times!

Oh! come again, ye merry times,
  Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm,
And let me hear those Easter chimes,
  And wear my Sunday palm.
If I could cry away mine eyes
  My tears would flow in vain;
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
  They'll never come again!
    Old times! old times!

A PLACE IN THY MEMORY, DEAREST.

A PLACE in thy memory, dearest,
  Is all that I claim,
To pause and look back when thou hearest
  The sound of my name.
Another may woo thee, nearer,
  Another may win and wear;
I care not though he be dearer,
  If I am remembered there.

Remember me—not as a lover
Whose hope was cross'd,
Whose bosom can never recover
The light it hath lost;
As the young bride remembers the mother
She loves though she never may see,
As a sister remembers a brother,
O dearest! remember me.

Could I be thy true lover, dearest,
Couldst thou but smile on me,
I would be the fondest and nearest
That ever loved thee!
But a cloud on my pathway is glooming
That never must burst upon thine,
And Heaven, that made thee all blooming,
Ne'er made thee to wither on mine.

Remember me, then; oh! remember
My calm, light love,
Though bleak as the blasts of November
My life may prove;
That life will, though lonely, be sweet,
If its brightest enjoyment should be
A smile and kind word when we meet,
And a place in thy memory.

YOU HAVE NEVER BADE ME HOPE, 'TIS TRUE.

You have never bade me hope, 'tis true,
I ask you not to swear;
But I looked into those eyes of blue
And read a promise there.

The vow should bind with maiden sighs
That maiden's lips have spoken;
But that which looks from maiden's eyes
Should last of all be broken!

LIKE THE OAK BY THE FOUNTAIN.

LIKE the oak by the fountain
In sunshine and storm ;
Like the rock on the mountain,
Unchanging in form ;
Like the course of the river,
Through ages the same ;
Like the mist mounting ever
To heaven, whence it came.

So firm be thy merit,
So changeless thy soul,
So constant thy spirit,
While seasons shall roll.
The fancy that ranges
Ends where it began ;
But the mind that ne'er changes
Brings glory to man.

FARE THEE WELL, MY NATIVE DELL.

FARE thee well, my native dell !
Though far away I wander,
With thee my thoughts shall ever dwell,
In absence only fonder.
Farewell, ye banks where once I roved
To view that lonely river,
And you, ye groves so long beloved,
And fields, farewell for ever !

Here once my youthful moments flew
In joy like sunshine splendid,
The brightest hours that e'er I knew
With those sweet scenes were blended—
When o'er those hills at break of morn
The deer went bounding early,
And huntsmen woke with hounds and horn
The mountain echoes cheerly.

Fare ye well, ye happy hours,
So bright, but long departed!
Fare ye well, yet fragrant bow'rs,
So sweet, but now deserted!
Farewell, each rock and lonely isle,
That make the poet's numbers;
And thou, O ancient, holy pile![6]
Where mighty Brian slumbers!

Farewell, thou old, romantic bridge,
Where morn has seen me roaming,
To mark across each shallow ridge
The mighty Shannon foaming.
No more I'll press the bending oar
To speed the painted wherry,
And glide along the shady wood
To view the hills of Derry.

There's many an isle in Scariff Bay,
With many a garden blooming,
Where oft I've passed the summer day
Till twilight hours were glooming.
No more shall evening's yellow glow
Among those ruins find me;
Far from these dear scenes I go,
But leave my heart behind me.

'TIS, IT IS THE SHANNON'S STREAM.

'Tis, it is the Shannon's stream
Brightly glancing, brightly glancing,
See, oh! see the ruddy beam
Upon its waters dancing!
Thus return from travel vain,
Years of exile, years of pain,
To see old Shannon's face again,
Oh! the bliss entrancing.

[6] The cathedral in which is the monument of the celebrated Brian Boru.

Hail, our own majestic stream,
Flowing ever, flowing ever,
Silent in the morning beam,
Our own beloved river!

Fling thy rocky portals wide,
Western ocean, western ocean;
Bend, ye hills, on either side,
In solemn, deep devotion;
While before the rising gales
On his heaving surface sails
Half the wealth of Erin's vales,
With undulating motion.
Hail, our own beloved stream,
Flowing ever, flowing ever,
Silent in the morning beam,
Our own majestic river!

On thy bosom deep and wide,
Noble river, lordly river,
Royal navies safe might ride,
Green Erin's lovely river!
Proud upon thy banks to dwell,
Let me ring ambition's knell,
Lured by hope's illusive spell,
Again to wander, never.
Hail, our own romantic stream,
Flowing ever, flowing ever,
Silent in the morning beam,
Our own majestic river!

Let me from thy placid course,
Gentle river, mighty river,
Draw such truths of silent force
As sophist uttered never.
Thus like thee, unchanging still,
With tranquil breast and ordered will,
My heaven-appointed course fulfil,
Undeviating ever!

Hail, our own majestic stream,
Flowing ever, flowing ever,
Silent in the morning beam,
Our own delightful river!

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

SHE once was a lady of honor and wealth,
Bright glowed on her features the roses of health;
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold;
Joy revell'd around her, love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride,
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That call'd her to live for the suffering race,
And, heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly, like Mary, and answered, "I come."
She put from her person the trappings of pride
And passed from her home with the joy of a bride,
Nor wept at the threshold, as onward she moved,
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast;
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame;
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barters for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet that to music could gracefully move
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem
Are tending the helpless, or lifting for them;
That voice that once echo'd the songs of the vain
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;

And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down bed a pallet, her trinkets a bead,
Her lustre, one taper that serves her to read,
Her sculpture, the crucifix nailed by her bed,
Her paintings, one print of the thorn-crowned head,
Her cushion, the pavement that wearies her knees,
Her music the psalm, or the sigh of disease;
The delicate lady lived mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined;
Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.
She strengthens the weary, she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves 'mid the vapor of death;
Where rings the loud musket and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace!
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him!

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers—self-seeking men—
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed,
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid?

TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

As the mute nightingale in closest groves
  Lies hid at noon, but when day's piercing eye
  Is lock'd in night, with full heart beating high,
Poureth her plain song o'er the light she loves,
So, Virgin, ever pure and ever blest,
  Moon of religion, from whose radiant face,
  Reflected, streams the light of heavenly grace
On broken hearts, by contrite thoughts oppress'd—
So, Mary, they who justly feel the weight
  Of Heaven's offended majesty implore
  Thy reconciling aid, with suppliant knee.
Of sinful man, O sinless Advocate!
  To thee they turn, nor him the less adore;
  'Tis still *his* light they love, less dreadful seen in thee.

THE CHOICE OF FRIENDS.

League not with him in friendship's tie
  Whose selfish soul is bent on pleasure;
For he from joy to joy will fly
  As changes fancy's fickle measure.
Not his the faith whose bond we see
  With lapse of years remaining stronger;
Nor will he then be true to thee
  When thou canst serve his aim no longer.

Him, too, avoid whose grov'lling love
  In earthly end alone is centred,
Within whose heart a thought above
  Life's common cares has seldom entered.
Trust not to him thy bosom's weal,
  A painted love alone revealing,
The show, without the lasting zeal,
  The hollow voice, without the feeling.

THE VILLAGE RUIN.

THE lake which washes the orchards of the village of —— divides it from an abbey now in ruins, but associated with the recollection of one of those few glorious events which shed a scanty and occasional lustre on the dark and mournful tide of Irish history. At this foundation was educated, a century or two before the English conquest, Melcha, the beautiful daughter of O'Melachlin, a prince whose character and conduct even yet afford room for speculation to the historians of his country. Not like the maids of our degenerate days, who are scarce exceeded by the men in their effeminate vanity and love of ornament, young Melcha joined to the tenderness and beauty of a virgin the austerity and piety of a hermit. The simplest roots that fed the lowest of her father's subjects were the accustomed food of Melcha; a couch of heath refreshed her delicate limbs, and the lark did not rise earlier at morn to sing the praises of his Maker than did the daughter of O'Melachlin.

One subject had a large proportion of her thoughts, her tears, and prayers—the misery of her afflicted country; for she had not fallen on happy days for Ireland. Some years before her birth a swarm of savages from the North of Europe had landed on the eastern coast of the island, and, in despite of the gallant resistance of her father (who then possessed the crown) and of the other chiefs, succeeded in establishing their power throughout the country. Thorgills, the barbarian chief who had led them on, assumed the sovereignty of the conquered isle, leaving, however, to O'Melachlin the name and insignia of royalty, while all the power of government was centred in himself. The history of tyranny scarcely furnishes a more appalling picture of devastation and oppressive cruelty than that which followed the success of this invasion. Monasteries were destroyed, monks slaughtered in the shelter of their cloisters, cities laid waste and burnt, learning almost exterminated, and religion persecuted with a virulence peculiar to the gloomy and superstitious character of the oppressors. Historians present a minute and affecting detail of the enormities which were perpetrated in the shape of taxation, restriction, and direct aggression. The single word *tyranny*, however, may convey an idea of the whole.

Astonished at these terrible events, O'Melachlin, though once a vigilant general, seemed struck with some base palsy of the soul that rendered him insensible to the groans and tortures of his sub-

jects, or to the barbarous cruelty of the monster who was nominally leagued with him in power. Apparently content with the shadow of dominion left him, and with the security afforded to those of his own household, he slept upon his duties as a king and as a man, and thirty years of misery rolled by without his striking a blow, or even, to all appearance, forming a wish for the deliverance of his afflicted country. It was not till he was menaced with the danger of sharing the afflictions of his people that he endeavored to remove it.

Such apathy it was which pressed upon the mind of Melcha, and filled her heart with shame and with affliction. A weak and helpless maid, she had, however, nothing but her prayers to bestow upon her country; nor were those bestowed in vain. At the age of fifteen, rich in virtue as in beauty and in talent, she was recalled from those cloisters whose shadows still are seen at even-fall reflected in the waters of the lake, to grace the phantom court of her degenerated father. The latter, proud of his child, gave a splendid feast in honor of her return, to which he was not ashamed to invite the oppressor of his subjects and the usurper of his own authority. The coarser vices are the usual concomitants of cruelty. Thorgills beheld the saintly daughter of his host with other eyes than those of admiration. Accustomed to mould the wishes of the puppet-monarch to his own, he tarried not even the conclusion of the feast, but, desiring the company of O'Melachlin on the green without the palace, he there disclosed to him, with the bluntness of a barbarian and the insolence of a conqueror, his infamous wishes.

Struck to the soul at what he heard, O'Melachlin was deprived of the power of reply or utterance. For the first time since he had resigned to the invader the power which had fallen so heavy on the land, his feelings were awakened to a sense of sympathy, and self-interest made him pitiful. The cries of bereaved parents, to which till now his heart had been impenetrable as a wall of brass, found sudden entrance to its inmost folds, and a responsive echo amid its tenderest strings. He sat for a time upon a bench close by, with his forehead resting on his hand, and a torrent of tempestuous feelings rushing through his bosom.

"What sayest thou?" asked the tyrant, after a long silence. "Shall I have my wish? No answer! Hearest thou, slave? What insolence keeps thee silent?"

"I pray you pardon me," replied the monarch; "I was thinking

then of a sore annoyance that has lately bred about our castle. I mean that rookery yonder, the din of which even now confounds the music of our feast, and invades with its untimely harshness our cheering and most singular discourse. I would I had some mode of banishing that pest. I would I had some mode—I would I had."

"Ho! was that all the subject of thy thought?" said Thorgills. "Why, fool, thou never wilt be rid of them till thou hast burned the nests wherein they breed."

"I thank thee," answered the insulted parent; "I'll take thy counsel. I'll burn the nests. Will you walk into the house?"

"What, first, of my request?" said Thorgills; "tell me that."

"If thou hadst asked me," replied the king, "a favorite hobby for the chase, or a hound to guard thy threshold, thou wouldst not think it much to grant a week at least for preparing my heart to part with what it loved. How much more when thy demand reaches to the child of my heart, the only offspring of a mother who died before she had beheld her offspring?"

"A week, then, let it be," said Thorgills, looking with contempt upon the starting tears of the applicant.

"A week would scarce suffice," replied the monarch, "to teach my tongue in what language it should communicate a destiny like this to Melcha."

"What time wouldst thou require, then?" cried the tyrant hastily.

"Thou seest," replied the king, pointing to the new moon, which showed its slender crescent above the wood-crowned hills that bounded in the prospect. "Before that thread of light that glimmers now upon the distant lake, like chastity on beauty, has fulfilled its changes thou shalt receive my answer to this proffer."

"Be it so," said Thorgills, and the conversation ended.

When the guests had all departed, the wretched monarch went into his oratory, where he bade one of his followers to order Melcha to attend him. She found him utterly depressed, and almost incapable of forming a design. Having commanded the attendants to withdraw, he endeavored, but in vain, to make known to the astonished princess the demand of the usurper. He remembered her departed mother, and he thought of her own sanctity, and, more than all, he remembered his helpless condition, and the seeming impossibility of doing anything within the time to remove from his own doors the misery which had already befallen so many of his

subjects without meeting any active sympathy from him. Was this the form which he was to resign into a ruffian's hands? Was it for such an end he had instilled into her delicate mind the principles of early virtue and Christian piety? By degrees, as he contemplated his situation, his mind was roused by the very nature of the exigency to devise the means of its removal. He communicated both to Melcha, and was not disappointed in her firmness. With a zeal beyond her sex, she prepared to take a part in the desperate counsels of her father and the still more desperate means by which he proposed to put them into execution. Assembling the officers of his court, he made known to all, in the presence of his daughter, the flagrant insult which had been offered to their sovereign, and obtained the ready pledge of all to peril their existence in the futherance of his wishes. He unfolded in their sight the green banner of their country, which had now for more than thirty years lain hid amongst the wrecks of their departed freedom, and, while the memory of former glories shone warmly on their minds through the gloom of recent shame and recent injuries, the monarch easily directed their enthusiasm to the point where he would have it fall—the tyranny of Thorgills and his countrymen.

On the following day the latter departed for the capital, where he was to await the determination of his colleague. Accustomed to hold in contempt the imbecility of the conquered king, and hard himself at heart, he knew not what prodigious actions may take their rise from the impulse of paternal love. That rapid month was fruitful in exertion. Couriers were despatched from the palace of O'Melachlin to many of those princes whose suggestions of the deliverance of the isle he had long since received with apathy or disregard. Plans were arranged, troops organized, and a general system of intelligence established throughout the island. It is easy to unite the oppressed against the sovereign, so suddenly his scheme was spread throughout the country. The moon rolled by, and by its latest glimmer a messenger was despatched to the capital to meet at whatever place he should appoint.

There was an island on the lake in Meath, in which Thorgills had erected a lordly palace, surrounded by the richest woods, and affording a delicious prospect of the lake and the surrounding country. Hither the luxurious monarch directed that the daughter of O'Melachlin should be sent, together with her train of fifteen noble maidens of the court of O'Melachlin. The address of the

latter in seeming to accede to the wishes of the tyrant is preserved amongst the annals of the isle. It requested him to consider whether he might not find elsewhere some object more deserving of his favor than "that brown girl," and besought him to remember "whose father's child she was."

Far from being touched by this appeal, the usurper, on the appointed day, selected in the capital fifteen of the most dissolute and brutal of his followers, with whom he arrived at evening at the rendezvous. It was a portentous night for Ireland. Even to the eyes of the tyrant and his gang, half blinded as they were to all but their own hideous thoughts, there appeared something gloomy and foreboding in the stillness of nature, and seemed even to pervade the manners of the people. The villages were silent as they passed, and there appeared in the greeting of the few they met upon the route an air of deep-seated and almost menacing intelligence.

Meantime, with feelings widely different and an anxiety that even the greatness of the enterprise and the awakened spirit of heroism could not wholly subdue, O'Melachlin prepared himself for the painful task of bidding farewell to his beloved daughter. Melcha, already aware of his design, awaited with the deepest anxiety, yet mingled with a thrilling hope, the approach of the auspicious moment that was to crown her ardent and long-cherished wishes or to dash them to the earth forever. Alone in her royal father's oratory, she lay prostrate before the marble altar, and wet with floods of tears the solid pavement at its base. She prayed, not like a fanatic or worldling, but like one who understood with a feeling mind the real miseries of her country, and knew that she addressed a power capable of removing them. The step of her father at the porch of the oratory aroused the princess from her attitude of devotion. She stood up hastily upon her feet, like one prepared for enterprise, and waited the speech of O'Melachlin. He came to inform her that all was ready for her departure, and conducted her into an adjoining chamber, that he might bid her farewell. The father and daughter embraced in silence and with tears.

Believing from the error of the light that she looked pale as she stood before him, he took her hand and pressed it in an encouraging manner.

"Follow me," he said, "my child, and thou shalt see how little cause thou hast to fear the power of this Norwegian Holofernes."

The king conducted her into another room, where stood fifteen young maidens, as it seemed, and richly attired.

"Thou seest these virgins, Melcha," said the monarch. "Their years are like thine own, but under every cloak is a warrior's sword, and they do not want a warrior's hand to wield it, for all that is woman of them is their dress. Dost thou think," he added tenderly, "that thou hast firmness for such a task as this?"

"I have no fear," replied his daughter. "He who put strength into the arm of Judith can give courage to the heart of Melcha."

They departed from the palace, where the anxious father remained a little longer, until the fast advancing shades of night should enable him to put the first steps of his design into effect. As soon as the earliest stars began to glimmer on the woods of Meath, he took from its recess the banner which so long had rested idle and inglorious in his hall, and the brazen sword which was once the constant companion of his early successes and defeats, but which now had not left its sheath since he received a visionary crown from Thorgills. Girding the weapon to his side, he drew the blade with tears of shame and sorrow, imprinted a kiss upon the tempered metal, and hastened with reviving hope and energy to seek the troops who awaited him in the adjoining wood. Mounting in haste, they hurried along through forests and defiles which were in many places thronged with silent multitudes, armed, and waiting but the signal-word to rush to action. They halted near the borders of the lake of Thorgills, where a number of currachs, or basket-boats, were moored under shelter of the wood. After holding a council of war, and allotting to the several princes engaged their part in the approaching enterprise, O'Melachlin remained on the shore casting from time to time an anxious eye to the usurper's isle, and awaiting the expected signal of his daughter.

The princess in the meantime pursued the hazardous journey to the abode of Thorgills. The sun had already set before they reached the shores of the lake which surrounded the castle of the tyrant, and the silver bow of the expiring moon was glimmering in its pure and tranquil waters. A barge, allotted by Thorgills for the purpose, was sent to convey them to the island, and they were welcomed with soft music at the entrance of the palace. The place was lonely, the guards were few, and the blind security of the monarch was only equalled by his weakness. Besides, the revel spirit had descended from the chieftain to his train, and most even of those who were

in arms had incapacitated themselves for using them with any energy. Melcha and her train were conducted by a half-intoxicated slave to an extensive hall, where they were commanded to await the orders of the conqueror. The guide disappeared, and the princess prepared for the issue. In a little time the hangings at one side of the apartment were drawn back, and the usurper, accompanied by his ruffian band, made his appearance, hot with the fumes of intoxication, and staggering from the late debauch. The entrance of Thorgills was the signal for Melcha to prepare her part. All remained still while Thorgills passed from one to another of the silent band of maidens, and paused at length before the "brown girl" for whom O'Melachlin had besought his pity. A thrill of terror shot through the heart of Melcha as she beheld the hand of the wretch about to grasp her arm.

"Down with the tyrant!" she exclaimed, in a voice that rung like a bugle-call. "Upon him, warriors, in the name of Erin! Bind him, but slay him not."

With a wild "Farrah!" that shook the roof and walls of the abhorred dwelling, the youths obeyed the summons of the heroine. The tornado bursts not sooner from the bosom of Eastern calm than did the band of warriors from their delicate disguise at the sound of those beloved accents.

Their swords for an instant gleamed unstained on high, but when they next rose into the air they smoked with the streaming gore of the oppressors. Struck powerless by the charge, the tyrant and his dissolute crew were disabled before they had even time to draw a sword.

Thorgills was seized alive and bound with their scarfs and bands, while the rest were hewed to pieces without pity on the spot. While this was done, the heroic Melcha seized a torch which burned in the apartment, rushed swiftly from the palace. The affrighted guards, believing it to be some apparition, gave way as she approached, and suffered her to reach the borders of the lake, where she waved the brand on high, forgetting in the zeal of liberty her feminine character, and more resembling one of their own war goddesses than the peaceful Christian maiden whose prayers and tears till now had been her only weapons. Like a train to which a spark has been applied, a chain of beacon-fires sprang up from hill to hill of the surrounding country, amid the shouts of thousands gasping for breath—for the breath of freedom, and hailing that feeble light as

its rising star. The boats of O'Melachlin, shooting like arrows from the surrounding shores, darkened the surface of the lake, and the foremost reached the isle before the guards of the tyrant, stupified by wine and fear, had yet recovered courage to resist. They were an easy prey to O'Melachlin and his followers; nor was the enterprise thus auspiciously commenced permitted to grow cold until the power of the invaders was destroyed throughout the isle, and Melcha had the happiness to see peace and liberty restored to her afflicted country.

In the waters of that lake which so often had borne the usurper to the lonely scene of his debaucheries he was consigned, amidst the acclamations of a liberated people, to a nameless sepulchre, and the power he had abused once more reverted to its rightful owner.

In one thing only did the too confiding islanders neglect to profit by the advice of Thorgills himself. *They did not burn the nests.* They suffered the strangers still to possess the seaport towns and other important holds throughout the isle, an imprudence, however, the effect of which did not appear till the reign of O'Melachlin was ended by his death.

The reader may desire to know what became of the beautiful and heroic princess who had so considerable a share in the restoration of her country's freedom. As this had been the only earthly object of her wishes, even from childhood, with its accomplishment was ended all she desired on earth. Rejecting the crowds of noble and wealthy suitors who ardently sought her hand, and preferring the solitude of her own heart to the splendors and allurements of a court, she besought her father, as a recompense for her ready compliance with his wishes, that he would allow her once more to retire into the convent where she had received her education, to consume her days in exercises of piety and virtue. Pained at her choice, the king, however, did not seek to thwart it; and after playing her brief but brilliant part upon the theatre of the world, she devoted in those holy shades her virgin love and the residue of her days to heaven.

Such are the recollections that hallow the village ruin and dignify its vicinity with the majesty of historical association. The peasantry choose the grave of the royal nun as the scene of their devotions; and even those who look with contempt upon their humble piety, and regard as superstition the religion of their buried princess, feel the genial current gush within their bosoms as they

pass the spot at evening, and think upon her singleness of heart and her devoted zeal. Long may it be before feelings such as these shall be extinguished.

GRIFFIN'S LETTERS.

LETTER TO HIS SISTER.

London, Nov. 22, 1823.

My Dearest Ellen: I have but a small place[7] left for you, so I must confine myself. William does not mention whether you wrote to or heard from America since I left Ireland. When you write, tell Mary Ann[8] that while her affectionate remembrance of me in her last letter gave me pleasure, I felt no small degree of pain at the air of doubt with which she requested that "the muses should not supersede her in my affections." I was hurt by it at the time, and have not since forgot it. Tell her that, long as we have been acquainted, she yet knows little of me if she thought the charge necessary.

Since I came here I have discovered that home is more necessary to my content than I previously imagined. The novelty of change is beginning to wear off, and even amid the bustle of this great city I think of you already with a feeling of loneliness, which rather increases than lessens by time. I do not expect you to write to me, as I know it distresses you; but you can remember me now and then, and make William, or whoever writes, be particular in the account of your health. Never give up hope. It is the sweetest cordial with which Heaven qualifies the cup of calamity, next to that which *you* never lose sight of—religion.

Dearest Ellen, remember me affectionately to all, and believe me,

Yours ever,

Gerald Griffin.

TO HIS BROTHER.

London, June 18, 1825.

My Dear William: I do not intend to send this until I have more to tell you than I can do at present. Your letter was a great prize. I wish you could send me what you intend. I know not

[7] This follows, on the same sheet, a letter to his brother, Dr. William Griffin.

[8] Another of his sisters; she afterwards became a Sister of Charity.

how to turn it to account until I see it all; but I apprehend the idea of a journal is not good, for mine must be all tales, short and attractive in their appearance.

I called the other day on a celebrated American scribbler, Mr. N——. He is a pleasant fellow, and we had some chat. He has been filling half *Blackwood* since he came with American topics, and is about *novelizing* here, as I perceive by the advertisement of "Brother Jonathan." His cool egotism is amusing. "Tragedy, Mr. Griffin," says he to me, "is your passion, I presume? I wrote one myself the other day, and sent it in to the players; they returned it without any answer, which was wise on their part. I was sorry for it, however, for I thought it was such a thing as would do them a good deal of credit, *and me too.*" He is, I believe, a lawyer. You understand my reason for mentioning this precisely in that place. He is, I think, clever.

Have you seen Banim's "O'Hara Tales"? If not, read them, and say what you think of them. I think them most vigorous and original things, overflowing with the spirit of poetry, passion, and painting. If you think otherwise, don't say so. My friend W—— sends me word that they are *well written.* All our critics here say they are *admirably* written; that nothing since Scott's first novels has equalled them. I differ entirely with W—— in his idea of the fidelity of their delineations. He says they argue unacquintance with the country. I think they are astonishing in nothing so much as in the power of creating an intense interest without stepping out of real life, and in the very easy and natural drama that is carried through them, as well as in the excellent tact he shows in seizing on all the points of national character which are capable of effect. Mind, I don't speak of "The Fetches" now. That is romance. But is it not a splendid one?

Nobody knew anything of Banim till he published his "O'Hara Tales," which are becoming more and more popular every day. I have seen pictures taken from them already by first-rate artists, and engravings in the windows. Tales, in fact, are the only things the public look for. Miss Kelly has been trying to pull Congreve above water, and has been holding him by the nose for the last month, but it won't do; he must down. When I came to London the playgoers were spectacle mad, then horse mad, then devil mad, now they are monkey mad, and the Lord knows, my dear William, when they will be *G. G.* mad. I wish I could get "a vacancy at 'em,"

I'm sure. Every day shows me more and more of the humbug of literature. It is laughable and sickening. What curious ideas I had of fame, etc., before I left Ireland! . . .

Dear William, affectionately yours,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

TO HIS SISTER.

DUBLIN, April 13, 1829.

MY DEAR LUCY: I am most ready to admit your last letter as an acquittance for all old debts, and likewise to subscribe with the greatest humility to the justice of your criticism. How happy it would be for the world if all the reviewers had your taste and discernment! They would know what was good when they got it, and they would buy the "Collegians" in cart-loads.

If you are not content with your way of spending the Lent, I don't know what you would say to my dancing quadrilles on Monday evening at a party in Baggot Street. The family is a most agreeable one, living in very elegant style, and the most friendly and unaffected that you can imagine. I here met Miss ——, the sister of the hero you might have heard me speak of, whom I knew in London. She is a most charming girl indeed. I'll tell you how I might give you some idea of her: if *Ely O'Connor* had been a gentlewoman, she would have been just such a one, I think, as Miss ——. Isn't this very modest talking of my heroine? I have a great mind to put her into my next book, and if I do, I'll kill her as sure as a gun, for it would be such delightful play. I exult in the destruction of amiable people, particularly in the slaughter of handsome young ladies, for it makes one's third volume so interesting. I have even a hankering wish to make a random blow at yourself, and I think I'll do it some day or other; so look to yourself and insure your life, I advise you, for I think, if well managed, you would make a very pretty catastrophe. But, until I find occasion for killing you, let my dear Lucy continue to love her affectionate brother. GERALD GRIFFIN.

TO HIS BROTHER.

LONDON, July 31, 1826.

MY DEAR WILLIAM: I have just got your letter, and write to say that there is at present no chance of my being out of town any

time before winter. I have been as hard at work, and to as little purpose as usual, since I wrote last. The *News of Literature* is dead and buried, leaving me unpaid to some amount—enough to be disagreeable. I am sorry to perceive you write in unpleasant spirits; these things I have forgot a long time now, for I have been so seasoned by partial success and great disappointment that I am become quite indifferent about either, though I am still pulling on from habit.

My friend Llanos goes to France next week, which I regret as deeply as it is possible for me to say. As to success, or disappointment, or uncertainty, or apprehension, they are all nonsense. The only plan is to persuade yourself that you will get on gloriously, and that's the best success going.

I have, within the last year, seen and talked with some of the most successful geniuses of the day, and I perceive those who possess brilliant reputations to be conceited, impertinent, affected fools, "out of their inspiration," and all others are just about as happy and as miserable as the rest of the world whom nobody knows or cares about. I don't care to know whether you are aware of the low ebb at which literature is at present. *That* accounts for my obscurity, of course. I write this at such a New Market rate to overtake the post that I scarcely know what I have said, but it is not of much consequence, as we shall have the happiness of meeting so soon. I stick by honest Cab's motto: "Hang sorrow; care'll kill a cat; up tails all, and a rouse for the hangman."

Dear William, yours affectionately,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

LETTER TO JOHN BANIM.

PALLAS KENRY, October, 1836.

MY DEAR BANIM: It is with no little gratification I find myself writing to you once more as of old, to ask you how you are, and all who are about you. I have often thought since I left Windgap that it must have been an ease to you to get rid of me, you kept such continual driving about while I was with you; besides, the exhaustion of the evenings, which, I fear, must have been too much for you in your present state of health. To enable me to pass my time pleasantly, I am afraid you made it more unpleasant to your-

self than I ought to have permitted; but I am a great hand at seeing what I ought to have done when the occasion is past.

And, now, in the first place, I will ask you, How have you been since? And have you yet had relief from those terrible pains and sinkings from which you used to suffer so much and so continually while I was with you? I believe you would think well of Munster folks if you knew how kind and general have been their enquiries respecting you since your return. How fervently do I wish that time and home and patience may bring about in you the same happy change which they have often done in other invalids, and enable you again to take, and long to hold, your rightful place at the head of our national literature. This sounds mighty like a fine speech, but let it pass. Would it be unreasonable to ask you to send me that song —your song—when you can conveniently do so. I would also wish to have that beautiful little poem you read to me one evening—the lines "On a Churchyard"; some of them have been haunting me ever since I heard you read them.

It is time for me to say something of the other members of your family, and to make enquiries for Mrs. Banim, and for your sweet little daughter. It is a great blessing that Mrs. Banim's health has held out so well under the severe trials and fatigues to which it has been so long subjected, and most sincerely do I hope that her devotedness and patience may ere long meet some reward in seeing you restored to at least a portion of the health you once enjoyed. I would be most ungrateful—indeed, very ungrateful—if I could ever forget the attention I received both from her and you in London when friends were less than few.

In your present state it must be a great source of satisfaction to have your sweet little Mary near friends who feel for her the interest which only, or almost only, relatives can feel. Farewell, my dear friend. God bless you and all you feel an interest in. This is my sincere and fervent prayer. Remember me to your father and brother, also to your sister. Hoping that you will find my "shalls" and "wills," "shoulds" and "woulds," "weres" and "have beens" in the foregoing orthodox, and hoping far more ardently that they may find you in better health and hope than when I left you, I remain, my dear Banim, your sincere friend,

GERALD GRIFFIN.

JOHN BANIM.

"Ireland was the theme most upon his lips, and the love of country glowed in his bosom ever and always."

"I should never be tired of talking about and thinking of Banim. Mark me! he is a man—the only one I have met since I left Ireland."—GERALD GRIFFIN.

JOHN BANIM, "a bright-hearted, true-souled Irishman," was born in the city of Kilkenny on the 3d of April, 1798. His father, Michael Banim, was a respectable shop-keeper and farmer, who dealt "in everything from a fowling-piece of John Rigby's to one of Martin Kelly's fishing-rods, and kept a pair of well-bred horses." He was a good Catholic, and by all who knew him was respected for his worth and intelligence. We are told that John's mother, Joannah Carroll, "possessed a mind of very superior order, and a store of good sense and womanly, wifely patience; and these, with health and trust in Heaven, were her only marriage-portion."[1]

John was a precocious boy, exhibiting marks of genius at an early age. He loved to study in his own way. His greatest pleasure was to steal from school, and, lying under a hedge or beneath the shelter of a haycock, to pore over some prized volume of "romance or fairy tale."[2] At six he resolved to write a story. The table was too high for the young novelist, so he placed his paper on the bedroom floor, and there scribbled away. It took him three months to finish it. He even wished to get it printed. Nor did he end with this fairy story.

"We have seen," says his elegant and careful biographer, "a romance in two thick manuscript volumes, written in his tenth year, and have looked through several manuscript poems, particularly one extending to over a thousand lines, entitled 'Hibernia,' written about the same period." Thus the lad was a poet and novelist, with bold, original, and independent views, even before he made his first Communion!

After a good preliminary training, young Banim, in his thirteenth year, was sent to Kilkenny College. There he pursued his

[1] Patrick Joseph Murray, "The Life of John Banim." [2] Ibid.

studies for nearly three years; but, having developed a very remarkable talent for drawing and painting, he selected the profession of artist, and, in 1813, was sent to Dublin, where he entered the drawing academy of the Royal Society as a pupil. For two years more drawing occupied his earnest attention. He returned to his native city, and began life as an artist and teacher of drawing. At this time John "was just eighteen years of age, about the middle height, and of good figure. His face was oval, and, though not handsome, his broad, high forehead and his dark-hued eyes, teeming with life and spirit, saved him from the designation—ugly."[3]

At one of the schools which he attended, as the teacher of drawing, was a young lady, a boarder in the establishment and a pupil of Banim's. She was a bright-eyed, pure-souled, artless girl of seventeen. Banim, full of romance and overflowing with affection, unconsciously fell in love with his pupil, and she, as might have been expected, returned his ardent love. Her father—a blunt, rude-tempered old man—not only refused Banim's proposal for his daughter's hand, but insulted the high-spirited young fellow, and secretly removed the girl to a distant part of the country. Six unhappy months passed, when the artist learned that his lady-love was dead—of a broken heart. The shock aroused him from his lethargy, and though in the midst of winter, he started on foot to walk twenty-five weary Irish miles to gaze once more on the placid features of his intended bride. He arrived at his destination, sadly followed her hearse to the churchyard, "and when all had departed, cast himself upon the fresh green mound that marked the grave of his first love." Poor Banim! Sick at heart, with an empty stomach and a trembling frame, he turned his steps homewards. Where he passed the night that followed, he could never remember. Next morning he was met by his brother, leaning upon whose arm he came home. He lay down on his sick-bed, and for twelve months he merely existed. The mental excitement he had undergone and the exposure endured on his journey culminated in a chronic disease of the spine, from which he never entirely recovered.

On regaining his health, Banim soon abandoned the profession of an artist. He first became a contributor to a local paper, the *Leinster Gazette*, and then editor of the same. Early in 1820 he left his father's house for Dublin, and from this period we may date

[3] "Life of Banim."

his life as a literary man. His letters reveal his many difficulties—his early struggles for recognition, and his occasionally "whistling for want of a dinner." But Banim was bold, manly, the very soul of resolution; literature counts no name more heroic, and persevering, and independent. He turned his attention to the drama, and on the 28th of May, 1821, his "Damon and Pythias," an historical play of great excellence, was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, the author being only in his twenty-fourth year. Macready and Charles Kemble took the principal parts.

In conjunction with his brother Michael[4] he laid the foundation of the celebrated "Tales of the O'Hara Family"—John to be known by the *nom de plume* of Abel O'Hara, and Michael by that of Barnes O'Hara. Each was to write as much as possible, and submit his MS. to the other for criticism. At that time Michael was in business with his father, and could only devote his occasional leisure moments to composition, while his more gifted brother proposed to go to London and devote himself wholly to literature.

Banim was an earnest Catholic, and an ardent and patriotic Irishman, and at this period Ireland had long grown sick and weary of resting under the iron heels of religious degradation and political despotism. The Irishman was then placed in print only to be jeered and mocked at. Banim saw this. He determined to do something for himself and the good name of his country. He resolved to do for Ireland what Sir Walter Scott had done for Scotland. In short, he longed to become the novelist of his dear native isle.

In 1822, he married Miss Ellen Ruth, the pretty daughter of a "gentleman-farmer" of his native county. Less than a month after his marriage, he set out with his young wife for London, really to seek their fortune. He had little money, but he possessed that wonderful courage which ever dwells in the strong, deep heart of genius. He soon made friends. He wrote for the periodicals. He was ever "up and doing." In April, 1825, the first volume of "The Tales of the O'Hara Family" appeared. This brought him fame and money. "The Boyne Water" was issued early in 1826. The following year he produced "Sylla," a tragedy. "The Croppy,"

[4] Michael Banim, John's elder brother and literary partner, was born in 1796. The Banim family consisted of Michael, John, and Joannah. Michael Banim, towards the end of his life, held the position of Postmaster of Kilkenny, and died only a few years ago.

"The Anglo-Irish," "The Ghost-Hunter," "The Denounced," "The Smuggler," "The Mayor of Windgap," and, finally, "Father Connell" were issued in rapid succession from this time until 1840, when the literary labors of the brothers entirely ceased.

The sorrow which shaded John Banim's young days rested on his last years. In 1830 occurred the death of his mother, whom he loved with all the intensity of his poetic nature. It was a sad blow. But death was quickly stealing even after himself. In January, 1832, he wrote to his brother: "My dear Michael: My legs are quite gone, and I suffer agony in the extreme, yet I try to work for all that." Cholera attacked him the same year. His weak and shattered body never recovered, and the gifted and high-souled Banim was a confirmed cripple for the brief remainder of his life.

In 1835 he returned to his birthplace to die. The next year a pension of seven hundred and fifty dollars a year was bestowed on him by the Government. This lightened his anxieties for the future, but did not serve to prolong his bright and useful life. In his little cottage of Windgap, surrounded by all the delicate attentions that his devoted wife and affectionate relatives could bestow, he breathed his last in the summer of 1842.

"Have you seen Banim's 'O'Hara Tales'?" writes Gerald Griffin to his brother. "If not, read them, and say what you think of them. I think them most vigorous and original things, overflowing with the very spirit of poesy, passion, and painting. All our critics here say they are admirably written; that nothing since Scott's first novels has equalled them. I think they are astonishing in that power of creating an intense interest without stepping out of real life, and in the very easy and natural drama that is carried through them, as well as in the excellent tact which he shows in seizing on all the points of national character which are capable of effect."[5]

"The story of 'The Nowlans' and that of 'Croohore of the Bill-Hook,'" writes Mr. Chambers, "can never be forgotten by those who have once perused them. The force of the passions and the effects of crime have rarely been painted with such overmastering energy, or wrought into narratives of more sustained and harrowing interest."[6]

As a distinguished dramatist, novelist, and, above all, as a *man*, John Banim stands in the front rank. He is a powerful describer

[5] Letter of June 18, 1825.
[6] "Cyclopædia of English Literature," vol. ii.

of Irish life, for his genius was truly Irish, and his knowledge of the Irish character, habits, and customs, was most accurate. He was a brave, noble, generous-hearted man. His purse—often poorly filled—was always open to the needy and the distressed. Like all good and lofty geniuses, jealousy of rivals was to him a feeling unknown. He was ever ready to assist Gerald Griffin, and was the only *true* friend which that bright soul of genius met in London. "I cannot tell you," writes Griffin to his brother, "the many many instances in which Banim has shown his friendship since I wrote last; let it suffice to say that he is the sincerest, heartiest, most disinterested being that breathes. His fireside is the only one where I enjoy anything like social life or home."

We consider Banim's letters as, perhaps, the most hearty, direct, and graceful specimens of epistolary correspondence in English literature. There is about them a simplicity, easy dash, and pointed brevity for which we look in vain in other great authors.

The following lines to the memory of John Banim are from the pen of the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee:

"Go preach to those who have no souls to save, who would not shed a tear
O'er beauty's blight, or patriot's worth, or virtue on the bier;
Far from the land that bore us, oft did he restore
The memory of our earlier days, our country's matchless lore!

"Who hath not paused with burning brow o'er his immortal story
Of Sarsfield and his Irish hearts in Limerick's list of glory,
Or sorrowed with the aged priest or MacNary's lovely daughter,
Or felt the power that genius sheds o'er Boyne's historic water?

"Scarce had he to the world given the ancient pastor's worth
When he whose pen could paint the soul was torn away from earth;
And many a calm declining eve upon his tombless grave
Shall Kilkenny's daughters strew their flowers and sing a requiem stave."[7]

[7] Banim's works, in ten volumes, are published by D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

SELECTIONS FROM BANIM'S WRITINGS.

SOGGARTH AROON ![8]

Am I a slave, they say,
Soggarth Aroon?
Since you did show the way,
Soggarth Aroon!
Their slave no more to be,
While they did work with me
Old Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth Aroon!

Why not her poorest man,
Soggarth Aroon!
Try and do all he can,
Soggarth Aroon!
Her commands to fulfil,
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still,
Soggarth Aroon!

Loyal and brave to you,
Soggarth Aroon!
Yet be no slave to you,
Soggarth Aroon!
Nor, out of fear to you,
Stand up so near to you—
Och! out of fear to *you!*
Soggarth Aroon!

Who in the winter's night,
Soggarth Aroon!
When the cold blast did bite,
Soggarth Aroon!
Came to my cabin-door,
And on my cabin-floor,
Knelt by me sick and poor,
Soggarth Aroon?

[8] Soggarth Aroon!—Priest dear.

Who on the marriage-day,
Soggarth Aroon!
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth Aroon!
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth Aroon?

Who as friend only met,
Soggarth Aroon!
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth Aroon!
And when my heart was dim
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth Aroon?

Och! you, and only you,
Soggarth Aroon!
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth Aroon!
In love they'll never shake,
When for Old Ireland's sake
We a true part did take!
Soggarth Aroon!

AILLEEN.

'Tis not for love of gold I go,
'Tis not for love of fame,
Though fortune should her smile bestow,
And I may win a name,
Ailleen,
And I may win a name.

And yet it is for gold I go,
And yet it is for fame—
That they may deck another brow,
And bless another name,
Ailleen,
And bless another name.

For this, but this, I go ; for this
I lose thy love awhile,
And all the soft and quiet bliss
Of thy young, faithful smile,
Ailleen,
Of thy young, faithful smile.

And I go to brave a world I hate,
And woo it o'er and o'er,
And tempt a wave and try a fate
Upon a stranger shore,
Ailleen,
Upon a stranger shore.

Oh ! when the bays are all my own,
I know a heart will care;
Oh ! when the gold is wooed and won,
I know a brow shall wear,
Ailleen,
I know a brow shall wear.

And when with both returned again,
My native land to see,
I know a smile will meet me there,
And a hand will welcome me,
Ailleen,
And a hand will welcome me.

THE RECONCILIATION.

[The facts recorded in this ballad occurred in a little mountain chapel in the county of Clare at the time efforts were made to put an end to faction fighting among the peasantry.]

THE old man knelt at the altar,
His enemy's hand to take,
And at first his weak voice did falter
And his feeble limbs did shake ;
For his only brave boy, his glory,
Had been stretched at the old man's feet
A corpse, all so haggard and gory,
By the hand which he now must greet.

And soon the old man stopt speaking,
  And rage, which had not gone by,
For under his brows came breaking
  Up into his enemy's eye;
And now his limbs were not shaking,
  But his clenched hands his bosom crossed,
And he looked a fierce wish to be taking
  Revenge for the boy he had lost.

But the old man he looked around him
  And thought of the place he was in,
And thought of the promise which bound him,
  And thought that revenge was sin;
And then, crying tears like a woman,
"Your hand," he said, "ay, *that* hand,
And I do forgive you, foeman,
  For the sake of our bleeding land!"

THE STOLEN SHEEP.

[From "The Bit o' Writin'."]

THE faults of the lower classes of the Irish are sufficiently well known; perhaps their virtues have not been proportionately observed, or recorded for observation.

The Irish plague, called typhus fever, raged in its terrors. In almost every third cabin there was a corpse daily. In every one, without an exception, there was what had made the corpse—hunger. It need not be added that there was poverty, too. The poor could not bury their dead. From mixed motives of self-protection, terror, and benevolence, those in easier circumstances exerted themselves to administer relief in different ways. Money was subscribed; wholesome food, or food as wholesome as a bad season permitted, was provided; and men of respectability, bracing their minds to avert the danger that threatened themselves by boldly facing it, entered the infected house, where death reigned almost alone, and took measures to cleanse and purify the close-cribbed air and the rough, bare walls. Before proceeding to our story, let us be permitted to mention some general marks of Irish virtue, which, under those circumstances, we personally noticed. In

poverty, in abject misery, and at a short and fearful notice, the poor man died like a Christian. He gave vent to none of the poor man's complaints or invectives against the rich man who had neglected him, or who, he might have supposed, had done so till it was too late. Except for a glance—and doubtless a little inward pang while he glanced—at the starving and perhaps infected wife, or child, or old parent, as helpless as the child, he blessed God and died.

The appearance of a comforter at his wretched bedside, even when he knew comfort to be useless, made his heart grateful and his spasmed lips eloquent in thanks. In cases of indescribable misery—some member of his family lying lifeless before his eyes, or else some dying, stretched upon damp and unclean straw, on an earthen floor, without cordial for his lips or potatoes to point out to a crying infant—often we have heard him whisper to himself (and to another who heard him), "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Such men need not always make bad neighbors.

In the early progress of the fever, before the more affluent aroused themselves to avert its career, we cross the threshold of an individual peasant. His young wife lies dead; his second child is dying at her side; he has just sunk into a corner himself under the first stun of disease, long resisted. The only persons of his family who have escaped contagion, and are likely to escape it, are his old father, who sits weeping feebly upon the hob, and his first-born, a boy of three or four years, who, standing between the old man's knees, cries also for food.

We visit the young peasant's abode some time after. He has not sunk under "the sickness." He is fast regaining his strength, even without proper nourishment; he can creep out of doors and sit in the sun. But in the expression of his sallow and emaciated face there is no joy for his escape from the grave as he sits there silent, brooding. His father and his surviving child are still hungry—more hungry, indeed, and more helpless than ever, for the neighbors who had relieved the family with a potato and a mug of sour milk are now stricken down themselves, and want assistance to a much greater extent than they can give it.

"I wish Mr. Evans was in the place," cogitated Michaul Carroll; "a body could spake for'nent him, and not spake for nothin', for all that he's an Englishman; and I don't like the thoughts o' goin' up

to the house to the steward's face; it wouldn't turn kind to a body. Maybe he'd soon come home to us, the masther himself."

Another fortnight elapsed. Michaul's hope proved vain. Mr. Evans was still in London; though a regular resident on his small Irish estate since it had come into his possession; business unfortunately—and he would have said so himself—now kept him an unusually long time absent. Thus disappointed, Michaul overcame his repugnance to appear before the "hard" steward. He only asked for work, however. There was none to be had. He turned his slow and still feeble foot into the adjacent town. It was market-day, and he took up his place among the crowd of other claimants for agricultural employment, shouldering a spade, as did each of his comrades. Many farmers came to the well-known "stannin'," and hired men at his right and at his left, but no one addressed Michaul. Once or twice, indeed, touched perhaps by his sidelong looks of beseeching misery, a farmer stopped a moment before him, and glanced over his figure; but his worn and almost shaking limbs giving little promise of present vigor in the working-field, worldly prudence soon conquered the humane feeling which started towards him in the man's heart, and, with a choking in his throat, poor Michaul saw the arbiter of his fate pass on.

He walked homewards without having broken his fast that day. "*Bud, musha,* what's the harm o' that," he said to himself; "only here's the ould father an' her pet boy, the weenoch without a pyathee either. Well *asthore,* if they can't have the pyathees, they must have betther food—that's all. Ay," he muttered, clenching his hands at his sides, and imprecating fearfully in Irish, "an' so they must."

He left his house again, and walked a good way to beg a few potatoes. He did not come home quite empty-handed; his father and his child had a meal. He ate but few himself; and when he was about to lie down in his corner for the night, he said to the old man across the room: "Don't be crying to-night, father—you and the child there—but sleep well, an' ye'll have the good break'ast afore ye in the morning."

"The good break'ast, *ma-bouchal!*[9] a-thin an' where 'ill id come from?"

"A body promised it to me, father."

"*Avich,* Michaul, an' sure its fun you're making of us now at any rate. *Bud,* the good night, *a-chorra,*[10] an' my blessin' on your

[9] My boy.

[10] Term of endearment.

head, Michaul. If we keep trust in the good God, an' ax his blessin' too, mornin' and evenin', gettin' up and lyin' down, he'll be a friend to us at last. That was always an' ever my word to you, poor boy since you was the years o' your own weenoch now fast asleep at my side; an' it's my word to you now, *ma-bouchal,* and you won't forget id. And there's one sayin' the same to you out o' heaven this night —herself an' her little angel-in-glory, by the hand, Michaul *a-vourneen.*"

Having thus spoken in the fervent and rather exaggerated, though everyday, words of pious allusion of the Irish poor man, old Carroll soon dropped asleep with his arms around his little grandson, both overcome by an unusually abundant meal. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a stealthy noise. Without moving, he cast his eyes round the cabin. A small window, through which the moon broke brilliantly, was open. He called to his son, but received no answer. He called again and again; all remained silent. He arose, and crept to the corner where Michaul had lain down. It was empty. He looked out through the window into the moonlight. The figure of a man appeared at a distance just about to enter a pasture-field belonging to Mr. Evans.

The old man leaned his back against the wall of the cabin, trembling with sudden and terrible misgivings. With him the language of virtue which we have heard him utter was not cant.

In early prosperity, in subsequent misfortunes, and in his late and present excess of wretchedness he had never swerved in practice from the spirit of his own exhortations to honesty before men, and love for and dependence upon God, which, as he has truly said, he had constantly addressed to his son since his earliest childhood. And hitherto that son had indeed walked by his precepts, further assisted by a regular observance of the duties of his religion. Was he now about to turn into another path, to bring shame on his father in his old age, to put a stain on their family and their name? "the name that a rogue or a bould woman never bore," continued old Carroll, indulging in some of the pride and egotism for which an Irish peasant is, under his circumstance, remarkable. And then came the thought of the personal peril incurred by Michaul, and his agitation, incurred by the feebleness of age, nearly overpowered him.

He was sitting on the floor shivering like one in an ague fit, when he heard steps outside the house. He listened and they ceased, but

the familiar noise of an old barn-door creaking on its crazy hinges came on his ear. It was now day-dawn. He dressed himself, stole out cautiously, peeped into the barn through a chink of the door, and all he feared met full confirmation. There, indeed, sat Michaul, busily and earnestly engaged, with a frowning brow and a haggard face, in quartering the animal he had stolen from Mr. Evans's field.

The sight sickened the father—the blood on his son's hands and all. He was barely able to keep himself from falling. A fear, if not a dislike, of the unhappy culprit also came upon him. His unconscious impulse was to re-enter their cabin unperceived, without speaking a word. He succeeded in doing so, and then he fastened the door again, and undressed and resumed his place beside his innocent little grandson.

About an hour after, Michaul came in cautiously through the still open window, and also undressed and reclined on his straw, after glancing towards his father's bed, who pretended to be asleep.

At the usual time for arising old Carroll saw him suddenly jump up and prepare to go abroad. He spoke to him, leaning on his elbow.

"An' what *bollg*[11] is on you, *ma-bouchal?*"

"Going for the good break'ast I promised you, father dear."

"An' who's the good Christian 'ill give id to us, Michaul?"

"Oh! you'll know that soon, father; now, a good-by." He hurried to the door.

"A good-by, the Michaul; bud, tell me what's that on your hand?"

"No—nothing," stammered Michaul, changing color, as he hastily examined the hand himself. "Nothing is on id; what could there be?"

Nor was there, for he had very carefully removed all evidence of guilt from his person, and the father's question was asked upon grounds distinct from anything he then saw.

"Well, *avich*, an' sure I didn't say anything was on it wrong, or anything to make you look so quare an' spake so sthrange to your father this mornin'. Only I'll ax you, Michaul, over again, Who has tuk such a sudd'n likin' to us to send us the good break'ast? an' answer me sthraight, Michaul. What is it to be that you call so good?"

[11] What are you about?

"The good mate, father." He was again passing the threshold.

"Stop!" cried his father, "stop, and turn fornent me. Mate—the good mate? What 'ud bring mate into our poor house, Michaul? Tell me, I bid you again an' again, who is to give id to you?"

"Why, as I said afore father, a body that"—

"A body that thieved it, Michaul Carroll!" added the old man, as his son hesitated, walking close up to the culprit. "A body that thieved id, an' no other body. Don't think to blind me, Michaul. I am ould, to be sure, but sense enough is left in me to look round among the neighbors in my own mind and know that none of 'em that has the will has the power to send us the mate for our break'ast in an honest way. An' I don't say outright that you had the same thought wid me when you consented to take it from a thief. I don't mean to say that you'd go to turn a thief's recaiver at this hour o' your life, an' afther growin' up from a boy to a man widout bringin' a spot o' shame on yourself, or on your weenock, or on one of us. No, I won't say that. Your heart was scalded, Michaul, and your mind was darkened, for a start, and the thought o' getting comfort for the ould father and the little son made you consent in a hurry, widout lookin' well afore you or widout lookin' up to your good God."

"Father, father, let me alone; don't spake them words to me!" interrupted Michaul, sitting on a stool, and spreading his large and hard hands over his face.

"Well, thin, an' I won't, *avich*, I won't; nothin' to trouble you sure; I did'nt mean id. Only this, *a-vourneen*, don't bring a mouthful o' the bad, unlucky victuals into this cabin. The pyatees, the wild berries o' the bush, the wild roots o' the earth will be sweeter to us, Michaul; the hunger itself will be sweeter; an' when we give God thanks afther our poor meal, or afther no meal at all, our hearts will be lighter, and our hopes for to-morrow sthronger, *avich-machree*, than if we faisted on the fat o' the land, but couldn't ax a blessin' on our faist."

"Well, thin, I won't either, father, I won't; an' sure you have your own way now. I'll only go out a little while from you to beg; or else, as you say, to root down in the ground with my nails, like a baste-brute, for our break'ast."

"My vourneen you are, Michaul, an' my blessing on your head! Yes, to be sure, *avich*, beg, an' I'll beg wid you. Sorrow a shame is

in that; no, but a good deed, Michaul, when it is done to keep us honest. So come, we'll go among the Christians together. Only before we go, Michaul, my dear son, tell me—tell me one thing."

"What, father?" Michaul began to suspect.

"Never be afraid to tell me, Michaul Carroll, *ma-bouchal*, I won't—I can't be angry wid you now. You are sorry, an' your Father in heaven forgives you, and so do I. But you know, *avich*, there would be danger in quitting the place without hiding well every scrap of anything that could tell on us."

"Tell on us! What can tell us?" demanded Michaul; "what's in the place to tell on us?"

"Nothing in the cabin, I know, Michaul; but—"

"But what, father?"

"Have you left nothin' in the way out there?" whispered the old man, pointing towards the barn.

"Out there? Where? What? What do you mean at all now, father? Sure you know its your own self has kept me from as much as layin' a hand on it."

"Ay, to-day—mornin'; but you laid a hand on it last night, *avich*, an' so—"

"*Curp-an dhoul!*" imprecated Michaul; "this is too bad at any rate. No, I didn't, last night or any other night. Let me alone, I bid you, father."

"Come back again, Michaul," commanded old Carroll, as the son once more hurried to the door, and his words were instantly obeyed. Michaul, after a glance abroad and a start, which the old man did not notice, paced to the middle of the floor, hanging his head, and saying in a low voice: "Hushth now, father; it's time."

"No, Michaul, I will not hushth; and it's not time. Come out with me to the barn."

"Hushth!" repeated Michaul, whispering sharply. He had glanced sideways to the square patch of strong morning sunlight on the ground of the cabin, defined there by the shape of the open door, and saw it intruded upon by the shadow of a man's bust leaning forward in an earnest posture.

"Is id in your mind to go back into your sin, Michaul, an' tell me you were not in the barn at daybreak the mornin'?" asked his father, still unconscious of a reason for silence.

"Arrah, hushth, ould man!" Michael made a hasty sign towards the door, but was disregarded.

"I saw you in id," pursued old Carroll sternly; "ay, an' at your work in id, too."

"What's that your sayin', ould Peery Carroll?" demanded a well-known voice.

"Enough to hang his son," whispered Michaul to his father, as Mr. Evans's land-steward, followed by his herdsman and two policemen, entered the cabin. In a few minutes afterwards the policemen had in charge the dismembered carcass of the sheep, dug up out of the floor of the barn, and were escorting Michaul, handcuffed, to the county jail, in the vicinity of the next town. They could find no trace of the animal's skin, though they sought attentively for it, and this seemed to disappoint them and the steward a good deal.

From the moment that they entered the cabin till their departure, old Carroll did not speak a word. Without knowing it, as it seemed, he sat down on his straw bed, and remained staring stupidly around him, or at one or other of his visitors. When Michaul was about to leave the wretched abode, he paced quickly towards his father, and, holding out his ironed hands and turning his cheek for a kiss, said, smiling miserably, "God be wid you, father dear." Still the old man was silent, and the prisoner and all his attendants passed out on the road. But it was then the agony of old Carroll assumed a distinctness. Uttering a fearful cry, he snatched up his still sleeping little grandson, ran with the boy in his arms till he overtook Michaul, and kneeling down before him in the dust, said:

"I ax pardon o' you, *avich;* won't you tell me I have id afore you go? An' here I've brought little Peery for you to kiss; you forgot him, *a-vourneen.*"

"No, father, I didn't;" answered Michaul, as he stooped to kiss the child; "an' get up, father, get up; my hands are not my own, or I wouldn't let you do that afore your son. Get up, there's nothin' for you to throuble yourself about—that is, I mean, I have nothin' to forgive you; no, but everything to be thankful for, and to love you for; you were always and ever the good father to me; an'—" The many strong and bitter feelings which till now he had almost perfectly kept in found full vent, and poor Michaul could not go on. The parting from his father, however, so different from what it had promised to be, comforted him. The old man held him in his arms and wept on his neck. They were separated with difficulty.

Peery Carroll, sitting on the roadside, after he had lost sight of the prisoner, and holding his screaming grandson on his knees, thought the cup of his trials was full. By his imprudence he had fixed the proof of guilt on his own child; that reflection was enough for him; and he could indulge it only generally. But he was yet to conceive exactly in what a dilemma he had involved himself as well as Michaul. The policemen came back to compel his appearance before the magistrate; and when the little child had been disposed of in a neighbor's cabin, he understood, to his consternation and horror, that he was to be chief witness against the sheep-stealer. Mr. Evans's steward knew well the meaning of the words he had heard him say in the cabin, and that if compelled to swear all he was aware of, no doubt would exist of the criminality of Michaul in the eyes of the jury. "'Tis a sthrange thing to ax a father to do," muttered Peery more than once, as he proceeded to the magistrate's; "it's a very sthrange thing."

The magistrate proved to be humane man. Notwithstanding the zeal of the steward and the policemen, he committed Michaul for trial without continuing to press the hesitating and bewildered old Peery into any detailed evidence; his nature seemed to rise against the task, and he said to the steward, "I have enough of facts for making out a committal; if you think the father will be necessary on the trial, subpœna him."

The steward objected that Peery would abscond, and demanded to have him bound over to prosecute, on two sureties, solvent and respectable. The magistrate assented; Peery could name no bail; and consequently he also was marched to prison, though prohibited from holding the least intercourse with Michaul.

The assizes soon came on. Michaul was arraigned; and during his plea of "not guilty" his father appeared, unseen by him, in the jailer's custody, at the back of the dock, or rather in an inner dock. The trial excited a keen and painful interest in the court, the bar, the jury-box, and the crowds of spectators. It was universally known that a son had stolen a sheep, partly to feed a starving father, and that out of the mouth of the father it was now sought to condemn him. "What will the old man do?" was the general question which ran through the assembly. And while few of the lower orders could contemplate the possibility of his swearing the truth, many of their betters scarce hesitated to make out for him a case of natural necessity of swearing falsely.

The trial began. The first witness, the herdsman, proved the loss of the sheep and the finding the dismembered carcass in the old barn. The policeman and the steward followed to the same effect, and the latter added the allusions which he had heard the father make to the son upon the morning of the arrest of the latter. The steward went down from the table. There was a pause and complete silence, which the attorney for the prosecution broke by saying to the crier deliberately, "Call Peery Carroll."

"Here, sir," immediately answered Peery, as the jailer led him by a side-door out of the back dock to the table. The prisoner started round, but the new witness against him had passed for an instant into the crowd.

The next instant old Peery was seen ascending the table, assisted by the jailer and by many other commiserating hands near him. Every glance fixed on his face. The barristers looked wistfully up from their seats round the table; the judge put a glass to his eye and seemed to study his features attentively. Among the audience there ran a low but expressive murmur of pity and interest.

Though much emaciated by confinement, anguish, and suspense, Peery's cheeks had a flush and his weak blue eyes glittered. The half-gaping expression of his parched and haggard lips was miserable to see. Yet he did not tremble much nor appear so confounded as upon the day of his visit to the magistrate.

The moment he stood upright on the table he turned himself fully to the judge, without a glance towards the dock.

"Sit down, sit down, poor man," said the judge.

"Thanks to you, my lord, I will," answered Peery, "only first I'd ax you to let me kneel for a little start."

He accordingly did kneel, and after bowing his head and forming the sign of the cross on his forehead, he looked up and said: "My Judge in heaven above, 'tis you I pray to keep me in my duty afore my earthly judge this day. Amen!" Then, repeating the sign of the cross, he seated himself.

The examination of the witness commenced, and humanely proceeded as follows (the counsel for the prosecution taking no notice of the superfluity of Peery's answers):

"Do you know Michaul or Michael Carroll, the prisoner at the bar?"

"Afore that night, sir, I believed I knew him well—every thought of his mind, every bit of the heart in his body. Afore

that night no living crature could throw a word at Michaul Carroll, or say he ever forgot his father's rearin' or his love of his good God. Sure the people are afther tellin' you by this time how it came about that night ; an', my lord, an' ye gintlemen, an' all good Christians that hear me, here I am to help to hang him, my own boy, and my only one. But for all that, gintlemen, ye ought to think of it. 'Twas for the weenoch and the ould father that he done it. Indeed an' 'deed, we hadn't a pyatee in the place, and the sickness was among us a start afore; it took the wife from him an' another baby, an' id had himself down a week or so beforehand ; an' all that day he was looking for work, but couldn't get a hand's turn to do. An' that's the way it was. Not a mouthful for me an' little Peery. More betoken, he grew sorry for id in the mornin', and promised me not to touch a scrap of what was in the barn—ay, long afore the steward an' the peelers came on us—but was willin' to go among the neighbors an' beg our breakfast, along wid myself, from door to door, sooner than touch it."

"It is my painful duty," resumed the barrister, when Peery would at length cease, "to ask you for closer information. You saw Michael Carroll in the barn that night ?"

"*Musha*—the Lord pity him an' me !—I did, sir."

"Doing what ?"

"The sheep between his hands," answered Peery, dropping his head and speaking almost inaudibly.

"I must still give you pain, I fear. Stand up, take the crier's rod, and if you see Michael Carroll in court lay it on his head."

"*Och, musha, musha*, sir, don't ax me to do that !" pleaded Peery, rising, wringing his hands, and, for the first time, weeping. "Och, don't, my lord, don't, and may your own judgment be favorable the last day !"

"I am sorry to command you to do it, witness, but you must take the rod," answered the judge, bending his head close to his notes to hide his own tears. At the same time many a veteran barrister rested his forehead on the edge of the table. In the body of the court were heard sobs.

"Michaul, *avich !* Michaul, a *corra-ma-chree !*" exclaimed Peery, when at length he took the rod, and faced around to his son. "Is id your father they make to do it, *ma-bouchal?*"

"My father does what is right," answered Michaul in Irish.

The judge immediately asked to have his words translated, and

when he learned their import, regarded the prisoner with satisfaction.

"We rest here, my lord," said the counsel, with the air of a man freed from a painful task.

The judge instantly turned to the jury-box: "Gentlemen of the jury, that the prisoner at the bar stole the sheep in question there can be no shade of moral doubt; but you have a very peculiar case to consider. A son steals a sheep that his own famishing father and his own famishing son may have food. His aged parent is compelled to give evidence against him here for the act. The old man virtuously tells the whole truth before you and me. He sacrifices his natural feelings—and we have seen that they are lively—to his honesty and to his religious sense of the sacred obligations of an oath. Gentlemen, I will pause to observe that the old man's conduct is strikingly exemplary, and even noble. It teaches all of us a lesson. Gentlemen, it is not within the province of a judge to censure the rigor of the proceedings which have sent him before us; but I venture to anticipate your pleasure that, notwithstanding all the evidence given, you will be enabled to acquit the old man's son, the prisoner at the bar. I have said there cannot be the shade of a moral doubt that he has stolen the sheep, and I repeat the words; but, gentlemen, there is a legal doubt, to the full benefit of which he is entitled. The sheep has not been identified. The herdsman could not venture to identify it (and it would have been strange if he could) from the dismembered limbs found in the barn. To his mark on its skin, indeed, he might have positively spoken; but no skin has been discovered. Therefore, according to the evidence—and you have sworn to decide by that alone—the prisoner is entitled to your acquittal. Possibly, now that the prosecutor sees the case in its full bearing, he may be pleased with this result."

While the jury, in evident satisfaction, prepared to return their verdict, Mr. Evans, who had but a moment before returned home, entered the court, and, becoming aware of the concluding words of the judge, expressed his sorrow aloud that the prosecution had ever been undertaken; that circumstances had kept him uninformed of it, though it had gone on in his name. And he begged leave to assure his lordship that it would be his future effort to keep Michaul Carroll in his former path of honesty by finding him honest and ample employment, and, as far as in him lay, to reward the virtue of the old father.

While Peery Carroll was laughing and crying in a breath in the arms of his delivered son, a subscription commenced by the bar was mounting into a considerable sum for his advantage.

LETTERS OF JOHN BANIM.

LETTER TO HIS BROTHER.

DUBLIN, May 10, 1820.

MY DEAR MICHAEL: The health that I enjoy is wonderful to myself. Do not be so fearful on my account. You that stay at home and are very happy have many superfluous apprehensions about a younger son or brother who roves about a little.

Be assured of this, my dear and only friends, almost the sole thing that sends the blood to my heart or the tear to my eye is the recollection, now and then, that I am parted from you; but this gives me greater strength for the struggle to get back—and back I will return, if God spares me life, and we will spend and end our days together.

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN BANIM.

TO HIS BROTHER.

DUBLIN, May 18, 1820.

MY DEAR MICHAEL: You speak very gloomily on the uncertainty of my means if I go to London. Don't let your fear affect you so keenly. I have not found a crock of gold, nor has a prize in the lottery turned up for me; but, with Heaven's help, I shall not want means. No man of ordinary talents wants them in London, with proper conduct and half the introductions I hold. Say I possess no talent—this you will not say; it would not be what you feel—I have a consciousness of possessing some powers, and, situated as I am, it is not vanity to say so. I have health, hope, energy, and good-humor, and I trust in the Lord God for the rest.

I know not how long I could fast; even this I may be called on to try. I have been the best part of two days without tasting food of late. Often have I gone to whistle for my dinner, and once I walked about the town during the night for want of a bed. I see you start at this. I can assure you, without affectation, it has

amused me, and I thrive on it. I am fatter and better-looking than when you saw me. At the present time I am comparatively rich, and go so high as tenpence for my dinner, and a goodly plate of beef and vegetables it is.

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN BANIM.

TO HIS FATHER.

DUBLIN, October 12, 1820.

MY DEAR FATHER: When difficulties pressed most upon me, I determined to wage war with them manfully; I called on my own mind, and put its friendship for me to the proof. In the midst of occasionally using my pencil, of newspaper scribbling and reporting, and surrounded by privation, and almost every evil but bad health, I manufactured some hundreds of verses, with notes appending, which I called "Ossian's Paradise."

I handed "Ossian's Paradise" to a friend, an eminent poet, celebrated orator, and lawyer. He showed it to a friend of his, a Mr. Curran, who introduced it to Lord Cloncurry. It pleased both. It was subsequently submitted to the greatest writer of the age, Scott. His judgment was: "It is a poem possessing imagination in a high degree, often much beauty of language, with a considerable command of numbers and metre." This opinion was accompanied by a candid criticism on particular portions, with a view to its success when published.

"Ossian's Paradise" is to be published by Mr. Warren, of Bond Street, London. I am to receive £20 within a month, with fifty copies to dispose of on my own account. If it runs to a second edition, £10 more. These terms my friend before mentioned, Mr. Shiel, thinks advantageous.

My dear Father, do not blame me for not communicating this matter in its progress. I will explain my motive. My failures hitherto had given to all of you at home quite enough of uneasiness, and I wished to have a rational probability of success in view before I should excite your interest. If I failed, I had determined to be silent on the affair to you, my mother, and Michael, and to all the world besides.

Do me the favor, my dear Sir, of requesting Michael to read this

letter for my old schoolmaster, Mr. Buchanan, and fill your glass in the evening to the success of "Ossian's Paradise," when you three are seated round the little octagon table in your own *sanctum sanctorum*. And my own dearest mother, perhaps she may have cause to think more respectably than was her wont of my rhyming propensities. Believe me your most affectionate son,

JOHN BANIM.

TO HIS FATHER.

DUBLIN, November 30, 1820.

MY DEAR FATHER: I am employed for another and larger work, which, in case of the success of the present, Mr. Warren promises to give me a fair price for. I am not flattered into anything like sanguine hope. I will continue to do my best. If I succeed, I will thank God; if I fail, it may be for the better, and I will thank Him then also.

In remembering me to my dearest mother and to Joanna, say that I thank them for their present. They have knitted me a fine lot of stockings indeed, which fit me excellently well, and to all appearance they are everlasting.

With love to all at home, I am, as ever,

JOHN BANIM.

TO HIS FATHER AND MOTHER.

LONDON, 7 AMELIA PLACE,
FULHAM ROAD, March 30, 1822.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: We[12] got into London on Monday evening. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday we spent lodging-hunting. We settled here yesterday. We are pleasantly situated as regards accommodation, and when I retire to the back drawing-room, which I have fixed upon for my study, I am as quiet as if I were in a wood.

Exclusive of the convenience I enjoy, there is a charm attached to my abode that recommended it to me above all others. I breathe the very air of inspiration: I sit in the same chair, I lounge on the

[12] Himself and his wife.

same sofa, and I think, read, and write in the very study where John Philpot Curran sat, lounged, and thought.

Four years of the latter part of this great man's life were spent in the rooms I now occupy. His thoughts even yet, perhaps, float about my little study; and when I lock the door and sit down, I almost imagine I can get them into a corner and make them my own.

Ever truly and lovingly your devoted son,

JOHN BANIM.

TO HIS BROTHER.

LONDON, May 2, 1824.

MY DEAR MICHAEL: I have read attentively, and with the greatest pleasure, the portion of the tale you sent me by J. H——. So far as it goes, I pronounce that you have been successful. Here and there I have marked such particular criticisms as struck me, and those you may note by referring to the margin. I send you the MSS. of my tale, and I request your severest criticisms; scratch out and condemn at your pleasure. This is the first copy. Looking over it, I perceive many parts that are bad; send it back when you can with every suggestion you are capable of making. Read it over for the whole family in solemn conclave. Let Father, Mother, Joanna, and yourself sit in judgment on it, and send me all your opinions sincerely given. I have met some eminent literary characters lately, and many of whom I had formed high notions fall far short of my expectations.

I will say no more about these, and at your peril keep my gossip to yourself. Hap! hap! it is dangerous to meddle with edged tools; a chip from an angry *homme de lettres*[13] would cut deep.

I have had opportunities for coming into close contact with Geoffrey Crayon.[14] He is as natural as his sketches, a man who would play with a child on the carpet, and one of the few *litterateurs* I have known whose face and character are in sincere keeping with his talents.

Believe me, dear Michael, ever yours,

JOHN BANIM.

[13] A literary man.

[14] This was the *nom de plume* of Washington Irving. We are pleased to see the gifted and warm-hearted Banim praising our gifted, gentle, and graceful Irving, the American master of English prose.

TO HIS BROTHER.

LONDON, April 6, 1825.

MY DEAR MICHAEL: Our tales have not been announced in the usual manner, and I will tell you why.

A certain literary gentleman, an Irishman, too, of undoubted talent, being aware of the nature of our volumes, started with a spirited publisher and got out notices, and it became rather an amusing race between us. He would come occasionally, in the most friendly manner, to hope I was going on well. Pen against pen it was, as fast as they could gallop. Mounted on my grey goose quill, I have beaten him, as to time at all events. It was necessary to keep him in the dark by leaving our books unannounced. What may be the further result of our race is yet to be seen. There is quackery in all trades, from the boudoir to the pill-box.

I purpose to be in Derry,[15] two hundred miles north of you, in a few weeks, and in some time after I will run down to Kilkenny to shake hands with you all, and to hear my poor mother call me her own "*graw bawn*"[16] once again.

JOHN BANIM.

TO HIS BROTHER.

COLERAINE, May 28, 1825.

MY DEAR MICHAEL: Lest you should be uneasy at my staying longer than I proposed, I write to say I am well and have only been delayed by the uninterrupted interest of my route from Belfast.[17] I walked a great part of the way along the coast to this town; having forwarded all my baggage, trusting to Him who feeds the sparrow and the raven for a meal and a bed. My adventures have been considerable in the way of living alone. I sometimes slept in a sheebeen house, sometimes in a farmer's house, and sometimes in a good inn; and only I thought myself too ill-dressed a fellow, I might have shared the hospitality of a certain lady of high rank.

But what scenery have I beheld! grand, exquisite! the Causeway, from which I have just returned, the best part of it. You may look out for me towards the end of next week. One thing is

[15] Londonderry. [16] A term of endearment.

[17] It was on this journey that Banim collected the materials for his excellent historic story of "The Boyne Water."

certain, I will meet a hearty welcome at the old house where I first saw the light.

Dear Michael, ever yours,

JOHN BANIM.

TO HIS BROTHER.

LONDON, November 6, 1825.

MY DEAR MICHAEL: With this you will receive the first volume of "The Boyne Water." I expect it to go to press in a month from this day, so read it immediately, and return it as promptly as you can.

Be very candid in your remarks; because I ought to be made to know myself; and don't you at least, through a false delicacy, let me lead myself astray; every man's vanity blinds himself, to himself, of himself.

This morning (Sunday), accompanying Ellen [18] to Communion, I was delighted with the fair and beautiful sight of a crowd of other communicants of every rank and age clustering to the sanctuary. Some old Chelsea pensioners were there; the lame, the blind, and the tottering; and there were boys and girls of very tender age mixed with these infirm old men. Leaning down to minister the bread of comfort and of life to those stumblers on the grave's brink, and those young adventurers on a world of temptation, was a most reverend-looking priest, with long white hairs, who, to my knowledge, is one of the most zealous, virtuous, simple-minded men alive.

My dear Michael, as I looked on, the recollection of our first Communion together side by side, and of the devotion and holy awe that filled my heart at the time; and the remembrance of the aged and benevolent parish priest bending down to us with the Sacrament in his fingers came refreshingly to me, like the draught of a pure spring; and a long train of innocent days and blissful times passed before me, with my thoughts recurrent to boyhood.

Your devoted brother,

JOHN BANIM.

LETTER TO GERALD GRIFFIN.

SEVEN OAKS, May 27, 1828.

MY DEAR GRIFFIN: I see you lead the way. Be assured that your last, of April 22, gives me heartfelt pleasure. My old harp of

[18] Mrs. Banim.

a heart has a string restored to it. I accept your invitation not to allow anything that may occur in letters between us to start a doubt in future of your friendship or character. Let me add my own covenant. When we meet, treat me more bluntly, off-handedly, and talkatively than you have done. I am now sure that an unlucky difficulty hitherto regulated (or rather disarranged) your social manner. However, I shall be happier with you if amongst your other recent changes you have acquired a knack of treating a friend differently, and I close this topic by protesting against your supposing that I here mean an iota which does not meet your eyes.

I envy your life in poor Ireland. My health has been bad since I saw you; I nearly lost the use of my limbs, but can now limp about on a stick.

I write you a short and hasty letter. Till this day, since I had the great pleasure of receiving your last, I have been very busy, and ill enough into the bargain, and this morning I start with Mrs. Banim to make a long-promised visit to the Rev. James Dunn. Pray write soon, and believe me your affectionate friend,

JOHN BANIM,

TO HIS BROTHER.

BOULOGNE, May 2, 1830.

MY DEAR MICHAEL: I am now a paralyzed man, walking with much difficulty. I move slowly and cautiously, assisted by a stick and any good person's arm charitable enough to aid me. It is not to add to your trouble that I thus describe myself; I only tell you to prepare you at home for the change. I look well, and my spirit is yet uncrippled. Go to my Mother's bedside as soon as you receive this and say what you can for me. I think that she need not know that I am so lame.

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN BANIM.

TO HIS BROTHER.

BOULOGNE, July 4, 1830.

MY DEAR BROTHER: You will naturally ask yourself, "Why has not John written?" Dear Michael, I could not, and I have no

explanation—only I could not. And now I have not a single word to the purpose to say, although, after a fortnight's silence, I do write. The blow has not yet left me master of myself. A blow, indeed, it was. Your letter was suddenly thrust into my hand, and the color of the wax told me at a glance that my Mother had left me. I fell to the ground without having opened it. I anticipated the contents.

You tell me to be tranquil. It is in vain. I never felt anguish before. Yet it is true that the spiritualized lot of our Mother is a grand consolation; so also is the certainty that she died in the arms of those she loved, and who loved her.

Not a very long time shall elapse, if I live, till we meet in Kilkenny. My wanderings, with God's leave, must end there.

Ever, dear Michael, your loving and devoted brother,

JOHN BANIM.

TO HIS BROTHER.

PARIS, April 30, 1835.

DEAR MICHAEL: What I require is this: I must have a little garden—not overlooked, for with eyes on me I could not enjoy it. Herein paths to be, or afterwards so formed, as to enable three persons to walk abreast. If not paths, grass-plats formed out of its beds; for with the help of your neck or arm, dear Michael, I want to try and put my limbs under me. This is the reason for my last, and to you, perhaps, strange, request; but indeed there is a reason connected with my bodily and mental state for all the previous matters to be sought for in my contemplated abode, and which I have so minutely particularized.

If possible, I wish my little house to have a sunny aspect; sun into all possible windows every day that the glorious material god shines. I am a shivering being, and require and rejoice in his invigorating rays as does the drooping, sickly plant.

If this little house could be within view of our Nore stream, along the bank of which you and I have so often bounded, but along which I shall never bound again, it would enhance my pleasure.

I will begin to go home the 10th of next month (May). Travelling is to me a most expensive and tedious process. Every

league of the road will take a shackle off me. My mind is fixed on a little sunny nook in Kilkenny, where I may set myself down and die easily, or live a little longer as happily as I can.

Until we meet, believe me, my dear Michael,

Your most affectionate brother,

JOHN BANIM.

THOMAS DAVIS.

"I remember with what startled enthusiasm I would arise from reading Davis's 'Poems'; and it would seem to me that before my young eyes I saw the dash of the Brigade at Fontenoy; it would seem to me as if my young ears were filled with the shout that resounded at the Yellow Ford and Benburb—the war-cry of the Red Hand—as the English hosts were swept away, and, like snow under the beams of the rising sun, melted before the Irish onset."—V. Rev. Father Burke, O.P.

"It is impossible to exaggerate this man's genius, acquirements, and extraordinary talents, or his brilliant services to Ireland. He has, I will venture to say, given a new impulse to the minds of Ireland, invested Irish literature with a classic dignity, and adorned it with a classic grace, bringing to its cultivation and development a mind imbued with philosophy, history, science, art, poetry, and warmed by a heart charged with an enthusiastic love of freedom."—Mooney.

THOMAS DAVIS was born in the year 1814, in the famous little town of Mallow,[1] on the Blackwater, in the county of Cork.

"Amongst the hills of Munster," writes John Mitchel, "on the banks of Ireland's most beauteous river, the *Avondheu*—Spencer's *Auinduff*—and amidst a simple people who yet retained most of the venerable usages of the olden time—their wakes and funeral *caoines*, their wedding merrymakings and simple hospitality, with a hundred thousand welcomes—he imbibed that passionate and deep love, not for the people only, but for the very soil, rocks, woods, waters, and skies of his native land, which gives to his writings, both in prose and poetry, their chief value and charm."[2]

After a good preliminary training, Davis entered Trinity College, Dublin. As a student, he was a quiet, hard worker, who did not confine himself merely to the text-books of the university. "Therefore," says Mitchel, "he was not a dull, plodding blockhead, 'premium-man.' He came through the course creditably enough, but without distinction."

Slowly his rich intellect developed. His latent abilities were unknown even to himself. He spent his fresh, young days in storing his mind and training his heart, and when he devoted both to the

[1] Mallow is the birthplace of the venerable Archbishop Purcell, the eminent historian, Dr. E. B. O'Callaghan, and several other distinguished men.

[2] "Introduction to the 'Poems' of Davis."

lofty service of his country, the world beheld in him a full man—a true, warm-hearted Irishman of splendid gifts.

"During his college course," writes Wallis, his friend and comrade, "and for some years after, while he was very generally liked, he had, unless perhaps with some who knew him intimately, but a moderate reputation of any kind. In his twenty-fifth year, as I remember—in the spring of 1839—he first began to break out of this. His opinions began to have weight, and his character and influence to unfold themselves in a variety of ways. In the following year he entered political life.

"The outbreak of his poetical power began in this wise: In the autumn of 1842, taking an active part in the establishment of a new popular journal—the *Nation*—which was intended to advance the cause of nationality by all the aids which literary as well as political talent could bring to its advocacy, Davis, and the friends associated with him, found that while their corps in other respects was sufficiently complete, they had but scanty promise of support in the poetical department. Davis and his companions resolved, in default of other aids, to write the poetry themselves. They did so; they surprised themselves, and everybody else.

"The rapidity and thrilling power with which, from the time that he got full access to the public ear, Davis developed his energies as statesman, political writer, and poet excited the surprise and admiration even of those who knew him best, and won the respect of numbers who, from political or personal prejudices, had been originally most unwilling to admit his worth.

"No power is so overwhelming, no energy so untiring, no enthusiasm so indomitable as that which slumbers for years, unconscious and unsuspected, until the character is completely formed, and then bursts at once into light and life when the time for action is come."

Equal to any emergency was the genius of Davis. The labors of a quarter of a century he crushed into three short years. "It is not detracting," writes John Mitchel, "from any man's just claims to assert, what all admit, that he, more than any one man, inspired, created, and moulded the strong national feeling that possessed the Irish people in 1843, made O'Connell a true uncrowned king,

> 'Placed the strength of all the land
> Like a falchion in his hand.'"

In the following year Davis gave the greater portion of his best

poems to the world. Unhappily, his wise and patriotic genius was to be too soon dimmed in death. He died, after a brief illness, at his mother's residence, Dublin, on the 16th of September, 1845. He was only in his thirty-first year. His grave is in Mount Jerome Cemetery, and there rests all that is mortal of "the most dangerous foe English dominion in Ireland has had in our generation."[3]

What Thomas Davis left behind him is but a fragment of the man's real greatness. His "Poems" and "Literary and Historical Essays" are published in one neat volume of about five hundred pages. Until three years before his death he never wrote a line of poetry. Yet his glorious quill dashed off poems that will endure as long as the English language—poems that will be read and admired as long as there is a man of the Irish race alive. His poetry was but the expression of his own manly nature, warm heart, and lofty character. It came from the heart. It finds its way to the heart. It has the true ring which finds an echo in every soul that can admire the brave and the beautiful.

Speaking of the poetry and music of Ireland, Father Burke, the wonderfully eloquent Dominican, justly remarks: "A hand less unworthy came, a hand less unworthy than Thomas Moore's, a hand more loyal and true than even his was, when in Ireland's lays appeared the immortal Thomas Davis. He and the men upon whom we built up our hopes for Young Ireland—he, with them, seized the sad, silent harp of Erin and sent forth another thrill in the invitation to the men of the North to join hands with their Catholic brethren—to the men of the South to remember the ancient glories of 'Brian the Brave.' To the men of Connaught he seemed to call forth Roderick O'Conor from his grave at Clonmacnoise. He rallied Ireland in that year so memorable for its hopes and for the blighting of those hopes. He and the men of the *Nation* did what this world has never seen in the same space of time, by the sheer power of Irish genius, by the sheer strength of Young Ireland's intellect; the *Nation* of '43 created a national poetry, a national literature, which no other country can equal. Under the magic voices and pens of these men, every ancient glory stood forth again. I remember it well; I was but a boy at the time, but I remember with what startled enthusiasm I would arise from reading 'Davis's Poems'; and it would seem to me that before my young eyes I saw the dash of the Brigade at Fontenoy; it would seem to me as if my young ears were

[3] John Mitchel.

filled with the shout that resounded at the Yellow Ford and Benburb—the war-cry of the Red Hand—as the English hosts were swept away, and, like snow under the beams of the rising sun, melted before the Irish onset. The dream of the poet, the aspiration of the true Irish heart, is yet unfulfilled. But remember that there is something sacred in the poet's dream. The inspiration of genius is second only to the inspiration of religion. There is something sacred and infallible, with all our human fallibility, in the hope of a nation that has never allowed the hope of freedom to be extinguished." [4]

O'Connell mourned deeply the loss of Davis. "I cannot expect," wrote the aged Liberator, "to look upon his like again, or to see the place he has left vacant adequately filled up." [5]

SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF DAVIS.

THE BRIDE OF MALLOW.

'Twas dying they thought her,
And kindly they brought her,
To the banks of Blackwater,
  Where her forefathers lie.
'Twas the place of her childhood,
And they hoped that its wild wood
And air soft and mild would
  Soothe her spirit to die.

But she met on its border
A lad who ador'd her—
No rich man nor lord, or
  A coward or slave;
But one who had worn
A green coat, and borne
A pike from Sliab Mourne
  With the patriots brave.

Oh! the banks of the stream are
Than emeralds greener;
And how should they wean her

[4] "Lecture on the National Music of Ireland."
[5] Nun of Kenmare's "Life of Daniel O'Connell.

From loving the earth,
While the song-birds so sweet,
And the waves at their feet,
And each young pair they meet,
Are all flushing with mirth.

And she listed his talk,
And he shar'd in her walk,
And how could she baulk
One so gallant and true?
But why tell the rest?
Her love she confest,
And sank on his breast
Like the eventide dew.

Ah! now her cheek glows
With the tint of the rose,
And her healthful blood flows
Just as fresh as the stream.
And her eye flashes bright,
And her footstep is light,
And sickness and blight
Fled away like a dream.

And soon by his side
She kneels a sweet bride,
In maidenly pride
And maidenly fears.
And their children were fair,
And their home knew no care,
Save that all homesteads were
Not as happy as theirs.

LOVE'S LONGINGS.

To the conqueror his crowning,
First freedom to the slave,
And air unto the drowning
Sunk in the ocean's wave,

And succor to the faithful
  Who fight, their flag above,
Are sweet but far less grateful
  Than were my lady's love.

I know I am not worthy
  Of one so young and bright,
And yet I would do for thee
  Far more than others might.
I cannot give you pomp or gold
  If you should be my wife,
But I can give you love untold,
  And true in death or life.

Methinks that there are passions
  Within that heaving breast
To scorn their heartless fashions,
  And wed whom you love best.
Methinks you would be prouder
  As the struggling patriot's bride,
Than if rank your home should crowd, or
  Cold riches round you glide.

Oh! the watcher longs for morning,
  And the infant cries for light,
And the saint for heaven's warning,
  And the vanquished pray for might;
But their prayer, when lowest kneeling,
  And their suppliance most true,
Are cold to the appealing
  Of this longing heart to you.

MY LAND.

She is a rich and rare land;
Oh! she's a fresh and fair land;
She is a dear and rare land—
This native land of mine.

No men than hers are braver;
Her women's hearts ne'er waver;
I'd freely die to save her,
And think my lot divine.

She's not a dull or cold land;
No! she's a warm and bold land,
Oh! she's a true and old land—
This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,
And virtue still reward her,
No foe would cross her border,
No friend within it pine.

Oh! she's a fresh and fair land;
Oh! she's a true and rare land;
Yes! she's a rare and fair land—
This native land of mine.

A NATION ONCE AGAIN.

When boyhood's fire was in my blood,
I read of ancient freemen,
For Greece and Rome who bravely stood,
Three hundred men and *three men!*
And then I prayed I yet might see
Our fetters rent in twain,
And Ireland, long a province, be
A nation once again.

And from that time, through wildest woe,
That hope has shone a far light;
Nor could love's brightest summer glow
Outshine that solemn starlight.
It seemed to watch above my head
In forum, field, and fane;
Its angel voice sang round my bed:
"*A nation once again.*"

It whispered, too, that "freedom's ark"
And service, high and holy,
Would be profan'd by feelings dark
And passions vain or lowly;
For freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train;
And righteous men must make our land—
A nation once again.

So, as I grew from boy to man,
I bent me to that bidding,
My spirit of each selfish plan
And cruel passion ridding;
For thus I hoped some day to aid—
Oh! can *such* hope be vain?—
When my dear country should be made
A nation once again.

FONTENOY.

THRICE, at the huts of Fontenoy, the English column railed,
And, twice, the lines of Saint Antoine the Dutch in vain assail'd;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.
As vainly through De Barri's Wood the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back diminished and dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, how fast his generals ride!
And mustering came his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
Their cannon blaze in front and flank, Lord Hay is at their head.
Steady they step adown the slope, steady they climb the hill;
Steady they load, steady they fire, moving right onward still,
Betwixt the wood and Fontenoy, as through a furnace-blast,
Through rampart, trench, and palisade, and bullets showering fast.

And on the open plain above they rose and kept their course,
With ready fire and grim resolve that mocked at hostile force,
Past Fontenoy, past Fontenoy, while thinner grow their ranks,
They break, as broke the Zuyder Zee through Holland's ocean-banks.

More idly than the summer flies, French tirailleurs rush round;
As stubble to the lava-tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
Bombshell and grape and round-shot, still on they marched and fired—
Fast, from each volley, grenadier and voltigeur retired.
"Push on, my Household Cavalry!" King Louis madly cried;
To death they rush, but rude their shock—not unrevenged they died.
On through the camp the column trod; King Louis turns his reign.
"Not yet, my liege," Saxe interposed; "the Irish troops remain."
And Fontenoy, famed Fontenoy, had been a Waterloo,
Were not these exiles ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish; there are your Saxon foes!"
The marshal almost smiles to see, so furiously he goes!
How fierce the look the exiles wear, who're wont to be so gay,
The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—
The Treaty broken ere the ink wherewith 'twas writ could dry,
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's parting cry,
Their priesthood hunted down like wolves, their country overthrown—
Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on him alone.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, nor ever yet elsewhere,
Rushed on to fight a nobler band than these proud exiles were.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy as, halting, he commands,
"Fix bay'nets; charge!" Like mountain storm rush on these fiery bands!
Thin is the English column now and faint their volleys grow,
Yet, must'ring all the strength they have, they make a gallant show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle-wind,
Their bayonets the breaker's foam, like rocks the men behind.
One volley crashes from their line, when through the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong Irish broke.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce huzza!
"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the Saesanach!"

Like lions leaping at a fold when mad with hunger's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang.
Bright was their steel; 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore.
Through shattered ranks and severed files and trampled flags they tore;
The English strove with desperate strength, paused, rallied, staggered, fled—
The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead.
Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack,
While cavalier and fantassin dash in upon the track.
On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is fought and won!

CLARE'S DRAGOONS.

WHEN, on Ramillies' bloody field,
The baffled French were forced to yield,
The victor Saxon backward reeled
Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons.
The flags we conquered in that fray
Look lone in Ypres' choir they say;
We'll win them, company, to-day,
Or bravely die like Clare's Dragoons.

Chorus.

Viva la for Ireland's wrong!
Viva la for Ireland's right!
Viva la in battled throng
For a Spanish steed, and sabre bright!

The brave old lord died near the fight,
But for each drop he lost that night
A Saxon cavalier shall bite
  The dust before Lord Clare's Dragoons;
For never when our spurs were set,
And never when our sabres met,
Could we the Saxon soldiers get
  To stand the shock of Clare's Dragoons.

Chorus.

Viva la the New Brigade!
Viva la the old one, too!
Viva la the rose shall fade
And the Shamrock shine forever new!

Another Clare is here to lead,
The worthy son of such a breed;
The French expect some famous deed
  When Clare leads on his bold Dragoons.
Our colonel comes from Brian's race,
His wounds are in his breast and face,
The gap of danger is still his place,
  The foremost of his bold dragoons.

Chorus.

Viva la the New Brigade!
Viva la the old one, too!
Viva la the rose shall fade
And the shamrock shine for ever new!

There's not a man in squadron here
Was ever known to flinch or fear,
Though first in charge and last in rear
  Has ever been Lord Clare's Dragoons.
But see, we'll soon have work to do,
To shame our boasts or prove them true,
For hither comes the English crew
  To sweep away Lord Clare's Dragoons.

Chorus.

Viva la for Ireland's wrong!
Viva la for Ireland's right!
Viva la in battled throng
For a Spanish steed and sabre bright!

O comrades! think how Ireland pines
Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines,
Her dearest hope the ordered lines,
And bursting charge of Clare's Dragoons.
Then fling your Green Flag to the sky,
Be Limerick your battle-cry,
And charge till blood floats fetlock high
Around the track of Clare's Dragoons.

Chorus.

Viva la the New Brigade!
Viva la the old one, too!
Viva la the rose shall fade
And the Shamrock shine for ever new!

NATIONALITY.

A NATION'S voice, a nation's voice,
It is a solemn thing!
It bids the bondage-sick rejoice,
'Tis stronger than a king.
'Tis like the light of many stars,
The sound of many waves,
Which brightly look through prison-bars,
And sweetly sound in caves.
Yet is it noblest, godliest known
When righteous triumph swells its tone.

A nation's flag, a nation's flag,
If wickedly unrolled,
May foes in adverse battle drag
Its every fold from fold!

But in the cause of Liberty
Guard it 'gainst earth and hell,
Guard it till death or victory—
Look you you guard it well!
No saint or king has tomb so proud
As he whose flag becomes his shroud.

A nation's right, a nation's right—
God gave it, and gave, too,
A nation's sword, a nation's might,
Danger to guard it through.
'Tis freedom from a foreign yoke,
'Tis just and equal laws,
Which deal unto the humblest folk
As in a noble's cause.
On nations fixed in right and truth
God would bestow eternal youth.

May Ireland's voice be ever heard,
Amid the world's applause!
And never be her flag-staff stirred,
But in an honest cause!
May freedom be her every breath
Be justice ever dear,
And never an ennobled death
May son of Ireland fear!
So the Lord God will ever smile,
With guardian grace, upon our Isle.

OH! FOR A STEED.

Oh! for a steed, a rushing steed, and a blazing scimitar,
To hunt from beauteous Italy the Austrian's red hussar;
To mock their boasts,
And strew their hosts,
And scatter their flags afar.

Oh ! for a steed, a rushing steed, and dear Poland gather'd round,
To smite her circle of savage foes, and smash them on the ground ;
Nor hold my hand
While on the land
A foreign foe was found.

Oh ! for a steed, a rushing steed, and a rifle that never failed,
And a tribe of terrible prairie men, by desperate valor mailed,
Till "stripes and stars,"
And Russian czars,
Before the Red Indian quailed.

Oh ! for a steed, a rushing steed, on the plains of Hindostan,
And a hundred thousand cavaliers, to charge like a single man,
Till our shirts were red,
And the English fled
Like a cowardly caravan.

Oh ! for a steed, a rushing steed, with the Greeks at Marathon,
Or a place in the Switzer phalanx when the Morat men swept on,
Like a pine-clad hill
By an earthquake's will
Hurl'd the valleys upon.

Oh ! for a steed, a rushing steed, when Brian smote down the Dane,
Or a place beside great Hugh O'Neill when Bagenal the bold was slain,
Or a waving crest
And a lance in rest,
With Bruce upon Bannoch plain.

Oh ! for a steed, a rushing steed, on the Curragh of Cilldar,
And Irish squadrons skilled to do, as they are ready to dare,
A hundred yards,
And Holland's guards
Drawn up to engage me there.

Oh ! for a steed, a rushing steed, and any good cause at all,
Or else, if you will, a field on foot, or guarding a leaguered wall
For freedom's right ;
In flushing fight
To conquer, if then to fall.

THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED.

FULL often, when our fathers saw the Red above the Green,
They rose, in rude but fierce array, with sabre, pike, and skian,
And over many a noble town and many a field of dead
They proudly set the Irish Green above the English Red.

But in the end throughout the land the shameful sight was seen,
The English Red in triumph high above the Irish Green;
But well they died, in breach and field, who, as their spirits fled,
Still saw the Green maintain its place above the English Red.

And they who saw, in after times, the Red above the Green
Were withered as the grass that dies beneath the forest screen;
Yet often by this healthy hope their sinking hearts were fed,
That in some day to come the Green should flutter o'er the Red.

Sure, 'twas for this Lord Edward died, and Wolfe Tone sunk serene—
Because they could not bear to leave the Red above the Green;
And 'twas for this that Owen fought and Sarsfield nobly bled—
Because their eyes were hot to see the Green above the Red.

So, when the strife began again, our darling Irish Green
Was down upon the earth, while high the English Red was seen;
Yet still we held our fearless course, for something in us said:
"Before the strife is o'er you'll see the Green above the Red."

And 'tis for this we think and toil, and knowledge strive to glean—
That we may pull the English Red below the Irish Green,
And leave our sons sweet liberty, and smiling plenty spread
Above the land once dark with blood—*the Green above the Red!*

The jealous English tyrant now has bann'd the Irish Green,
And forced us to conceal it like a something foul and mean;
But yet, by Heaven! he'll sooner raise his victims from the dead
Than force our hearts to leave the Green and cotton to the Red.

We'll trust ourselves, for God is good, and blesses those who lean
On their brave hearts, and not upon an earthly king or queen;
And, freely as we lift our hands, we vow our blood to shed
Once and for evermore to raise the Green above the Red!

THE PENAL DAYS.

Oh ! weep those days, the penal days,
When Ireland hopelessly complained;
Oh ! weep those days, the penal days,
When godless persecution reigned;
When, year by year,
For serf and peer
Fresh cruelties were made by law,
And, filled with hate,
Our Senate sate
To weld anew each fetter's flaw.
Oh ! weep those days, those penal days;
Their mem'ry still on Ireland weighs.

They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
To sell the priest and rob the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf and friar.
Among the poor,
Or on the moor,
Were hid the pious and the true,
While traitor knave
And recreant slave
Had riches, rank, and retinue.
And, exiled in those penal days,
Our banners over Europe blaze.

A stranger held the land and tower
Of many a noble fugitive;
No Catholic lord had lordly power,
The peasant scarce had leave to live:
Above his head
A ruined shed,
No tenure but a tyrant's will;
Forbid to plead,
Forbid to read,
Disarm'd, disfranchis'd, imbecile—
What wonder if your step betrays
The freedom born in penal days?

They're gone, they're gone, those penal days,
All creeds are equal in our isle;
Then grant, O Lord! thy plenteous grace
Our ancient feuds to reconcile.
Let all atone
For blood and groan,
For dark revenge and open wrong;
Let all unite
For Ireland's right,
And drown our griefs in freedom's song,
Till time shall veil in twilight's haze
The memory of those penal days.

THE RIGHT ROAD.

Let the feeble-hearted pine,
Let the sickly spirit whine,
But to work and win be thine,
While you've life.
God smiles upon the bold,
So when your flag's unroll'd
Bear it bravely till you're cold
In the strife.

If to rank or fame you soar,
Out your spirit frankly pour,
Men will serve you and adore
Like a king.
Woo your girl with honest pride
Till you've won her for your bride,
Then to her through time and tide
Ever cling.

Never under wrongs despair;
Labor long and everywhere,
Link your countrymen, prepare,
And strike home.
Thus have great men ever wrought,
Thus must greatness still be sought,
Thus labor'd, lov'd, and fought
Greece and Rome.

TIPPERARY.

LET Britain boast her British hosts,
About them all right little care we;
Not British seas nor British coasts
Can match the man of Tipperary!

Tall is his form, his heart is warm,
His sirit light as any fairy;
His wrath is fearful as the storm
That sweeps the hills of Tipperary!

Lead him to fight for native land,
His is no courage cold and wary;
The troops live not on earth would stand
The headlong charge of Tipperary!

Yet meet him in his cabin rude,
Or dancing with his dark-haired Mary,
You'd swear they knew no other mood
But mirth and love in Tipperary!

You're free to share his scanty meal,
His plighted word he'll never vary;
In vain they tried with gold and steel
To shake the faith of Tipperary!

Soft is his cuilin's sunny eye,
Her mien is mild, her step is airy,
Her heart is fond, her soul is high;
Oh! she's the pride of Tipperary.

Let Britain, too, her banner brag,
We'll lift the Green more proud and airy;
Be mine the lot to bear that flag,
And head the men of Tipperary.

Though Britain boasts her British hosts,
About them all right little care we;
Give us, to guard our native coasts,
The matchless men of Tipperary!

STUDY.

[From "Literary and Historical Essays," by T. Davis.]

BESIDE a library, how poor are all the other greatest deeds of men—his constitution, brigade, factory, man-of-war, cathedral—how poor are all miracles in comparison! Look at that wall of motley calfskin, open those slips of inked rags, who would fancy them as valuable as the rows of stamped cloth in a warehouse? Yet Aladdin's lamp was a child's kaleidoscope in comparison. There the thoughts and deeds of the most efficient men during three thousand years are accumulated, and every one who will learn a few conventional signs—twenty-six (magic) letters—can pass at pleasure from Plato to Napoleon, from Argonauts to the Affghans, from the woven mathematics of La Place to the mythology of Egypt, and the lyrics of Burns.

Young reader, pause steadily and look at this fact till it blaze before you; look till your imagination summons up even the few acts and thoughts named in that last sentence, and when these visions, from the Greek pirate to the fiery-eyed Scotchman, have begun to dim, solemnly resolve to use these glorious opportunities, as one whose breast has been sobbing at the far sight of a mountain resolves to climb it, and already strains and exults in his purposed toil.

Throughout the country, at this moment, thousands are consulting how to obtain and use books. We feel painfully anxious that this noble purpose should be well directed. It is possible that these sanguine young men who are wildly pressing for knowledge may grow weary or be misled—to their own and Ireland's injury. We intend, therefore, to put down a few hints and warnings for them. Unless they themselves ponder and discuss these hints and warnings, they will be useless, nay, worse than useless.

On the selection and purchase of books it is hard to say what is useful without going into detail. Carlyle says that a library is the true university of our days, where every sort of knowledge is brought together to be studied; but the student needs guides in the library as much as in the university. He does not need rules nor rulers, but light and classification. Let a boy loose in a library, and if he have years of leisure and a creative spirit, he will come out a master-mind. If he have the leisure without the original spring, he will become a book-worm, a useful help, perhaps, to his neighbors, but

himself a very feeble and poor creature. For one man who gains weapons from idle reading we know twenty who lose their simplicity without getting strength, and purchase cold recollections of other men's thoughts by the sacrifice of nature.

Just as men are bewildered and lost for want of guides in a large library, so are others from an equal want of direction in the purchase of a small one. We know from bitter experience how much money it costs a young man to get together a sufficient library. Still more hard we should think it for a club of young men to do so. But worse than the loss of money are the weariness from reading dull and shallow books, the corruption from reading vicious, extravagant, and confused books, and the waste of time and patience from reading idle and impertinent books. The remedy is not by saying: "This book you shall read, and this other you shall not read under penalty," but by inducing students to regard their self-education solemnly, by giving them information on the classification of books, and by setting them to judge authors vigorously, and for themselves.

Booksellers, especially in small towns, exercise no small influence in the choice of books, yet they are generally unfit to do so. They are like agents for the sale of patent medicines, knowing the price but not the ingredients, nor the comparative worth of their goods, yet puffing them for the commission's sake.

If some competent person would write a book on books, he would do the world a great favor; but he had need be a man of caution, above political bias or personal motive, and indifferent to the outcries of party.

One of the first mistakes a young, ardent student falls into is that he can master all knowledge. The desire for universal attainment is natural and glorious; but he who feels it is in danger of hurrying over a multitude of books, and confusing himself into the belief that he is about to know everything because he has skimmed many things.

Another evil is apt to grow from this. A young man who gets a name for a great variety of knowledge is often ashamed to appear ignorant of what he does not know. He is appealed to as an authority, and instead of manfully and wisely avowing his ignorance, he harangues from the title page, or skilfully parades the opinions of other men as if they were his own observations.

Looking through books in order to talk of them is one of the

worst and commonest vices. It is an acted lie, a device to conceal laziness and ignorance, or to compensate for want of wit; a stupid device, too, for it is soon found out, the employer of it gets the character of being a literary cheat; he is thought a pretender, even when well informed, and a plagiarist when most original.

Reading to consume time is an honest but weak employment. It is a positive disease with multitudes of people. They crouch in corners, going over novels and biographies at the rate of two volumes a day, when they would have been far better employed in digging or playing shuttle-cock. Still it is hard to distinguish between this long looking through books and the voracity of a curious and powerful mind gathering stores which it will afterwards arrange and use.

The reader needs not formally criticise and review every book, still less need he pause on every sentence and word till the full meaning of it stands before him.

But he must often do this: He must analyze as well as enjoy. He must consider the elements as well as the arguments of a book, just as, long dwelling on a landscape, he will begin to know the trees and rocks, the sun-flooded hollow and the cloud-crowned top, which go to make the scene; or, to use a more illustrative thought, as one, long listening to the noise on a summer day, comes to separate and mark the bleat of the lamb, the hoarse caw of the crow, the song of the thrush, the buzz of the bee, and the tinkle of the brook.

Doing this *deliberately* is an evil to the mind, whether the subject be nature or books. The evil is not because the act is one of analysis, though that has been said. It is proof of higher power to combine new ideas out of what is before you, or to notice combinations not at first obvious, than to distinguish and separate. The latter tends to logic, which is our humblest exercise of mind, the former to creation, which is our highest. Yet analysis is not an unhealthy act of mind, nor the process we have described always analytical.

The evil of deliberate criticism is that it generates scepticism. Of course we do not mean religious, but general, scepticism. The process goes on till one sees only stratification in the slope, gases in the stream, cunning tissues in the face, associations in the mind, an astronomical machine in the sky. A more miserable state of soul no mortal ever suffered than this. But an earnest man, living

and loving vigorously, is in little danger of this condition, nor does it last long with any man of strong character.

Another evil, confined chiefly to men who write or talk for effect, is that they become spies (as Emerson calls them) on nature. They do not wonder at, love, or hate what they see. All books and men are arsenals to be used, or, more properly, stores to be plundered by them. But their punishment is sharp. They love insight into the godlier qualities, they love the sight of sympathy, and become conscious actors of a poor farce.

Happiest is he who judges and knows books and nature and men (himself included) spontaneously or from early training, whose feelings are assessors with his intellect, and who is thoroughly in earnest. An actor or a spy is weak as well as wretched; yet it may be needful for him who was blinded by the low principles, the tasteless rules, and the stupid habits of his family and teachers to face this danger, deliberately to analyze his own and others' nature, deliberately to study how faculties are acquired and results produced, and to cure himself of blindness and deafness and dumbness, and become a man observant and skilful. He will suffer much and run great danger, but if he go through this faithfully and then fling himself into action and undertake responsibility, he shall be great and happy.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"O'Connell had not merely to arouse a people—he had, first of all, to create a people. Having created a people, he had to shape their instincts—to direct and rule them. Hannibal is esteemed the greatest of generals, not because he gained victories, but because he made an army. O'Connell, for the same reason, must be considered among the first of legislators—not because he won triumphs, but because *he made a people*."—GILES.

"Centuries of patient endurance brought, at length, the dawn of a better day. God's hour came, and it brought with it Ireland's greatest son, Daniel O'Connell."—V. REV. FATHER BURKE, O.P.

"God, the Church, and his country—such were the great ends of all his actions."—FATHER VENTURA.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, one of the most remarkable men and greatest political geniuses in the history of the world, was born on the 6th of August, 1775, at a place called Carhen, near the little town of Cahirciveen, county of Kerry. His father, Morgan O'Connell, belonged to an ancient Irish family. His mother, Kate O'Mullane, was a lady of rare beauty of character. Her illustrious son, in after years, often spoke of her. "I am," he wrote in 1841, "the son of a sainted mother, who watched over my childhood with the most faithful care. She was of a high order of intellect, and what little I possess was bequeathed me by her. I may, in fact, say without vanity that the superior situation in which I am placed by my countrymen has been owing to her. Her last breath was passed, I thank Heaven, in calling down blessings on my head; and I valued her blessing since. In the perils and dangers to which I have been exposed through life I have regarded her blessing as an angel's shield over me; and as it has been my protection in this life, I look forward to it also as one of the means of obtaining hereafter a happiness greater than any this world can give." [1]

Daniel's first schoolmaster was poor old David Mahony. We are told that he kindly took the little fellow on his knee, and in the short space of an hour and a half the future "Liberator"—then in

[1] Letter in the Belfast *Vindicator*, quoted by the Nun of Kenmare in her "Life of Daniel O'Connell."

his fourth year—learned the whole alphabet perfectly and permanently.[2]

As a boy, he liked ballads, and was very ambitious. He read much and studied hard. His uncle[3] took the *Dublin Magazine*, which contained sketches and pictures of distinguished men. "I wonder," he would say to himself, "will my picture ever appear in this?" One day, when he was about nine years of age, the family were discussing the merits of Burke and Grattan. The lad looked grave and said nothing. "What are you thinking of?" said a lady. "I'll make a stir in the world yet!" was the characteristic reply.

At the age of thirteen, young O'Connell was sent for a time to a Catholic school[4] near the Cove of Cork, or, as it is now called, Queenstown, and a year or two later he proceeded to the Continent, where he studied successively at Louvain, St. Omer, and Douai.

He was driven from France by the barbarities of the French Revolution, and after about three years of assiduous law study in London, he was called to the Irish bar in that sadly memorable year, 1798.

When thus fairly entered upon the world's wide stage, he had strong reasons for avoiding politics. No lawyer could hope to rise in his profession unless willing to be the parasite and slave of the Government. In Ireland it was even very dangerous to be found in opposition to the Government. Despite all this, O'Connell could not be silent when he beheld the legislative independence of his country about to be annihilated. Like a brave, honest man, he indignantly protested against the abhorred Union. His first public speech was a protest against it. This was delivered in January, 1800, in the Hall of the Royal Exchange, Dublin. This first speech contained the principles of his whole political life. "It is a curious thing enough," said he, afterwards, "that all the principles of my subsequent political life are contained in my very first speech."[5]

In 1802 O'Connell married his cousin, Miss Mary O'Connell, the daughter of a physician in Tralee. She proved a most devoted wife.

[2] "Life of O'Connell," by his son, John O'Connell.

[3] "Daniel O'Connell was adopted by his Uncle Maurice, the owner of Derrynane, from whom he inherited that celebrated place."—"Centenary Life of O'Connell," by Rev. John O'Rourke, P.P., M.R.I.A.

[4] This was the *first* Catholic school publicly opened after the repeal of the penal law which forbade Catholics to educate their children.

[5] W. J. O'Neill Daunt, "Personal Recollections of O'Connell," vol. ii.

His success in his profession is thus translated into pounds by himself. "The first year I was at the bar," he remarked to Mr. Daunt, "I made £58; the second year about £150; the third year £200; the fourth year about 300 guineas. I then advanced rapidly, and the last year of my practice I got £9,000, although I lost one term." [6]

The story of O'Connell's life as a public man is the history of Ireland for over a third of a century. It cannot be told here; and, indeed, it is too well known to need repetition. When the Catholics of Ireland were sunk in gloomy apathy, and degraded by odious penal enactments, he raised them up by the unaided force of his astonishing genius. He assumed the leadership. In 1809, he began his agitation of Catholic emancipation. He addressed the people of Ireland in letters which he headed with the motto from Byron:

> "Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
> Who would be free themselves must strike the blow."

For years he was the chief organizer and speaker at all Catholic meetings. In season and out of season, he toiled away, cheering by his words and his presence a heart-broken and down-trodden people. Peacefully he fought the battles of his native isle, almost single-handed. In 1823, he founded the Catholic Association; organized the Catholic "Rent," by which the battle of the people was fought at the election hustings; boldly stood for the representation of the county of Clare in 1828—was elected; forced the thick-headed statesmen and barbarous Government of England to concede Catholic emancipation in 1829; and finally held a seat in the British Parliament until the day of his death. He could have been a judge or a lord, but he would rather be Daniel O'Connell. He cared for position only in as far as it enabled him to assist Ireland and her unhappy people. In 1831 he left the bar that he might wholly devote himself to the cause of his country. He began the Repeal agitation. He wished to see a Parliament once more in Dublin. In 1843 he was prosecuted by the Government, and was in prison for three months, when the judgment against him was reversed by the House of Lords. Soon after he found himself opposed by the "Young Ireland" party; his health declined; his popularity declined; he saw gaunt famine stalk the land, and the clouds of misfortune gather and become blacker and blacker. While the Irish were famishing by thousands,

[6] W. J. O'Neill Daunt, "Personal Recollections of O'Connell," vol. i.

Irish grain was shipped from Ireland. Then, that the cause of the famine might be investigated, some English scientists were sent over. Well did the indignant spirit of the great old man—great even in adversity—exclaim: "So we have got scientific men from England! It appears that they would not answer unless they came from England! just as if we had not men of science in abundance in Ireland, and of a higher order and more fitted for the duties than any Saxon they could send over. There must be something English mixed up in the thing, even in an enquiry involving perhaps the life and death of millions; anti-national prejudices must be indulged in, and the mixing-stick of English rule introduced! Well, they have given us two reports—these scientific men have. And what is the value of them? Of what practical use will they be to the people? I read them over and over again in the hope of finding something suggestive of a remedy, and, so help me Heaven! —I don't mean to swear—if I can find anything in the reports of these scientific men, unless that they knew not what to say! They suggest a thing, and then show a difficulty. Again a suggestion is made which comes invested with another difficulty, and then they are 'your very humble servants!' Oh! one single peck of oats—one bushel of wheat—ay, one boiled potato—would be better than all their reports!"

His last words in the British Parliament were: "Ireland is in your hands. She is in your power. If you don't save her, she can't save herself; and I solemnly call upon you to recollect that I predict, with the sincerest conviction, that one-fourth of her population will perish unless you come to her relief!" Two months later the great and venerable O'Connell was no more. He started for Rome, "the City of the Soul," but on reaching Genoa he died, on the 15th of May, 1847, in the seventy-second year of his age. His last words were: "My body to Ireland, my heart to Rome, my soul to Heaven!"

THE MOSES OF ERIN.[7]

BY JOHN O'KANE MURRAY.

COLUMBIA'S bold battle-cry had echoed o'er the sea,
The brave had raised their banners high to struggle and be free,
When the western shores of Erin, those shores so grand and wild,
Were honored by a genius young, a good and gifted child.

[7] Written on the occasion of the O'Connell Centenary, August 6, 1875.

A hundred years, a hundred years have slowly rolled away,
And in this land we celebrate O'Connell's own birthday—
A day when Justice bright arrayed to his great tomb shall go,
And smiling Freedom, too, shall there a beauteous bouquet throw.

The hero of an isle sublime, his course I need not trace,
For as he grew in stature grand, he grew in mind and grace ;
His patent of nobility to him came from above,
And ancient faith and native land were objects of his love.

In him great Nature blended, in one harmonious whole,
A figure of matchless manhood with beauties of the soul ;
A mind of sparkling genius bold, a breast that knew not fear,
A soul that scanned the future with the vision of a seer.

Great man ! the world could not bribe him, nor Britain make him fear ;
He thought but of his country—her wrongs—her sad, sacred tear !
Ever faithful, nobly faithful, in hall or felon's cell,
He loved dear, beauteous Erin ever wisely and well.

What sword and blood could ne'er obtain from England's brutal hand
His peaceful power and giant voice called forth at a command—
A command of magic eloquence that round the world did roll,
And proclaimed the cause of Erin to every heart and soul !

Shall we ever see his like again, so nobly bright and bold,
Poor Erin's own Demosthenes—greater than he of old ;
The golden tongue in eloquence, whose words kept Bull at bay,
Whose language was a thunder grand, that shook tyrannic sway ?

To me speak not of warriors bold who battled for a name,
Here was the Christian Hercules that fought not for fame,
But with grim oppression struggled, and single-handed won,
A glory great, an action grand—more fadeless than the sun !

O'Connell ! bright, immortal name ! the greatest of the great,
The Moses of earth's blessed isle, the guider of a state !
From the Egypt of tyranny he set his people free,
And the promised land of freedom in the distance had to see !

Away in that famed old city, in story proud and bright,
Renowned home of Columbus, in which first he saw the light,
There came an honored pilgrim to rest his aged head,
For him life's battle ended, the hopes of time had fled.

At last that moment dread arrived, his spirit would depart,
And then he breathed these farewell words, which moved his mighty heart:
"My soul to thee, Almighty Lord ! my Irish heart to Rome,
My blessing and my latest thought to my fond island home !"

And hovering by that bed of death, near Erin's faithful son,
Are angels. Columbus hails him on his victories won.
They rise ! and on high together shine the pilgrims o'er the main,
And the glorious soul sublime that a "world gave to Spain."

And clear aloft O'Connell's name a light shall ever shine
As bright freedom's star resplendent in a firmament divine.
His words shall be remembered, his glories spoken o'er,
When England's power and savage rule shall long be things of yore.

On the green hill-sides of Erin his voice is heard no more,
But the echo of his clarion tones comes from that upper shore,
Whence his pure and lofty spirit still cheers us here below,
And beckons "onward," "upward," as the ages swiftly flow.

REPLY TO MR. BELLEW.

(*Delivered in the Catholic Board*, 1813.)

At this late hour, and in the exhausted state of the meeting, it requires all the impulse of duty to overcome my determination to allow the debate to be closed without any reply, but a speech has been delivered by the learned gentleman (Mr. Bellew) which I cannot suffer to pass without further answer.

My eloquent friend, Mr. O'Gorman, has already powerfully exposed some of its fallacies, but there were topics involved in that speech which he has not touched upon, and which, it seems to me, I owe it to the Catholics and to Ireland to attempt to refute.

It was a speech of much talent, and much labor and preparation. Mr. Bellew declared that he had spoken extempore.

Well, it was certainly an able speech, and we shall see whether this extempore effort of the learned gentleman will appear in the newspapers to-morrow in the precise words in which it was uttered this day. I have no skill in prophecy, if it does not happen ; and if it does so happen, it will certainly be a greater miracle than that the learned gentleman should have made an artful and ingenious, though, I confess, I think a very mischievous, speech without preparation.

I beg to say that, in replying to him and to the other supporters of the amendment, I mean to speak with great personal respect of

them, but that I feel myself bound to treat their arguments with no small degree of reprehension. The learned gentleman naturally claims the greater part of my attention. The ingenuity with which he has, I trust, gratuitously advocated our bigoted enemies, and the abundance in which he has dealt out insinuations against the Catholics of Ireland, entitle his discourse to the first place in my reprobation. Yet I shall take the liberty of saying a passing word of the other speakers before I arrive at him. He shall be last, but I promise him not least, in my consideration.

The opposition to the general vote of thanks to the Bishops was led by my friend Mr. Hussey. I attended to his speech with that regard which I always feel for anything that comes from him; I attended to it in the expectation of hearing from his shrewd and distinct mind something like argument or reasoning against this expression of gratitude to our prelates. But, my Lord, I was entirely disappointed; argument there was not any, reasoning there was none; the sum and substance of his discourse was literally this, that he (Mr. Hussey) is a man of a prudent and economical turn of mind, that he sets a great value on everything that is good, that praise is excellent, and, therefore, he is disposed to be even stingy and niggard of it; that my motion contains four times too much of that excellent article, and he therefore desires to strike off three parts of my motion, and thinks that one-quarter of his praise is full enough for any bishops, and this the learned gentleman calls an amendment.

Mr. Bagot came next, and he told us that he had made a speech but a fortnight ago, which we did not understand, and he has now added another which is unintelligible; and so, because he was misunderstood before, and cannot be comprehended at present, he concludes most logically that the Bishops are wrong, and that he and Mr. Hussey are right.

Sir Edward Bellew was the next advocate of censure on the Bishops; he entertained us with a sad specimen of minor polemics, and drew a learned and lengthened distinction between essential and non-essential discipline; and he insisted that, by virtue of this distinction, that which was called schism by the Catholic prelates could be changed into orthodoxy by an Irish baronet. This distinction between essential and non-essential, must, therefore, be very beautiful and beautifying. It must be very sublime, as it is very senseless, unless, indeed, he means to tell us that it contains some

secret allusion to our enemies. For example, that the Duke of Richmond affords an instance of the essential whilst my Lord Manners is plainly non-essential; that Paddy Duigenan is essential in perfection, and the foppish Peel is, in nature, without essence; that Jack Giffard is, surely, of the essential breed, whilst Mr. Willy Saurin is a dog of a different color.

Such, I presume, is the plain English of the worthy baronet's dissertation. Translated thus, it clearly enough alludes to the new commission; but it would be more difficult to show how it applied in argument against my motion. I really did not expect so whimsical an opposition from the honorable baronet. If there be any feeling of disappointment about him for the rejection of the double Veto Bill, he certainly ought not to take revenge on the board by bestowing on us all the tediousness of incomprehensible and insane theology. I altogether disclaim reasoning with him, and I freely consent that those who relish his authority as a theologian should vote against the prelates.

And now I address myself to the learned brother of the theological baronet. He began by taking great merit to himself and demanding great attention from you, because he says that he has so rarely addressed you. You should yield to him, he says, because he so seldom requires your assent. It reminds me of the prayer of the English officer before battle: "Great Lord," said he, "during the forty years I have lived I never troubled you before with a single prayer. I have, therefore, a right that you should grant me one request, and do just as I desire for this once." Such was the manner in which the learned gentleman addressed us; he begs you will confide in his zeal for your interests because he has hitherto confined that zeal to his own. He desires that you will rely upon his attention to your affairs because he has been heretofore inattentive to them; and that you may depend on his anxiety for Catholic emancipation inasmuch as he has abstained from taking any step to attain that measure.

Quite different are my humble claims on your notice, quite different are the demands I make on your confidence. I humbly solicit it because I have sacrificed, and do, and ever will, sacrifice my interest to yours; because I have attended to the varying posture of your affairs, and sought for Catholic emancipation with an activity and energy proportioned to the great object of our pursuit. I do, therefore, entreat your attention whilst I unravel the spider-web of

sophistry with which the learned gentleman this day sought to embarrass and disfigure your cause.

His discourse was divided into three principal heads. First, he charged the Catholic prelates with indiscretion; secondly, he charged them with error; and, lastly, he charged the Catholics with bigotry; and, with the zeal and anxiety of a hired advocate, he gratuitously vindicated the intolerance of our oppressors. I beg your patience whilst I follow the learned gentleman through this threefold arrangement of his subject. I shall, however, invert the order of his arrangement and begin with his third topic.

His argument in support of the intolerants runs thus: First, he alleges that the Catholics are attached to their religion with a bigoted zeal. I admit the zeal, but I utterly deny the bigotry. He seems to think I overcharge the statement. Perhaps I do; but I feel confident that, in substance, this accusation amounted to a direct charge of bigotry. Well, having charged the Catholics with a bigoted attachment to their Church, and having truly stated our repugnance to any interference on the part of the secretaries of the Castle with our prelates, he proceeded to insist that those feelings on our part justified the apprehensions of the Protestants. The Catholics, said Mr. Bellew, are alarmed for their Church; why should not the Protestants be alarmed also for theirs? The Catholic, said he, desires safety for his religion; why should not the Protestant require security for his? When you Catholics express your anxiety for the purity of your faith, adds the learned advocate, you demonstrate the necessity there is for the Protestant to be vigilant for the preservation of his belief; and hence Mr. Bellew concludes that it is quite natural, and quite justifiable in the Liverpools and Eldons of the Cabinet to invent and insist upon guards and securities, vetoes, and double vetoes, boards of control, and commissions for loyalty.

Before I reply to this attack upon us and vindication of our enemies, let me observe that, however groundless the learned gentleman may be in argument, his friends at the Castle will at least have the benefit of boasting that such assertions have been made by a Catholic at the Catholic Board.

And now see how futile and unfounded his reasoning is. He says that our dislike to the proposed commission justifies the suspicion in which the plan of such commission originated; that our anxiety for the preservation of our Church vindicates those who deem the proposed arrangement necessary for the protection of

theirs—a mode of reasoning perfectly true, and perfectly applicable, if we sought any interference with, or control over, the Protestant Church. If we desire to form any board or commission to control or to regulate the appointment of their bishops, deans, archdeacons, rectors, or curates; if we asked or required that a single Catholic should be consulted upon the management of the Protestant Church or of its revenues or privileges; then indeed would the learned gentleman be right in his argument, and then would he have, by our example, vindicated our enemies.

But the fact does not bear him out; for we do not seek, nor desire, nor would we accept of, any kind of interference with the Protestant Church. We disclaim and disavow any kind of control over it. We ask not, nor would we allow, any Catholic authority over the mode of appointment of their clergy. Nay, we are quite content to be excluded forever from even advising his Majesty with respect to any matter relating to or concerning the Protestant Church, its rights its properties, or its privileges. I will, for my own part, go much further; and I do declare most solemnly that I would feel and express equal, if not stronger, repugnance to the interference of a Catholic with the Protestant Church than that I have expressed and do feel to any Protestant interference with ours. In opposing their interference with us, I content myself with the mere war of words. But if the case were reversed, if the Catholic sought this control over the religion of the Protestant, the Protestant should command my heart, my tongue, my arm, in opposition to so unjust and insulting a measure. So help me God! I would in that case not only feel for the Protestant and speak for him, but I would fight for him, and cheerfully sacrifice my life in the defence of the great principle for which I have ever contended—the principle of universal and complete religious liberty.

Then, can anything be more absurd and untenable than the argument of the learned gentleman when you see it stripped of the false coloring he has given it? It is absurd to say that merely because the Catholic desires to keep his religion free the Protestant is thereby justified in seeking to enslave it. Reverse the position, and see whether the learned gentleman will adopt or enforce it. The Protestant desires to preserve his religion free; would that justify the Catholic in any attempt to enslave it? I will take the learned advocate of intolerance to the bigoted court of Spain or Portugal, and ask him would he, in the supposed case, insist that

the Catholic was justifiable. No, my Lord, he will not venture to assert that the Catholic would be so ; and I boldly tell him that in such a case the Protestant would be unquestionably right, the Catholic certainly an insolent bigot.

But the learned gentleman has invited me to a discussion of the question of securities, and I cheerfully follow him. And I do, my Lord, assert that the Catholic is warranted in the most scrupulous and timid jealousy of any English, for I will not call it Protestant (for it is political, and not, in truth, religious), interference with his Church. And I will also assert, and am ready to prove, that the English have no solid or rational pretext for requiring any of those guards, absurdly called securities, over us or our religion.

My Lord, the Irish Catholics never, never broke their faith—they never violated their plighted promise to the English. I appeal to history for the truth of my assertion. My Lord, the English never, never observed their faith with us—they never performed their plighted promise ; the history of the last six hundred years proves the accuracy of my assertion. I will leave the older periods, and fix myself at the Revolution. More than one hundred and twenty years have elapsed since the Treaty of Limerick. That treaty has been honorably and faithfully performed by the Irish Catholics ; it has been foully, disgracefully, and directly violated by the English. English oaths and solemn engagements bound them to its performance ; it remains still of force and unperformed, and the ruffian yell of English treachery which accompanied its first violation has, it seems, been repeated even in the Senate House at the last repetition of the violation of that treaty. They rejoiced and they shouted at the perjuries of their ancestors —at their own want of good faith or common sense.

Nay, are there not present men who can tell us, of their own knowledge, of another instance of English treachery ? Was not the assent of many of the Catholics to the fatal—oh ! the fatal—measure of the Union purchased by the express and written promise of Catholic emancipation, made from authority by Lord Cornwallis, and confirmed by the Prime Minister, Mr. Pitt ? And has that promise been performed ; or has Irish credulity afforded only another instance of English faithlessness ? Now, my Lord, I ask this assembly whether they can confide in English promises ? I say nothing of the solemn pledges of individuals. Can you confide in the more than punic faith of your hereditary task-mas-

ters? or shall we be accused of our scrupulous jealousy when we reject with indignation the contamination of English control over our Church?

But, said their learned advocate (Mr. Bellew), they have a right to demand, because they stand in need of securities. I deny the right; I deny the need. There is not any such right; there exists no such necessity. What security have they had for the century that has elapsed since the violation of the Treaty of Limerick? What security have they had during these years of oppression and barbarous and bloody legislation? What security have they had whilst the hereditary claim of the house of Stuart remained? And surely all the right that hereditary descent could give was vested in that family. Let me not be misunderstood. I admit they had no right; I admit that their right was taken away by the people. I freely admit that, on the contrary, the people have the clear right to cashier base and profligate princes. What security had the English from our Bishops when England was invaded, and that the unfortunate but gallant Prince Charles advanced into the heart of England, guided by valor, and accompanied by a handful of brave men, who had, under his command, obtained more than one victory? He was a man likely to excite and gratify Irish enthusiasm. He was chivalrous and brave; he was a man of honor and a gentleman—no violater of his word; he spent not his time in making his soldiers ridiculous with horse-tails and white feathers; he did not consume his mornings in tasting curious drams, and evenings in gallanting old women. What security had the English, then? What security had they against our Bishops or our laity when America nobly flung off the yoke that had become too heavy to be borne, and sought her independence at the risk of her being? What security had they then? I will tell you, my Lord. Their security at all those periods was perfect and complete because it existed in the conscientious allegiance of the Catholics; it consisted in the duty of allegiance which the Irish Catholics have ever held, and will, I trust, ever hold, sacred; it consisted in the conscientious submission to legitimate authority, however oppressive, which our Bishops have always preached and our laity have always practised.

And now, my Lord, they have the additional security of our oaths, of our ever-inviolated oaths of allegiance; and if they had emancipated us, they would have had the additional security of

our gratitude and of our personal and immediate interests. We have gone through persecution and sorrow; we have experienced oppression and affliction, and yet we have continued faithful. How absurd to think that additional security could be necessary to guard against conciliation and kindness!

But it is not bigotry that requires those concessions; they were not invented by mere intolerance. The English do not dislike us as Catholics; they simply hate us as Irish. They exhaust their blood and treasure for the Catholics of Spain; they have long observed and cherished a close and affectionate alliance with the ignorant and bigoted Catholics of Portugal; and now they exert every sinew to preserve those Catholics from the horrors of a foreign yoke. They emancipated the French Catholics in Canada, and a German Catholic is allowed to rise to the first rank in his profession—the army; he can command not only Irish, but even English Protestants. Let us, therefore, be just; there is no such horror of "Popery" in England as is supposed. They have a great dislike to Irish Catholics; but separate the qualities, put the filthy whiskers and foreign visage of a German on the animal, and the Catholic is entitled to high favor from the just and discriminating English. We fight their battles, we beat their enemies, we pay their taxes, and we are degraded, oppressed, and insulted, whilst the Spanish, the Portuguese, the French, and the German Catholics are courted, cherished, and promoted.

I revert now to the learned gentleman's accusation of the Bishops. He has accused them of error in doctrine and of indiscretion in practice. He tells us that he is counsel to the College of Maynooth, and in that capacity he seems to arrogate to himself much theological and legal knowledge. I concede the law, but I deny the divinity; neither can I admit the accuracy of the eulogium which he has pronounced on that institution, with its mongrel board of control, half Catholic and half Protestant. I was, indeed, at a loss to account for the strange want of talent—for the silence of Irish genius which has been remarked within the College. I now see it easily explained. The incubus of jealous and rival intolerance sits upon its walls, and genius and taste and talent fly from the sad dormitory, where sleeps the spirit of dulness. I have heard, indeed, of their Crawleys and these converts, but where or when will that College produce a Magee or a Sandes, a McDonnell or a Griffin? When will the warm heart of Irish genius exhibit in Maynooth such

bright examples of worth and talent as those men disclose? It is true that the bigot may rule in Trinity College; the highest station in it may be the reward of writing an extremely bigoted and more foolish pamphlet; but still there is no conflicting principle of hostile jealousy in his rulers; and, therefore, Irish genius does not slumber there, nor is it smothered as at Maynooth.

The accusation of error brought against the Bishops by the learned gentleman is sustained simply upon his opinion and authority. The matter stands thus: At the one side we have the most reverend and right reverend the Catholic Prelates of Ireland, who assert that there is schism in the proposed arrangement; on the other side we have the very reverend the counsel for the college of Maynooth, who asserts that there is no schism in that arrangement. These are the conflicting authorities. The reverend Prelates assert the one; he, the counsellor, asserts the other; and as we have not leisure to examine the point here doctrinally, we are reduced to the sad dilemma of choosing between the Prelates and the lawyer. There may be a want of taste in the choice which I make, but I confess I cannot but prefer the Bishops. I shall, therefore, say with them there would be schism in the arrangement, and deny the assertion of the reverend counsel that it would not be schism. But suppose his reverence the counsel for Maynooth was right, and the Bishops wrong, and that in the new arrangement there would be no schism, I then say there would be worse; there would be corruption and profligacy and subserviency to the Castle in it, and its degrading effects would soon extend themselves to every rank and class of the Catholics.

I now come to the second charge which the learned gentleman, in his capacity of counsel to the College of Maynooth, has brought against the Bishops. It consists of the high crime of "indiscretion." They were indiscreet, said he, in coming forward so soon and so boldly. What! when they found that a plan had been formed which they knew to be schismatic and degrading—when they found that this plan was matured and printed and brought into Parliament and embodied in a bill and read twice in the House of Commons, without any consultation with and, as it were, in contempt of the Catholics of Ireland—shall it be said that it was either premature or indiscreet solemnly and loudly to protest against such plan? If it were indiscreet, it was an indiscretion which I love and admire—a necessary indiscretion, unless, perhaps, the

learned counsel for Maynooth may imagine that the proper time would not arrive for this protest until the bill had actually passed, and all protest should be unavailing.

No, my Lord, I cannot admire this thing called Catholic discretion, which would manage our affairs in secret and declare our opinions when it was too late to give them any importance. Catholic discretion may be of value at the Castle; a Catholic secret may be carried to be discounted there for prompt payment. The learned gentleman may also tell us the price that Catholic discretion bears at the Castle—whether it be worth a place, a peerage, or a pension. But if it have value and a price for individuals, it is of no worth to the Catholic people. I reject and abjure it as applicable to public officers. Our opinions ought to be formed deliberately, but they should be announced manfully and distinctly. We should be despicable and deserve to continue in slavery if we could equivocate or disguise our sentiments on those subjects of vital importance; and I call upon you to thank the Catholic Prelates precisely because they had not the learned gentleman's quality of discretion, and that they had the real and genuine discretion, which made them publish resolutions consistent with their exalted rank and reverend character, and most consonant to the wishes and views of the Catholic people of Ireland.

I now draw to a close, and I conjure you not to come to any division. Let the amendment be withdrawn by my learned friend, and let our approbation of our amiable and excellent, our dignified and independent, Prelates be, as it ought to be, unanimous. We want unanimity; we require to combine in the constitutional pursuit of Catholic emancipation every class and rank of the Catholics—the prelate and the peer, the country gentleman and the farmer, the peasant and his priest. Our career is to begin again; let our watchword be unanimity, and our object be plain and undisguised, as it has been—namely, simple Repeal. Let us not involve or embarrass ourselves with vetoes and arrangements and securities and guards and pretexts of divisions and all the implements for ministerial corruption and Castle dominion. Let our cry be simple Repeal!

It is well, it is very well, that the late bill has been rejected. I rejoice that it has been scouted. Our sapient friends at Cork called it a "Charter of Emancipation." You, my Lord, called it so; but, with much respect, you and they are greatly mistaken. In truth,

it was no charter at all, nor like a charter; and it would not have emancipated. This charter of emancipation was no charter, and would give no emancipation. As a plain, prose-like expression it was unsupported, and as a figure of fiction it made very bad poetry. No, my Lord, the bill would have insulted your religion and done almost nothing for your liberties; it would have done nothing at all for the people. It would send a few of our discreet Catholics, with their Castle discretion, into the House of Commons, but it would not have enabled Catholic peers in Ireland to vote for the representative peers; and thus the blunder arose, because those friends who, I am told, took so much trouble for you examined the Act of Union only, and did not take the trouble of examining the act regulating the mode of voting for the representative peers.

The bill would have done nothing for the Catholic bar save the paltry dignity of silk gowns, and it would have actually deprived that bar of the places of assistant barrister, which, as the law stands, they may enjoy. It would have done nothing in corporations—literally nothing at all; and when I pressed this on Mr. Plunket, and pointed out to him the obstacles to corporate rights in a conference with which, since his return to Ireland, he honored me, he informed me—and informed me, of course, truly—that the reason why the corporations could not be further opened, or even the Bank of Ireland mentioned, was because the English would not listen to any violation of chartered rights. And this bill, my Lord—this inefficient, useless, and insulting bill—must be dignified with the appellation of a "Charter of Emancipation." I do most respectfully entreat, my Lord, that the expression may be well considered before it is used again.

And now let me entreat, let me conjure the meeting to banish every angry emotion, every sensation of rivalship or opposition; let us recollect that we owe this vote to the unimpeached character of our worthy Prelates. Even our enemies respect them, and in the fury of religious and political calumny the breath even of hostile and polemical slander has not reached them. Shall Catholics, then, be found to express, or even to imply, censure?

Recollect, too, that your country requires your unanimous support. Poor, degraded, and fallen Ireland has you, and, I may almost say, you alone, to cheer and sustain her! Her friends have been lukewarm and faint-hearted; her enemies are vigilant, active, yelling, and insulting. In the name of your country I call on you

not to divide, but to concentrate your unanimous efforts to her support, till bigotry shall be put to flight and oppression banished this land for ever.

O'CONNELL'S LETTERS TO ARCHBISHOP MACHALE.

MERRION SQUARE,[8] 31st December, 1827.

MY LORD: The public papers will have already informed your Lordship of the resolution to hold a meeting for petition in every parish in Ireland on Monday, 13th January.

I should not presume to call your Lordship's particular attention to this measure, or respectfully to solicit your countenance and support in your diocese, if I was not most deeply convinced of its extreme importance and utility. The combination of national action —all Catholic Ireland acting as one man—must necessarily have a powerful effect on the minds of the ministry and of the entire British nation; a people who can be thus brought to act together, and by one impulse, are too powerful to be neglected, and too formidable to be long opposed.

Convinced, *deeply, firmly* convinced, of the importance of this measure, I am equally so of the impossibility of succeeding unless we obtain the countenance and support of the Catholic prelates of Ireland. To you, my Lord, I very respectfully appeal for that support. I hope and respectfully trust that in your diocese no parish will be found deficient in activity and zeal.

I intend to publish in the papers the form of a petition for emancipation which may be adopted in all places where no individual may be found able and willing to prepare a proper draft.

I am sorry to trespass thus on your Lordship's most valuable time, but I am so entirely persuaded of the vital utility of the measure of simultaneous meeting to petition that I venture over again, but in the most respectful manner, to urge on your kind and considerate attention the propriety of assisting in such manner as you may deem best to attain our object.

I have the honor to be, with profound respect, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

To the Right Rev. Dr. MACHALE.[9]

[8] Dublin.

[9] At this time Dr. MacHale was Bishop of Killala.

LONDON, 22d March, 1834.

MY EVER-RESPECTED LORD: I had the honor of receiving a letter from you some time ago, *promising* a repeal petition, and I wish to say that the petition has not come to hand. I regret to be obliged to add that the number of repeal petitions does not at all correspond with my hopes and expectations.

I am the more sorry for this because *I have the most intimate conviction that nothing of value can possibly be done for Ireland until we have a domestic Parliament.* The faction which, in all its ramifications, bears so severely on our people and our country, can never be rendered innoxious whilst they can cling, even in idea, to support from the Government of this country. It is a subject of serious but melancholy speculation to reflect upon the innate spirit of hatred of everything Irish which seems to be the animating principle of their existence. You certainly have two distinct specimens of the worthlessness of that existence in your county members. Two such "lubbers," as the seamen would call them, two such "bustoons," as we in Munster would denominate them, never yet figured on any stage, public or private. One of the best of your Lordship's good works will be assisting to muster such a combination of electoral force in your county as will ensure the rejection of both at the next practical opportunity. I should be tempted to despair of Ireland if I could doubt of your success. I read with deep and painful interest your published letters to Lord Grey. What a scene of tyranny and heartless oppression on the one hand! what a frightful view of wretchedness and misery on the other! A man is neither a human being nor a Christian who does not devote all his energies to find a remedy for such grievances. But that remedy is not to be found in a *British Parliament.*

You will see by the papers that the Protestant dissenters in this country are storming that citadel of intolerance and pride—the Established Church. The effect of such an attack can operate only for good in Ireland. This was the stronghold of the Irish Establishment. As long as they had England at their back they could laugh to scorn all attempts in Ireland to curb them. But I believe, firmly believe, their days are numbered, and hope that we shall see, but certainly not weep.

I have the honor to be, my Lord, most respectfully, your most obedient servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Right Rev. Dr. MACHALE.

MERRION SQUARE, 10th December, 1834.

MY REVERED LORD: There have been many letters of congratulation [10] addressed to your Grace, but none, I will venture to say, so cordial as mine, because I not only congratulate you as a gentleman whom even as a private individual I highly respect, but congratulate you in the name of Ireland, and for her sake; and above all, for the sake of that faith whose sacred deposit has been preserved by your predecessors, and will be preserved unblemished, and indeed with increased lustre, by your Grace.

Indeed, I venture to hope that there are times coming when the period of the oppression of the Church in Ireland, destined by God in his adorable dispensations to arrive, will have arrived. *I do, I confess*, venture to augur favorably from your nomination by his Holiness the Pope—you who had proved yourself too honest an Irishman not to be obnoxious to the British Administration.

It seems to me to be the brilliant dawn of a noonday in which the light of Rome will no longer be obscured by the clouds of English influence. I often sighed at the delusion created in the political circles at Rome on the subject of the English Government. They thought, good souls, that England *favored* the Catholics when she only *yielded* to our claims, not knowing that the secret animosity to Catholicity was as envenomed as ever it was.

The present Pope [11]—may God protect his Holiness—has seen through that delusion, and you are proof that it will no longer be a cause of misconception to be as true to the political interests as to the spiritual wants of the people of Ireland. I am delighted at this new era. No man can be more devoted to the spiritual authority of his Holiness. I always detested what were called the *liberties* of the "Church in France."

I am convinced that the more direct and unequivocal is that authority according to the canons, the more easy will it be to preserve the unity of faith.

I need not add that there does not live a human being more submissive—*in omnibus*—to the Church than I am, from the most unchangeable conviction. I have only to add that if your Grace *could* have any occasion for *any* exertion of mine in support of *any* candidate in any county in Connaught, I shall have the greatest pleasure in receiving your suggestions as cherished commands.

[10] Dr. MacHale had just been appointed Archbishop of Tuam.
[11] Gregory XVI.

I have the honor to be, with profound respect, my Lord, of your Grace the most obedient, faithful servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Most Rev. Dr. MACHALE.

MERRION SQUARE, 9th Nov., 1837.

MY EVER-RESPECTED AND DEAR LORD: I know you pity me [12] and afford me the relief of your prayers. To-morrow I begin to console my heart by agitation. I am *now* determined to leave every other consideration aside and to agitate *really*—to agitate to the full extent the law sanctions. Command me now in everything.

I got this morning a blank cover enclosing two letters for your Grace. I enclose one in this and another in a second frank; they would be *overweight* if sent together. The address has the name of George Washington on the corner—whether an assumed name or not I have no room to conjecture. I mention these things merely to show your Grace that if these letters be not genuine I am unable to afford any clue to the writer. They may, however, be perfectly correct in all particulars.

I believe we are safe in all the counties and towns in Connaught save Sligo and Athlone. I indeed believe the latter tolerably secure. Every nerve must be strained to increase the Irish majority in Parliament. My watchword is, "Irish or Repeal." Indeed, I entertain strong hopes that we shall live to see the latter—"a consummation most devoutly to be wished."

Dr. England [13] was with me yesterday; he gave me some strong evidence of the hostility of the English Catholics to those of Ireland. He has promised to give it to me in writing, and I will send your Grace a copy. He goes off to "Haite" next week, but purposes to return next year, and then intends to suggest a place for a Foreign Missionary Society in Ireland, should it meet with the approbation of the Irish prelates. Irish priests are abundantly abused, yet they are in demand by the religious and zealous Catholics all over the world.

I have the honor to be, with profound respect, my revered Lord, of your Grace the servant,

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

Most Rev. Dr. MACHALE.

[12] He had just buried his devoted wife.

[13] The celebrated Bishop of Charleston, S. C.

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL.

"A man who, while our language lasts, will be spoken of as one of the most brilliant orators of Ireland."—Dr. R. S. Mackenzie.

RICHARD LALOR SHEIL was born at Waterford, Ireland, in the year 1793.[1] His father, Edward Sheil, had acquired in Cadiz, Spain, a considerable fortune, which he invested in the purchase of an estate near Waterford, and married Miss Catharine MacCarthy, a lady of the county of Tipperary.

Richard received his first education from a French clergyman, an exile from his own country, who resided at Mr. Sheil's house. The boy was then sent to a French Catholic school at Kensington, afterwards to the Jesuit College at Stonyhurst, and finally he entered Trinity College, Dublin, "with a competent knowledge of the classics, some acquaintance with Italian and Spanish, and the power of speaking and writing French as if it were his mother-tongue." Before he was twenty, he graduated with distinction.

In 1814, at the age of twenty-one, Sheil was called to the Irish bar. His youth, of course, was against him. His tastes inclined to literature, and for several years his contributions to the London magazines afforded him the chief means of subsistence. He wrote for the stage also—excited by the brilliant genius of Miss O'Neill, the Irish tragedienne—and his play of "Evadne" still retains a place in the acted drama by means of its declamatory poetry and effective situations.[2]

In 1816 Sheil married Miss O'Halloran, a young lady whose only fortune was her education and her great personal beauty.

He joined with O'Connell in establishing the Catholic Association in 1823. "In this body," writes Dr. R. S. Mackenzie, "both leaders spoke earnestly and well. O'Connell's *rôle* was to insist on *justice for Ireland;* Sheil's to cast contempt and ridicule upon what was called *Protestant ascendancy.*"

In the Catholic cause Sheil labored for many years with tireless

[1] MacNevin, in his "Memoir" of Sheil, says that he was born in the county of Kilkenny on the 16th of August, 1791. Dr. Mackenzie, in his "Memoir" of Sheil, states what we give above. Somebody has blundered.

[2] R. Shelton Mackenzie, D.C.L., "Memoir of Sheil."

devotion. At the celebrated election of O'Connell in 1829 as M.P. for the county of Clare, he was the "Liberator's" most eloquent supporter. His speech on that historic occasion was among his happiest efforts. But perhaps the most solid and splendid of all his speeches was that delivered the previous year at Penenden Heath, England, in defence of the Irish Catholics and their religion. This speech is given on page 485 in the present volume. Of this speech the famous philosopher, Jeremy Bentham, wrote to his friend Galloway: "So masterly a union of logic and rhetoric as Mr. Sheil's speech scarcely have I ever beheld."

The Catholic question having been settled, a great change took place in the fortunes of Sheil. Through Lord Egerton he was made king's counsel. But the object of his ambition was a seat in the House of Commons. In 1831 he was returned for Milbourne Port; in after years for the county of Tipperary; and from 1841 to 1850 he represented the little Irish borough of Dungarvan.

In Parliament, the position occupied by Sheil was immediate, unquestioned, and exalted. In fact, he took rank at once as one of the best orators in the House of Commons. Though not a very ready debater, his prepared speeches enchained attention, and won the applause even of his antagonists. He had the disadvantage of a small person, negligent attire, shrill voice, and vehement gesticulation; but these were all forgotten when he spoke, and his singularly peculiar manner gave the appearance of impulse even to his most elaborated compositions. Words cannot briefly describe the character of Sheil's rhetoric. It was aptly said, in the style of his own metaphors, "He thinks lightning."[3]

In November, 1850, Sheil, whose health was declining, was offered, and accepted, the post of British Plenipotentiary at the Court of Tuscany, Italy. He died at Florence of a sudden attack of gout, on the 25th of May, 1851.

Sheil's "Sketches of the Irish Bar," one of the most spicy, graphic, and entertaining works in our literature, was begun in 1822 in the *New Monthly Magazine*, a London periodical, then conducted by the poet, Thomas Campbell. "The far-famed paper on O'Connell," writes Dr. Mackenzie, "was repeatedly reprinted in Europe and America, and translated into French, German, Italian, and Spanish." "The Sketches of the Irish Bar," in two volumes,

[3] R. Shelton Mackenzie, D.C.L.

with a memoir and notes by R. Shelton Mackenzie, D.C.L., was first published in New York City in 1854.

"Sheil," said North, "erred in the choice of a profession. Had he cultivated the drama instead of the law, he would have equalled Shakspere."

"Sheil," wrote Henry Giles, "had a mind of the finest nature and of the richest cultivation, a vigorous intellect, and an exuberant fancy. His speaking was a condensation of thought and passion, in brilliant, elaborate, and often antithetical expression. He happily united precision and embellishment, and his ideas in being adorned became not only attractive, but distinct. Images were as easy to him as words, and his figures were as correct as they were abundant. With a faculty peculiarly dramatic, he gave vivid illusion to the scenes and characters with which he filled the imagination of his hearers. He compressed into a passage the materials of a tragedy, and moved as he pleased to terror and to pity. He was not the less the master of invective and of sarcasm. He was in prose almost as effective a satirist as Pope was in verse—as scathing and as lacerating. He clothed burlesque in as mocking a gravity, was as bitter in his irony, as polished in his wit, as elegant in his banter, and sometimes as unmerciful in his ridicule. In the battle for Catholic emancipation this splendid and impassioned orator was heard everywhere in Ireland shrieking forth the wrongs of his people. That shrill voice of his cried aloud and spared not. It stirred his brethren to indignation and to action; it pierced into their souls, and awakened to torture the sense of their degradation. It was heard in metropolis and village, on the mountain and in the market-place. It rang out from sea to sea, and was chorused by the shouts of sympathetic multitudes. O'Connell was the legislator and the doer, but in the agency of speech Shiel was indefatigable, and had no superior."[4]

THE CATHOLICS OF IRELAND.

(*Speech at Penenden Heath, England, October* 24, 1828.)

LET no man believe that I have come here in order that I might enter the lists of religious controversy and engage with any of you in a scholastic disputation. In the year 1828 the Real Presence

[4] "Lectures and Essays."

does not afford an appropriate subject for debate, and it is not by the shades of a mystery that the rights of a British citizen are to be determined. I do not know whether there are many here by whom I am regarded as an idolater because I conscientiously adhere to the faith of your forefathers, and profess the doctrine in which I was born and bred; but if I am so accounted by you, you ought not to inflict a civil deprivation upon the accident of the cradle. You ought not to punish me for that for which I am not in reality to blame. If you do, you will make the misfortune of the Catholic the fault of the Protestant, and by inflicting a wrong upon my religion cast a discredit upon your own. I am not the worse subject of my King and the worse citizen of my country because I concur in the belief of the great majority of the Christian world; and I will venture to add, with the frankness and something of the bluntness by which Englishmen are considered to be characterized, that if I am an idolater, I have a right to be one if I choose; my idolatry is a branch of my prerogative, and is no business of yours.

But you have been told by Lord Winchelsea that the Catholic religion is the adversary of freedom. It may occur to you, perhaps, that his Lordship affords a proof in his own person that a passion for Protestantism and a love of liberty are not inseparably associated; but without instituting too minute or embarrassing an enquiry into the services to freedom which in the course of his political life have been conferred by my Lord Winchelsea, and putting aside all personal considerations connected with the accuser, let me proceed to the accusation.

Calumniators of Catholicism, have you read the history of your country? Of the charges against the religion of Ireland the annals of England afford the confutation. The body of your common laws was given by the Catholic Alfred. He gave you your judges, your magistrates, your high sheriffs, your courts of justice, your elective system, and the great bulwark of your liberties—the trial by jury. When Englishmen peruse the chronicles of their glory their hearts beat high with exultation, their emotions are profoundly stirred, and their souls are ardently expanded. Where is the English boy who reads the story of his great island whose pulse does not beat at the name of Runnemede, and whose nature is not deeply thrilled at the contemplation of that great incident when the mitred Langton, with his uplifted crozier, confronted the tyrant whose sceptre shook in his trembling hand, and extorted

what you have so justly called the Great, and what, I trust in God, you will have cause to designate as your everlasting, Charter? It was by a Catholic Pontiff that the foundation-stone in the Temple of Liberty was laid, and it was at the altars of that religion which you are accustomed to consider as the handmaid of oppression that the architects of the Constitution knelt down.

Who conferred upon the people the right of self-taxation, and fixed, if he did not create, the representation of the people? The Catholic Edward the First, while in the reign of Edward the Third perfection was given to the representative system, parliaments were annually called, and the statute against constructive treason was enacted. It is false, foully, infamously false, that the Catholic religion, the religion of your forefathers, the religion of seven millions of your fellow-subjects, has been the auxiliary of debasement, and that to its influences the suppression of British freedom can, in a single instance, be referred. I am loath to say that which can give you cause to take offence; but when the faith of my country is made the object of imputation I cannot help, I cannot refrain, from breaking into a retaliatory interrogation, and from asking whether the overthrow of the old religion of England was not effected by a tyrant with a hand of iron and a heart of stone? Whether Henry did not trample upon freedom while upon Catholicism he set his foot; and whether Elizabeth herself, the virgin of the Reformation, did not inherit her despotism with her creed; whether in her reign the most barbarous atrocities were not committed; whether torture, in violation of the Catholic common law of England, was not politically inflicted, and with the shrieks of agony the Towers of Julius in the dead of night did not re-echo? And to pass to a more recent period, was it not on the very day on which Russell perished on the scaffold that the Protestant University of Oxford published the declaration in favor of passive obedience, to which your Catholic ancestors would have laid down their lives rather than have submitted?

These are facts taken from your own annals, with which every one of you should be made familiar; but it is not to your own annals that the recriminatory evidence on which I am driven to rely shall be confined. If your religion is the inseparable attendant upon liberty, how does it come to pass that Prussia, and Sweden, and Denmark, and half the German States should be Protestants, and should be also slaves? You may suggest to me that in the

larger portion of Catholic Europe freedom does not exist; but you should bear in mind that at a period when the Catholic religion was in its most palmy state freedom flourished in countries in which it is now extinct. Look at Italy, not indeed as she now is, but as she was before Martin Luther was born, when literature and liberty were associated, and the arts imparted their embellishments to her free political institutions. I call up the memory of the Italian Catholic republics in the great cause which I am sufficiently adventurous to plead before you. Florence, accomplished, manufacturing, and democratic, the model of your own municipal corporations, gives a noble evidence in favor of Catholicism; and Venice, Catholic Venice, rises in the splendor of her opulence and the light of her liberty to corroborate the testimony of her celebrated sister with a still more lofty and majestic attestation. If from Italy I shall ascend the Alps, shall I not find in the mountains of Switzerland the sublime memorials of liberty and the reminiscences of those old achievements which preceded the theology of Geneva, and which were performed by men by whom the ritual of Rome was uttered on the glaciers, and the great mystery of Catholicism was celebrated on the altars which nature had provided for that high and holy worship? But Spain, I may be told, Spain affords the proof that to the purposes of despotism her religion has always lent its impious and disastrous aid. That mistake is a signal one, for when Spain was most devotedly Catholic Spain was comparatively free; her Cortes assumed an attitude nobler even than your own Parliament, and told the King, at the opening of every session in which they were convened, that they were greater and invested with a higher authority than himself. In the struggles made by Spaniards within our own memory we have seen the revival of that lofty sentiment; while amongst the descendants of Spaniards in the provinces of South America, called into existence in some sort by yourselves, we behold no religion but the Catholic, and no government of which the principle is not founded in the supremacy of the people. Republic after republic has arisen at your bidding through that immeasurable expanse, and it is scarce an exaggeration to say (if I may allude to a noble passage in one of the greatest writers of our time) that liberty, with her "meteor standard" unfurled upon the Andes,

"Looks from her throne of clouds o'er half the world."

False, I repeat it with all the vehemence of indignant asseveration, utterly false is the charge habitually preferred against the religion which Englishmen have laden with penalties, and have marked with degradation. I can bear any other charge but this—to any other charge I can listen with endurance. Tell me that I prostrate myself before a sculptured marble; tell me that to a canvas glowing with the imagery of heaven I bend my knee; tell me that my faith is my perdition; and, as you traverse the churchyards in which your forefathers are buried, pronounce upon those who have lain there for many hundred years a fearful and appalling sentence; yes, call what I regard as the truth not only an error, but a sin to which mercy shall not be extended; all this will I bear—to all this will I submit—nay, at all this I will but smile; but do not tell me that I am in heart and creed a slave; that my countrymen cannot brook; in their own bosoms they carry the high consciousness that never was imputation more foully false, or more detestably calumnious. I do not believe that with the passion for true liberty a nation was ever more enthusiastically inspired, never were men more resolved, never were men more deserving to be free, than the nation in whose oppression, fatally to Ireland and to themselves, the statesmen of England have so madly persevered.

What have been the results of that system which you have been this day called together to sustain? You behold in Ireland a beautiful country, with wonderful advantages agricultural and commercial—a resting-place for trade on its way to either hemisphere; indented with havens, watered by numerous rivers; with a fortunate climate in which fertility is raised upon a rich soil, and inhabited by a bold, intrepid, and, with all their faults, a generous and enthusiastic people. Such is Ireland as God made her; what is Ireland as you have made her? This fine country swarming with a population the most miserable in Europe, of whose wretchedness, if you are the authors, you are beginning to be the victims; the poisoned chalice is returned in its just circulation to your lips. Harvests the most abundant are reaped by men with starvation in their faces; all the great commercial facilities of the country are lost; the rivers that should circulate opulence and turn the machinery of a thousand manufactures flow to the ocean without wafting a boat or turning a wheel; the wave breaks in solitude in the silent magnificence of deserted and shipless harbors. In place of being a source of wealth and revenue to the empire, Ireland cannot defray its own expenses;

her discontent costs millions of money; she debilitates and endangers England. The great mass of her population are alienated and dissociated from the state; the influence of the constituted and legitimate authorities is gone; a strange, anomalous, and unexampled kind of government has sprung up and exercises a despotic sway; while the class, inferior in numbers, but accustomed to authority, and infuriated at its loss, are thrown into formidable reaction; the most ferocious passions rage from one extremity of the country to the other. Hundreds and thousands of men arrayed with badges gather in the South, and the smaller faction, with discipline and with arms, are marshalled in the North; the country is like one vast magazine of powder, which a spark might ignite into an explosion, and of which England would not only feel, but, perhaps, never recover from the shock.

And is this state of things to be permitted to continue? It is only requisite to present the question in order that all men should answer, something must be done. What is to be done? Are you to re-enact the penal code? Are you to deprive Catholics of their properties, to shut up their schools, to drive them from the bar, to strip them of the elective franchise, and reduce them to Egyptian bondage? It is easy for some visionary in oppression to imagine these things. In the drunkenness of sacerdotal debauch men have been found to give vent to such sanguinary aspirations, and the teachers of the Gospel, the ministers[5] of a mild and merciful Redeemer, have uttered in the midst of their ferocious wassails the bloody orison that their country should be turned into one vast field of massacre, and that upon the pile of carnage the genius of Orange ascendancy should be enthroned. But these men are maniacs in ferocity, whose appetites for blood you will scarcely undertake to satiate. You shrink from the extirpation of a whole people. Even suppose that, with an impunity as ignominious as it would be sanguinary, that horrible crime could be effected, then you must needs ask, What is to be done? In answering that question you will not dismiss from your recollection that the greatest statesmen who have for the last fifty years directed your counsels and conducted the business of this mighty empire concurred in the opinion that without a concession of the Catholic claims nothing could be done for Ireland.

[5] Ministers of the Protestant Church, established by law—and it might be added, with due reverence, the devil—in Ireland.

Burke, the foe to revolution, Fox, the asserter of popular right, Pitt, the prop of the prerogative, concurred. With reference to this great question their minds met in a deep confluence. See to what a conclusion you must arrive when you denounce the advocates of emancipation. Your anathema will take in one-half of Westminster Abbey; and is not the very dust into which the tongues and hearts of Pitt, and Burke, and Fox have mouldered better than the living hearts and tongues of those who have survived them? If you were to try the question by the authorities of the dead, and by those voices which may be said to issue from the grave, how would you decide? If, instead of counting votes in St. Stephen's, you were to count the tombs in the mausoleum beside it, how would the division of the great departed stand? There would be a majority of sepulchres inscribed with immortal names upon our side. But supposing that authority, that the coincidence of the wisest and of the best in favor of Ireland, was to be held in no account, consider how the religious disqualifications must necessarily operate. Can that be a wise course of government which creates not an aristocracy of opulence, and rank, and talent, but an aristocracy in religion, and places seven millions of people at the feet of a few hundred thousand? Try this fashion of government by a very obvious test, and make the case your own. If a few hundred thousand Presbyterians stood towards you in the relation in which the Irish Protestants stand towards the Catholics, would you endure it? Would you brook a system under which Episcopalians should be rendered incapable of holding seats in the House of Commons, should be excluded from sheriffships and corporate offices, and from the bench of justice, and from all the higher offices in the administration of the law; and should be tried by none but Presbyterian juries, flushed with the insolence of power and infuriated with all the ferocity of passion? How would you brook the degradation which would arise from such a system, and the scorn and contumelies which would flow from it? Would you listen with patience to men who told you that there was no grievance in all this, that your complaints were groundless, and that the very right of murmuring ought to be taken away? Are Irishmen and Roman Catholics so differently constituted from yourselves that they are to behold nothing but blessings in a system which you would look upon as an unendurable wrong?

Protestants and Englishmen, however debased you may deem our country, believe me that we have enough of human nature left

within us—we have enough of the spirit of manhood, all Irishmen as we are, to resent a usage of this kind. Its results are obvious. The nation is divided into two castes. The powerful and the privileged few are patricians in religion, and trample upon and despise the plebeian Christianity of the millions who are laid prostrate at their feet. Every Protestant thinks himself a Catholic's better; and every Protestant feels himself the member of a privileged corporation. Judges, sheriffs, crown counsel, crown attorneys, juries are Protestants to a man. What confidence can a Catholic have in the administration of public justice? We have the authority of an eminent Irish judge, the late Mr. Fletcher, who declared that in the North the Protestants were uniformly acquitted, and the Catholics were as undeviatingly condemned. A body of armed Orangemen fall upon and put to death a defenceless Catholic; they are put upon their trial, and when they raise their eyes and look upon the jury, as they are commanded to do, they see twelve of their brethren in massacre empanelled for their trial; and, after this, I shall be told that all the evils of Catholic disqualification lie in the disappointed longing of some dozen gentlemen after the House of Commons! No; it is the bann, the opprobrium, the brand, the note and mark of dishonor, the scandalous partiality, the flagitious bias, the sacrilegious and perjured leaning, and the monstrous and hydra-headed injustice that constitute the grand and essential evils of the country. And you think it wonderful that we should be indignant at all this. You marvel and are amazed that we are hurried into the use of rash and vehement phrases. Have we alone forgotten the dictates of charity? Have our opponents been always distinguished by their meekness and forbearance? Have no exasperating expressions, no galling taunts, no ferocious menaces ever escaped from them?

Look to the Brunswick orgies of Ireland, and behold not merely the torturers of '98, who, like retired butchers, feel the want of their old occupation and long for the political shambles again, but to the ministers of the Gospel, by whom their libations to the Moloch of faction, in the revelries of a sanguinary ascendancy, are ferociously poured out. Make allowances for the excesses into which, with much provocation, we may be hurried, and pardon us when you recollect how, under the same circumstances, you would, in all likelihood, feel yourselves. Perhaps you will say that while ou are conscious that we have much to suffer, you owe it to your own

safety to exclude us from power. We have power already—the power to do mischief; give us that of doing good. Disarray us—dissolve us—break up our confederacy—take from the law (the great conspirator) its combining and organizing quality, and we shall no longer be united by the bad chain of slavery, but by the natural bonds of allegiance and contentment. You fear our possible influence in the House of Commons. Don't you dread our actual influence beyond its precincts? Catholics out of the House of Commons, we should be citizens within it. It has been sometimes insisted that we aim at the political exaltation of our Church upon the ruins of the Establishment—that once emancipated we should proceed to strip your clergy, and to possess ourselves of the opulence of an anti-apostolic and anti-scriptural Establishment. Never was there a more unfounded imputation. The whole body of the Irish Catholics look upon a wealthy priesthood with abhorrence. They do not desire that their bishops should be invested with pontifical gorgeousness. When a bill was introduced in order to make a small, and no more than a decent, provision for the Catholic clergy, did they not repudiate the offer, and prefer their honorable poverty, and the affections of the people, to the seductions of the crown? How did the people act? Although a provision for the priesthood would relieve them from a burden, did they not deprecate all connection with power? The Catholics of Ireland know that if their clergy were endowed with the wealth of the Establishment, they would become a profligate corporation, pampered with luxury, swelling with sacerdotal pride, and presenting in their lives a monstrous contrast with that simplicity and that poverty of which they are now as well the practisers as the teachers. They know that in place of being, as they now are, the indefatigable instructors of the peasantry, their consolers in affliction, their resource in calamity, their preceptors and their models in religion, their visitors in sickness, and their companions at the bed of death, they would become equally insolent to the humble and sycophantic to the great—flatterers at the noble's table and extortioners in the poor man's hovel; slaves in politics and tyrants in demeanor, who from the porticoes of palaces would give their instructions in humility; who from the banquets of patricians would prescribe their lessons in abstinence; and from the primrose path of dalliance would point to the steep and thorny way to Heaven. Monstrous as the opulence of the Establishment now is, the people of Ireland would rather see the wealth of Protestant

bishops increased tenfold, and another million of acres added to their episcopal territories, than behold their pure and simple priesthood degraded from their illustrious humility to that dishonorable and anti-Christian ostentation which, if it were once established, would be sure to characterize their Church. I speak the sentiments of the whole body of my countrymen when I solemnly and emphatically reiterate my asseveration that there is nothing which the Roman Catholic body would regard with more abhorrence than the transfer of the enormous and corrupting revenues of the Establishment to a clergy who owe their virtues to their poverty, and the attachment of the people to their dignified dependence upon the people for their support.

I should have done; and yet before I retire from your presence indulge me so far as to permit me to press one remaining topic upon you. I have endeavored to show you that you have mistaken the character and political principles of my religion; I have endeavored to make you sensible of the miserable condition of my country; to impress upon you the failure of all the means which have been hitherto tried to tranquillize that unhappy country, and the necessity of adopting some expedient to alleviate its evils. I have dwelt upon the concurrence of great authorities in favor of concession, the little danger that is to be apprehended from that concession, and the great benefit which would arise from religious peace in Ireland. I might enlarge upon those benefits, and show you that when factions were reconciled, when the substantial causes of animosity were removed, the fierce passions which agitate the country would be laid at rest; that English capital would, in all likelihood, flow into Ireland; that English habits would gradually arise; that a confidence in the administration of justice would grow up; that the people, instead of appealing to arms for redress, would look to the public tribunals as the only arbiters of right; and that the obstacles which now stand in the way of education would be removed; that the fierceness of polemics would be superceded by that charity which the Christian extends to all mankind; that a reciprocal sentiment of kindness would take place between the two islands; that a real union, not depending upon acts of Parliament, but upon mutual interest and affection, would be permanently established; that the empire would be consolidated, and all dangers from the enemies of Great Britain would disappear. I might point out to you, what is obvious enough, that if Ireland be allowed to remain

as it now is, at no distant period the natural foes of Great Britain may make that unfortunate country the field of some formidable enterprise. I might draw a picture of the consequences which would arise if an enormous population were to be roused into a concurrent and simultaneous movement; but I forbear from pressing such considerations upon you, because I had much rather rely upon your own lofty-mindedness than upon any terrible contingency. I therefore put it to you, that, independently of every consideration of expediency, it is unworthy of you to persevere in a system of practical religious intolerance which Roman Catholic states, who hold to you a fine example in this regard at least, have abandoned. I have heard it said that the Catholic religion was a persecuting religion. How easily I could retort on you the charge of persecution —remind you that the early reformers, who set up a claim to liberty of conscience for themselves, did not indulge others in a similar luxury—tell you that Calvin, having obtained a theological masterdom in Geneva, offered up the screams of Servetus to the God of mercy and of love; that even your own Cranmer, who was himself a martyr, had first inflicted what he afterwards suffered, and that this father of your church, whose hand was indeed a guilty one, had, even in the reign of Edward the Sixth, accelerated the progress of heretics to immortality, and sent them through fire to Heaven. But the truth is that both parties have, in the paroxysms of religious frenzy, committed the most execrable crimes, and it might be difficult, if their misdeeds were to be weighed, to adjust the balance of atrocity between them. But Catholics and Protestants have changed, and with the alteration of time we ourselves have undergone a salutary reformation. Through the whole continent religious distinctions have begun to vanish, and freedom of conscience is almost universally established. It is deplorable that England should be almost the only country where such disqualifications are maintained.

In France, where the religion of the state is that of Rome, all men are admissible to power, and no sort of sectarian distinction is instituted by the law. The third article of the French charter provides that every French citizen, no matter of what denomination, shall be capable of holding every office in the state. The Chamber of Deputies is filled with Protestants, who are elected by Roman Catholics; and Protestants have held places in the Cabinet of France. In Hungary, in the year 1791, Protestants were placed by

a Roman Catholic government on a perfect level with their fellow-citizens. In Bavaria the same principle of toleration was adopted. Thus the Catholics of Europe have given you an honorable example, and, while they have refuted the imputation of intolerance, have pronounced upon you a practical reproach. You are behind almost every nation in Europe. Protestant Prussia has emancipated her Catholic subjects, and Silesia is free. In Germany the churches are used indiscriminately by Protestants and Catholics—the Lutheran service, in happy succession, follows the Catholic Mass; or the Catholic Mass follows the Lutheran service. Thus in every state in Europe the spirit of religious toleration has signally advanced, while here, in this noble island, which we are wont to consider the asylum of civil liberty, the genius of persecution has found a refuge. In England, and in England only, deprivations and dishonor are inflicted upon those whose conscience inhibits their conformity with the formulas of your worship; and a vast body of Englishmen in this one of your finest counties are called upon to offer up a gratuitous invocation to the Legislature to rivet the fetters of their Catholic fellow-subjects. Do not undertake so ungenerous an office, nor interpose for the low-hearted purposes of oppression. I have heard since I came here that it is a familiar saying that "the men of Kent have never been conquered." That you will never be vanquished in any encounter where men shall be arrayed in arms against you is my belief and my desire; but while in this regard you will always prove unconquered and unconquerable, there is one particular in which I hope that proof will be afforded that you can be subdued. Be no longer invincible, but let the victory be achieved by yourselves. The worst foes with which you have to contend are lodged in your own breasts—your prejudices are the most formidable of your antagonists, and to discomfit them will confer upon you a higher honor than if in the shouts of battle you put your enemies to flight. It is over your antipathies, national and religious, that a masterdom should be obtained by you, and you may rest assured that if you shall vanquish your animosities, and bring your passions into subjection, you will, in conquering yourselves, extend your dominion over that country by which you have been so long resisted, your empire over our feelings will be securely established, you will make a permanent acquisition of the affections of Irishmen, and make our hearts your own.

PEN-AND-INK SKETCH OF DANIEL O'CONNELL.

[From Sheil's "Sketches of the Irish Bar," vol. i.]

If any one being a stranger in Dublin should chance, as you return upon a winter's morning from one of the "small and early" parties, of that raking metropolis—that is to say, between the hours of five and six o'clock—to pass along the south side of Merrion Square,[6] you will not fail to observe that among those splendid mansions there is one evidently tenanted by a person whose habits differ materially from those of his fashionable neighbors. The half-open parlor shutter and the light within announce that some one dwells there whose time is too precious to permit him to regulate his rising with the sun. Should your curiosity tempt you to ascend the steps and under cover of the dark to reconnoitre the interior, you will see a tall, able-bodied man standing at a desk and immersed in solitary occupation. Upon the wall in front of him there hangs a crucifix. From this and from the calm attitude of the person within, and from a certain monastic rotundity about his neck and shoulders, your first impression will be that he must be some pious dignitary of the Church of Rome absorbed in his matin devotions.

But this conjecture will be rejected almost as soon as formed. No sooner can the eye take in the other furniture of the apartment—the book-cases, clogged with tomes in plain calfskin binding, the blue covered octavos that lie about on the tables and the floor, the reams of manuscript in oblong folds and begirt with crimson tape—than it becomes evident that the party meditating amid such objects must be thinking far more of the law than the prophets. He is unequivocally a barrister, but apparently of that homely, chamber-keeping, plodding cast who labor hard to make up by assiduity what they want in wit, who are up and stirring before the bird of the morning has sounded the retreat to the wandering spectre, and are already brain-deep in the dizzy vortex of mortgages and cross-reminders and mergers and remitters, while his clients, still lapped in sweet oblivion of the law's delay, are fondly dreaming that their cause is peremptorily set down for a final hearing. Having come to this conclusion, you push on for home, blessing your stars on the way that you are not a lawyer, and sincerely compassionating the

[6] One of the principal squares in Dublin. There O'Connell resided for about thirty years.

sedentary drudge whom you have just detected in the performance of his cheerless toil.

But should you happen in the course of the same day to stroll down to the Four Courts, you will not be a little surprised to find the object of your pity miraculously transferred from the severe recluse of the morning into one of the most bustling, important, and joyous personages in that busy scene. There you will be sure to see him, his countenance braced up and glistening with health and spirits, with a huge, plethoric bag, which his robust arm can scarcely sustain, clasped with paternal fondness to his breast, and environed by a living palisade of clients and attorneys with outstretched necks, and mouths and ears agape to catch up any chance-opinion that may be coaxed out of him in a colloquial way, or listening to what the client relishes still better (for in no event can they be slided into a bill of costs), the counsellor's bursts of jovial and familiar humor, or, when he touches on a sadder strain, his prophetic assurance that the hour of Ireland's redemption is at hand. You perceive at once that you have lighted upon a great popular advocate; and if you take the trouble to follow his movements for a couple of hours through the several courts, you will not fail to discover the qualities that have made him so—his legal competency, his business-like habits, his sanguine temperament, which renders him not merely the advocate, but the partisan of his client, his acuteness, his fluency of thought and language, his unconquerable good-humor, and, above all, his versatility.

By the hour of three, when the judges usually rise, you will have seen him go through a quantity of business the preparation for and the performance of which would be sufficient to wear down an ordinary constitution, and you naturally suppose that the remaining portion of the day must, of necessity, be devoted to recreation or repose. But here again you will be mistaken; for should you feel disposed, as you return from the courts, to drop into any of the public meetings that are almost daily held for some purpose, or to no purpose, in Dublin,[7] to a certainty you will find the counsellor there before you, the presiding spirit of the scene, riding in the whirlwind and directing the storm of popular debate with a strength of lungs and redundancy of animation as if he had that moment started fresh for the labors of the day. There he remains

[7] This sketch was written in 1823, six years before Catholic emancipation was an accomplished fact.

until, by dint of strength or dexterity, he has carried every point; and thence, if you would see him to the close of the day's "eventful history," you will, in all likelihood, have to follow him to a public dinner from which, after having acted a conspicuous part in the turbulent festivity of the evening and thrown off half a dozen speeches in praise of Ireland, he retires at a late hour to repair the wear and tear of the day by a short interval of repose, and is sure to be found before daybreak next morning at his solitary post, recommencing the routine of his restless existence. Now, any one who has once seen in the preceding situations the able-bodied, able-minded, acting, talking, multifarious person I have been just describing has no occasion to enquire his name. He may be assured that he is and can be no other than "Kerry's pride and Munster's glory," the far-famed and indefatigable DANIEL O'CONNELL.

His frame is tall, expanded, and muscular, precisely such as befits a man of the people; for the physical classes ever look with double confidence and affection upon a leader who represents in his own person the qualities upon which they rely. In his face he has been equally fortunate; it is extremely comely. The features are at once soft and manly; the florid glow of health and a sanguine temperament is diffused over the whole countenance, which is national in the outline, and beaming with national emotion. The expression is open and confiding, and inviting confidence; there is not a trace of malignity or guile; if there were, the bright and sweet blue eyes, the most kindly and honest-looking that can be conceived, would repel the imputation. These popular gifts of nature O'Connell has not neglected to set off by his external carriage and deportment; or perhaps I should rather say that the same hand which has moulded the exterior has supersaturated the inner man with a fund of restless propensity which it is quite beyond his power, as it is certainly beyond his inclination, to control. A large portion of this is necessarily expended upon his legal avocations; but the labors of the most laborious of professions cannot tame him into repose. After deducting the daily drains of the study and the courts, there remains an ample residuum of animal spirits and ardor for occupation, which go to form a distinct, and I might say a predominant character—*the political chieftain.*

The existence of this overweening vivacity is conspicuous in O'Connell's manners and movements, and being a popular, and more particularly a national, quality, greatly recommends him to the Irish

people—"*Mobilitate viget*"—body and soul are in a state of permanent insurrection.

See him in the streets and you perceive at once that he is a man who has sworn that his country's wrongs shall be avenged. A Dublin jury—if judiciously selected—would find his very gait and gestures to be high treason by construction, so explicitly do they enforce the national sentiment of "Ireland her own, or the world in a blaze." As he marches to court, he shoulders his umbrella as if it were a pike. He flings out one factious foot before the other as if he had already burst his bonds and was kicking Protestant ascendancy before him, while ever and anon a democratic, broad-shouldered roll of the upper man is manifestly an indignant effort to shuffle off "the oppression of seven hundred years."

This intensely national sensibility is the prevailing peculiarity in O'Connell's character; for it is not only when abroad and in the popular gaze that Irish affairs seem to press on his heart. The same *Erin-go-bragh* feeling follows him into the most technical details of his forensic occupations. Give him the most dry and abstract position of the law to support—the most remote that imagination can conceive from the violation of the Articles of Limerick, and, ten to one, he will contrive to interweave a patriotic episode upon those examples of British domination. The people are never absent from his thoughts.

SKETCH OF DR. MURRAY, CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

[From "The Catholic Leaders" in Sheil's "Sketches of the Irish Bar," vol i.]

Doctor Murray, the present Archbishop of Dublin, was educated in the University of Salamanca, but his mind is untarnished by the smoke of the scholastic lamp, and he has a spirit of liberty within him which shows how compatible the ardent citizen is with the enthusiastic priest. His manners are not at all Spanish, although he passed many years in Spain under the tuition of Doctor Curtis, the Catholic primate, who was professor of theology in Salamanca.

Dr. Murray is meek, composed, and placid, and has an expression of patience, of sweetness, and benignity, united with strong intellectual intimations, which would fix the attention of any ordinary observer who chanced to see him in the public way. He has great dignity and simplicity of deportment, and has a bearing befitting

his rank, without the least touch of arrogance. His voice is singularly soft and harmonious, and even in reproof itself he does not put his Christian gentleness aside. His preaching is of the first order. It is difficult to hear his sermons upon charity without tears; and there is, independently of the charms of diction and the graces of elocution, of which he is a master, an internal evidence of his own profound conviction of what he utters that makes its way to the heart. When he stands in the pulpit it is no exaggeration to say that he diffuses a kind of piety about him; he seems to belong to the holy edifice, and it may be said of him with perfect truth:

> "At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
> His looks adorned the venerable place."

It is obvious that such a man, attended by all the influence which his office, his abilities, and his apostolic life confer upon him, must have added great weight to the proceedings of the Association,[8] when, with a zeal in patriotism corresponding with his ardor in religion, he caused himself to be enrolled among its members.

"The contemplation of the wrongs of my country," he exclaimed at a public meeting held in the beautiful and magnificent Catholic Cathedral in Marlborough Street, Dublin—"the contemplation of the wrongs of my country makes my soul burn within me!" As he spoke thus, he pressed to his heart the hand which the people were accustomed to see exalted from the altar in raising the Host to Heaven. His fine countenance was inflamed with emotion, and his whole frame trembled under the dominion of the vehement feeling by which he was excited.[9]

[8] The Catholic Association.

[9] The Most Rev. Daniel Murray, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin, died in 1854. He was a sort of Irish St. Francis de Sales. His published sermons are in two large volumes.

THOMAS MOORE.

"In the quality of a national Irish lyrist, Moore stands absolutely alone and unapproachable."—SHAW.[1]

"Of all the song-writers that ever warbled or chanted or sung, the best, in our estimation, is verily none other than Thomas Moore."—PROF. WILSON.[2]

"The genius of Moore must ever command admiration."—ARCHBISHOP MACHALE.

THOMAS MOORE, "the sweet son of song" and "the poet of all circles," was born in Aungier Street, Dublin, on May 28, 1779. His father was a respectable grocer and spirit-dealer, and both his parents were Catholics. The house in which he was born and reared still stands, the shop being devoted to the same unambitious department of commerce.

Thomas began rhyming at so early an age that he was never able to fix the date of his first effusions. Of him, as of the Catholic poet Pope, it might indeed be said:

> "As yet a child, and all unknown to fame,
> He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

He was but a mere lad when he indited the following to the editor of a Dublin magazine:

"Sept. 11, 1793.

"*To the Editor of the Anthologiæ Hibernica:*

"SIR: If the following attempts of a youthful muse seem worthy of a place in your magazine, by inserting them you will much oblige a constant reader.

"TH—M—S M—RE."

With this note two poems were enclosed. We give one:

"A PASTORAL BALLAD.

> "My gardens are covered with flowers,
> My vines are all loaded with grapes,
> Nature sports in my fountains and bowers,
> And assumes all her beautiful shapes.

[1] Shaw was an Englishman.

[2] Wilson was a Scotchman.

Dan.l. 11. 1832 V.L. V. Lamme

1832 by H.B. Hall & Sons, N.Y.

"The shepherds admire my lays,
When I pipe they all flock to the song;
They deck me with laurels and bays,
And list to me all the day long.

"But their laurels and praises are vain,
They've no joy or delight for me now;
For Celia despises the strain,
And that withers the wreath on my brow."

Those, certainly, are good lines for a boy of only fourteen. In due time they appeared in the magazine, and young Moore was delighted to see his productions in print.

His first master was Mr. Samuel Whyte. This gentleman had a great taste for poetry and the drama, and our young poet soon became one of his favorite pupils, unlike the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who, before Moore's day, had received, as the most incorrigible of dunces, many and many a sound birching at the hands of Mr. Whyte.

Moore's father was a warm and patriotic Irishman, and the son was not slow to catch the spirit of his parent. The times were stirring and dangerous. The French Revolution had shook Europe. Ireland but yearned for some opportunity to throw off the hated shackles in which English tyranny had bound her hand and foot. The United Irishmen—that band of gallant men—were daily growing more restive. Moore was thus early initiated into rebellion; in fact, his fellow-student and bosom friend was no other than Robert Emmett. He was a member of the patriotic debating-clubs and a contributor to the *Press*, the organ of the United Irishmen. One of his fiery letters was even noticed in Parliament. He was suspected, examined before the Vice-Chancellor, but nothing could be proved against him. His mother, a woman of excellent sense and judgment, now warned him to be prudent. Her advice prevailed, and perhaps saved the future author of the "Irish Melodies" from the unhappy fate of the brave Robert Emmett.

An act of Parliament in 1793 partly opened the doors of Dublin University to Catholics. The following year Moore entered Trinity College. He was a hard-working student whose diligence was crowned by success. "And," says one of his biographers, "while engaged with his classics at the university, at home he was learning Italian from a priest, French from one of the many emigrants who sought refuge on our shores during that unhappy time for their

own country, and pianoforte music from his sister's teacher." In 1799 Moore left his famous Alma Mater, taking the degree of B.A.

He at once started for London, a translation of Anacreon's Odes in his hands, with the intention of entering himself as a law student in the Middle Temple. In his translation of Anacreon Moore exhibits a very great extent of reading and no little proficiency in Greek philology. He was also more lucky than most of the authors who have sought the mighty city with nothing but their brains for a fortune. In Lord Moira he found a kind friend. This nobleman obtained him permission to dedicate his Odes to the Prince of Wales.[3] This was his first step on the road to fame and success. But it was fatal to his law studies, and Blackstone was thrown aside for the Muses.

In 1801 appeared Moore's first volume of original verses. It was entitled "The Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little." While there was much that was meritorious in this volume, it also contained many pieces quite loose and immoral in tone. In after-life Moore thought of "those productions with feelings of shame."

In 1803 our poet received an appointment under the Government as Registrar to the Court of Admiralty in the island of Bermuda. The following year he arrived at his post. In a few months, however, he left a deputy to perform his duties, and began a tour through the United States and Canada. It appears there was only one city that pleased him in this Republic. Writing to his mother from Passaic Falls in June, 1804, he says: "The only place which I have seen that I had one wish to pause in was Philadelphia." It is a pity he did not live to see it 1876.

He wrote some fine pieces of poetry during this journey, as "Alone by the Schuylkill," "Lines written at the Cohoes," the "Canadian Boat-Song," and his letter in verse to his sister, Miss Moore, in which he says:

"In days, my Kate, when life was new,
When lulled with innocence and you,
I heard in home's beloved shade
The din the world at distance made.

"Yet now, my Kate, a gloomy sea
Rolls wide between that home and me;
The moon may thrice be born and die
Ere even your seal can reach my eye."

[3] Afterwards George IV.

There were no railroads or steamships in those days, and even poets were obliged to move slowly along.

Later in life, when referring to his American visit, he would boast of his introduction to the illustrious Thomas Jefferson, exclaiming with enthusiasm: "I had the honor of shaking hands with the man who wrote the Declaration of American Independence."

In 1806 he published his "Epistles, Odes, and other Poems." Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, treated the book with merciless severity. Moore took mortal offence, and nothing but blood could wash out the critic's crime. Moore challenged. Jeffrey felt bound to give him satisfaction. A duel was the result, but the seconds managed to put no lead into the pistols, and, of course, there was nothing but smoke. The combatants were obliged to laugh. They shook hands, and to the end of their lives there were no more firm friends than Thomas Moore and Lord Jeffrey.

A sneering allusion of Lord Byron in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" was nearly the cause of another duel. Moore demanded an apology. A dinner and some explanations made the affair all right. The intimacy thus began soon ripened into firm friendship.

In 1807 Moore began his immortal "Irish Melodies."[4] One hundred and twenty-four in number, they were composed at intervals covering over a quarter of a century. Mr. Power, a musical publisher, offered to pay him $2,500 a year during the time he would be occupied in composing them. Dr. R. S. Mackenzie computes that he received $75,000 for the "Melodies." This is about $30 a line. The musical accompaniments were supplied by Sir John Stephenson. What Moore accomplished by those matchless songs is thus truthfully and beautifully referred to by himself:

> "Dear harp of my country, in darkness I found thee,
> The cold chains of silence had hung o'er thee long,
> When proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee,
> And gave all thy cords to light, freedom, and song."

"Of a theatrical turn," says one of his biographers, "Moore acted well in private drama, in which the gentlemen were amateurs and the female parts were personated by professional actresses.

[4] Moore's "Irish Melodies" have been translated into the principal languages of Europe. They were also translated into Latin, and the venerable Archbishop MacHale, great prelate and poet that he is, rendered them into the ancient and beautiful language of Ireland. See sketch of Archbishop MacHale.

Thus playing in a cast with Miss Dykes, the daughter of an Irish actor, Moore fell in love with her and married her on the 25th of March, 1811." It is but right to add that this young lady proved a sensible, loving, and most devoted wife. Never did the domestic hearth of a literary man exhibit a more perfect picture of household comfort.

Moore now settled down to literature as a profession. "Lalla Rookh,"[5] his charming versified Eastern romance, appeared in 1817. After this followed the "Life of Sheridan"; "The Epicurean," a beautiful Egyptian tale of early Christian times; "Life of Byron"; "Memoirs of Captain Rock"; "Memoir of Lord Edward Fitzgerald"; "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion"; "History of Ireland," and various other productions.

During the last twenty-nine years of his life Moore lived in the quiet seclusion of Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes, England. Here, in 1832, he was visited by Gerald Griffin, who had been commissioned by the electors of the city of Limerick to request Moore to stand for the representation of that city in Parliament. The poet declined. Griffin, in a letter to a lady friend, gives us a peep at the celebrated author of the "Irish Melodies" at home. "In the morning," he writes, "we[6] set off to Sloperton; drizzling rain, but a delightful country; such a gentle shower as that through which *he* looked at Innisfallen—his farewell look. And we drove away until we came to a cottage, a cottage of gentility, with two gateways and pretty grounds about it. We alighted and knocked at the hall-door; and there was dead silence, and we whispered one another; and my nerves thrilled as the wind rustled in the creeping shrubs that graced the retreat of Moore. I wonder I ever stood it at all, and I an Irishman, too, and singing *his* songs since I was the height of my knee. The door opened and a young woman appeared. 'Is Mr. Moore at home?' 'I'll see, sir. What name shall I say, sir?'

"Well, not to be too particular, we were shown up-stairs, where we found our hero in his study, a table before him covered with books and papers, a drawer half open and stuffed with letters, a piano, also open, at a little distance; and the *thief himself*, a little man, but full of spirit, with eyes, hands, feet, and frame for ever in motion, looking as if it would be a feat for him to sit for three minutes quiet in his chair. I am no great observer of proportions,

[5] This poem was translated into the Persian language.

[6] Griffin and his brother.

but he seemed to me to be a neat made little fellow, tidily buttoned up, young as fifteen at heart, though with hair that reminded me of the 'Alps in the sunset'; not handsome, perhaps, but something in the whole *cut* of him that pleased me; finished as an actor, but without an actor's affectation; easy as a gentleman, but without *some* gentlemen's formality; in a word, as people say when they find their brains begin to run aground at the fag end of a magnificent period, we found him a hospitable, warm-hearted Irishman, as pleasant as could be himself, and disposed to make others so. Need I tell you that we spent the day delightfully, chiefly in listening to his innumerable jests and admirable stories and beautiful similes, beautiful and original as those he throws into his songs and anecdotes, that would make the Danes laugh?"

Moore's last years were unhappily clouded by mental infirmity. He died at Sloperton Cottage in February, 1852.

That man must, indeed, be a soulless clod of earth who can read the "Irish Melodies," or hear them sung, without feeling himself aroused to admiration. Is there anything in the literature of Europe or America to equal them? As an instance, take "The Meeting of the Waters." The words are exquisitely beautiful, the calm sweetness of the melody touches the very depths of the soul, and, when played, the music strikes the ear as something almost celestial. The entrancing beauty and grandeur of this solo, as once sung by a dear friend, yet lingers in our mind. The very memory of it is "sweet and mournful to the soul."

"The hour is yet near," said the eloquent Father Burke, O.P., "when God gave to our native land its highest gift—a truly poetic child. When Ireland's poet came to find fame and immortality in Ireland, nothing was required of him but to take the ancient melodies floating in the land, to interpret the Celtic in which they were found into the language of to-day, and Tom Moore, Ireland's poet, might well say, as he took Erin's harp in his hand:

'Dear harp of my country, in darkness I found thee.'

Ireland's poet was a lover of his country. He made every true heart and every noble mind in the world melt into sorrow at the contemplation of Ireland's wrongs, and the injustice that she suffered, as they came home to every sympathetic heart upon the wings of Ireland's ancient melody." That the influence of Moore's

"Irish Melodies" hastened Catholic emancipation there can be no doubt.

"The 'Irish Melodies,'" writes S. C. Hall, "must be considered as the most valuable and enduring of all his works; they

'Circle his name with a charm against death,'

and as a writer of song he stands without a rival. Moore found the national music of his country, with very few exceptions, debased by a union with words that were either unseemly or unintelligible. The music of Ireland is now known and appreciated all over the world, and the songs of the Irish poet will endure as long as the country, the loves and glories of which they commemorate."[7]

"The genius of Moore," says the illustrious Archbishop MacHale, "must ever command admiration. Its devotion to the vindication of the ancient faith of Ireland and the character of its injured people must inspire every Irishman with still more estimable feelings. He seized the harp of Sion and Erin—at once the emblem of piety and patriotism—and gives its boldest and most solemn chords to his own impassioned inspirations of country and religion."[8]

"The 'Irish Melodies,'" writes Chambers, "are full of true feeling and delicacy. By universal consent, and by the sure test of memory, these national strains are the most popular of all Moore's works. They are musical almost beyond parallel in words; graceful in thought and sentiment; often tender, pathetic, and heroic; and they blend pathetical and romantic feelings with the objects and sympathies of common life in language chastened and refined, yet apparently so simple that every trace of art has disappeared."[9]

[7] "Gems of the Modern Poets."
[8] "Moore's Irish Melodies Translated into the Irish Language," preface.
[9] "Cyclopædia of English Literature," vol. ii.

SELECTIONS FROM MOORE.

SOME IRISH MELODIES.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.[10]

[We place this first of all the "Irish Melodies," as a tribute of respect to its sweet and beautiful air.]

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet![11]
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas *not* the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no, it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace!

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE.

THOUGH the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home,
And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

[10] "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of the year 1807.

[11] The Rivers Avon and Avoca.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.[12]

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.[13]

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm;
For though they love women and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honor and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle.
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride.

[12] In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an act was made respecting the habits and dress in general of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing *glibbes* or *coulins* (long locks) on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called *crommeal*. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired ("Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards," p. 134). Mr. Walker informs us also that about the same period there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish minstrels.

[13] This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote: "The people were inspired with such a spirit of honor, virtue, and religion by the great example of Brian, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels ("Warner's History of Ireland," vol. i. book x.)

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.[14]

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh! say wilt thou weep when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more!

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes;
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

[14] This, doubtless, refers to Robert Emmett, who addresses Erin, his loved but unhappy country.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIAN THE BRAVE.[15]

REMEMBER the glories of Brian the brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though lost to Mononia,[16] and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora[17] no more!
That star of the field, which so often has pour'd
Its beam on the battle, is set;
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to glory yet.

Mononia, when nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?
No, freedom! whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
'Tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

Forget not our wounded companions who stood[18]
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died!
The sun that now blesses our arms with his light
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain!
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain!

[15] Brian Boru, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the eleventh century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

[16] Munster. [17] The palace of Brian.

[18] This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favorite troops of Brian, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "*Let stakes,*" they said, "*be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.*" "Between seven and eight hundred wounded men," adds O'Halloran, "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops; never was such another sight exhibited" ("History of Ireland," book xii. chap. i.)

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.[19]

Silent, O Moyle! be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world!

Sadly, O Moyle! to thy winter wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away!
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay!
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love!
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold[20]
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;[21]
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

[19] To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn in a note that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers of Ireland till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass-bell was to be the signal of her release. I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, begun under the direction of the late Countess of Moira.

[20] "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory" ("Warner's Hist. of Ireland" vol. i. book ix.)

[21] Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland. Long before the

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,[22]
When the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining!
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover!

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away!
Thou wouldst still be adored as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul may be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear!
Oh! the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns to her god when he sets
The same look which she turn'd when he rose!

birth of Christ we find an hereditary order of chivalry in Ulster called the *Curaidhe na Craiobhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craiobhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch, and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bron-bhearg*, or the house of the sorrowful soldier's ("O'Halloran's Introduction," etc., part i. chap. v.)

[22] It was an old tradition in the time of Giraldus that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastic towers under the water.

ERIN! O ERIN!

LIKE the bright lamp that lay on Kildare's holy shrine,
And burn'd through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm!
Erin! O Erin! thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears!

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising when others are set;
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full moon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin! O Erin! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade!

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through the winter's cold hour,
Till the hand of spring her dark chain unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.
Erin! O Erin! *thy* winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last!

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

BY the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife;
By that sun whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life.
Oh! remember, life can be
No charm for him who lives not free!
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero to his grave,
Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears!

Blessed is he o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years;
But, oh! how grand they sink to rest
Who close their eyes on victory's breast!

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
  Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
While his heart that field remembers
  Where we dimm'd his glory's light!

Never let him bind again
A chain like that we broke from then.
  Hark! the horn of combat calls;
  Oh! before the evening falls
May we pledge that horn in triumph round![23]

  Many a heart that now beats high
  In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory's sound;
  But, oh! how blest that hero's sleep
  O'er whom a wondering world shall weep!

AFTER THE BATTLE.

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,
  And lightning show'd the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day,
  Stood few and faint, but fearless still—
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
  For ever dimm'd for ever crost;
Oh! who shall say what heroes feel
  When all but life and honor's lost?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream
  And valor's task moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd till morning's beam
  Should rise and give them light to die!
There is a world where souls are free,
  Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright opening be,
  Oh! who would live a slave in this?

[23] "The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day."—*Walker.*

ON MUSIC.

When through life unblest we rove,
  Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love
  In days of boyhood meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
  Wakening thoughts that long have slept;
Kindling former smiles again
  In faded eyes that long have wept!

Like the gale that sighs along
  Beds of Oriental flowers
Is the grateful breath of song
  That once was heard in happier hours;
Fill'd with balm the gale sighs on,
  Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone
  It's memory lives in music's breath!

Music! oh! how faint, how weak,
  Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak
  When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
  Love's are even more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
  Can sweetly soothe and not betray!

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
  Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of time
  And waste its bloom away, Mary!
Yet still thy features wore that light
  Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more purely bright
  Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines
With modest murmur glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!
So, veil'd beneath the simple guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that which charm'd all other eyes
Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, Mary!

O THE SHAMROCK!

THROUGH Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile,
As Love and Valor wander'd,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squander'd;
Where'er they pass
A triple grass[24]
Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Through purest crystal gleaming!
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

[24] Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, "standing upon tip-toes and a trefoil or three-colored grass in her hand."

Says Valor: "See,
They spring for me,
Those leafy gems of morning!"
Says Love: "No, no,
For *me* they grow,
My fragrant path adorning!"
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves,
And cries: "Oh! do not sever
A type that blends
Three godlike friends,
Love, Valor, Wit, for ever!"
O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THE MINSTREL BOY.

THE minstrel boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him,
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The minstrel fell! but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!"

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

DEAR Harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
Go, sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover
Has throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was *but* as the wind passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

Written on the River St. Lawrence.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl!
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly w'ell rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past!

Ottawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past!

SOME SACRED SONGS.

WERE NOT THE SINFUL MARY'S TEARS.

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy Heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
She wept—and was forgiven?

When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She o'er her Saviour's hallow'd feet
The precious perfume pour'd;

And wiped them with that golden hair
Where once the diamonds shone;
Though now those gems of grief were there
Which shine for God alone.

Were not those sweets, though humbly shed—
That hair, those weeping eyes,
And the sunk heart that inly bled—
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?

Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh! wouldst thou wake in Heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much,"[25] and be forgiven.

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
There's nothing true but Heaven.

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And love and hope and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb—
There's nothing bright but Heaven.

Poor wand'rers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven,
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way—
There's nothing calm but Heaven.

[25] "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much."—*Luke* vii. 42.

O THOU WHO DRY'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR!

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds."—*Psalm* cxlvii. 3.

O Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear!
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!
The friends who in our sunshine live
When winter comes are flown,
And he who has but tears to give
Must weep those tears alone.
But thou wilt heal that broken heart
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And even the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too,
Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above!
Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

THOU ART, O GOD!

"The day is thine, the night also is thine; thou hast prepared the light of the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter."—*Psalm* lxxiv. 16, 17.

Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wond'rous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
  Among the op'ning clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
  Through golden vistas into heaven—
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
  O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird whose plume
  Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
  Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
  Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine!

THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

The bird let loose in eastern skies,[26]
  When hast'ning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
  Where idle warblers roam;
But high she shoots through air and light,
  Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
  Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
  And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
  To hold my course to thee!

[26] The carrier-pigeon, it is well known, flies at an elevated pitch, in order to surmount every obstacle between her and the place to which she is destined.

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!

THE EPICUREAN.

A TALE.

A Letter to the Translator, from —— ——, Esq.

CAIRO, June 19, 1800.

MY DEAR SIR:

During a visit lately paid by me to the Monastery of St. Macarius—which is situated, as you know, in the Valley of the Lakes of Natron—I was lucky enough to obtain possession of a curious Greek manuscript, which, in the hope that you may be induced to translate it, I herewith transmit to you.

You will find the story, I think, not altogether uninteresting; and the coincidence, in many respects, of the curious details in Chap. VI. with the description of the same ceremonies in the romance of "Sethos" will, I have no doubt, strike you. Hoping that you may be induced to give a translation of this tale to the world,

I am, my dear sir,
Very truly yours,

THE EPICUREAN.

CHAPTER I.

IT was in the fourth year of the reign of the late Emperor Valerian [27] that the followers of Epicurus, who were at that time numerous in Athens, proceeded to the election of a person to fill the vacant chair of their sect, and, by the unanimous voice of the school, I was the individual chosen for their chief. I was just then entering on my twenty-fourth year, and no instance had ever before occurred of a person so young being selected for that high office. Youth, however, and the personal advantages that adorn it, could not but rank among the most agreeable recommendations to a sect that included within its circle all the beauty as well as the wit of Athens, and which, though dignifying its pursuits with the

[27] Valerian began his reign A.D. 253.

name of philosophy, was little else than a plausible pretext for the more refined cultivation of pleasure.

The character of the sect had, indeed, much changed since the time of its wise and virtuous founder, who, while he asserted that pleasure is the only good, inculcated also that good is the only source of pleasure. The purer part of this doctrine had long evaporated, and the temperate Epicurus would have as little recognized his own sect in the assemblage of refined voluptuaries who now usurped its name as he would have known his own quiet garden in the luxurious groves and bowers among which the meetings of the school were now held.

Many causes concurred at this period, besides the attractiveness of its doctrines, to render our school by far the most popular of any that still survived the glory of Greece. It may generally be observed that the prevalence in one-half of a community of very rigid notions on the subject of religion produces the opposite extreme of laxity and infidelity in the other, and this kind of reaction it was that now mainly contributed to render the doctrines of the garden the most fashionable philosophy of the day. The rapid progress of the Christian faith had alarmed all those who, either from piety or worldliness, were interested in the continuance of the old established creed—all who believed in the deities of Olympus, and all who lived by them. The natural consequence was a considerable increase of zeal and activity throughout the constituted authorities and priesthood of the whole heathen world. What was wanting in sincerity of belief was made up in rigor; the weakest parts of the mythology were those, of course, most angrily defended, and any reflections tending to bring Saturn or his wife, Ops, into contempt, were punished with the utmost severity of the law.

In this state of affairs between the alarmed bigotry of the declining faith and the simple, sublime austerity of her rival, it was not wonderful that those lovers of ease and pleasure who had no interest, reversionary or otherwise, in the old religion, and were too indolent to enquire into the sanctions of the new, should take refuge from the severities of both in the arms of a luxurious philosophy, which, leaving to others the task of disputing about the future, centred all its wisdom in the full enjoyment of the present.

The sectaries of the garden had, ever since the death of their founder, been accustomed to dedicate to his memory the twentieth

day of every month. To these monthly rites had for some time been added a grand annual festival, in commemoration of his birth. The feasts given on this occasion by my predecessors in the chair had been invariably distinguished for their taste and splendor, and it was my ambition not merely to imitate this example, but even to render the anniversary now celebrated under my auspices so lively and brilliant as to efface the recollection of all that had preceded it.

Seldom, indeed, had Athens witnessed so bright a scene. The grounds that formed the original site of the garden had received, from time to time, considerable additions, and the whole extent was now laid out with that perfect taste which understands how to wed nature with art without sacrificing any of her simplicity to the alliance. Walks leading through wildernesses of shade and fragrance, glades opening as if to afford a playground for the sunshine, temples rising on the very spots where Imagination herself would have called them up, and fountains and lakes in alternate motion and repose, either wantonly courting the verdure or calmly sleeping in its embrace—such was the variety of feature that diversified these fair gardens; and animated as they were on this occasion by all the living wit and loveliness of Athens, it afforded a scene such as my own youthful fancy, rich as it was then in images of luxury and beauty, could hardly have anticipated.

The ceremonies of the day began with the very dawn, when, according to the form of simpler and better times, those among the disciples who had apartments within the garden bore the image of our founder in procession from chamber to chamber, chanting verses in praise of what had long ceased to be objects of our imitation—his frugality and temperance.

Round a beautiful lake in the centre of the garden stood four white Doric temples, in one of which was collected a library containing all the flowers of Grecian literature, while in the remaining three conversation, the song, and the dance held, uninterrupted by each other, their respective rites. In the library stood busts of all the most illustrious Epicureans, both of Rome and Greece—Horace, Atticus, Pliny the elder, the poet Lucretius, Lucian, and the lamented biographer of the philosophers, lately lost to us, Diogenes Laertius. There were also the portraits in marble of all the eminent female votaries of the school—Leontium and her fair daughter Danaë, Themista, Philænis, and others.

It was here that in my capacity of Heresiarch, on the morning of the festival, I received the felicitations of the day from some of the fairest lips of Athens; and, in pronouncing the customary oration to the memory of our Master (in which it was usual to dwell upon the doctrines he had inculcated), endeavored to attain that art, so useful before such an audience, of lending to the gravest subjects a charm, which secures them listeners even among the simplest and most volatile.

Though study, as may be supposed, engrossed but little the nights or mornings of the garden, yet all the lighter parts of learning—that portion of its attic honey for which the bee is not compelled to go very deep into the flower—was somewhat zealously cultivated by us. Even here, however, the young student had to encounter that kind of distraction which is, of all others, the least favorable to composure of thought; and with more than one of my fair disciples there used to occur such scenes as the following, which a poet of the garden, taking his picture from the life, thus described:

"As o'er the lake, in evening's glow,
That temple threw its lengthening shade,
Upon the marble steps below
There sate a fair Corinthian maid,
Gracefully o'er some volume bending;
While by her side the youthful Sage
Held back her ringlets, lest, descending,
They should o'ershadow all the page."

But it was for the evening of that day that the richest of our luxuries were reserved. Every part of the garden was illuminated, with the most skilful variety of lustre, while over the Lake of the Temples were scattered wreaths of flowers, through which boats, filled with beautiful children, floated as through a liquid parterre.

Between two of these boats a mock combat was perpetually carried on, their respective commanders, two blooming youths, being habited to represent Eros and Anteros—the former the Celestial Love of the Platonists, and the latter that more earthly spirit which usurps the name of Love among the Epicureans. Throughout the whole evening their conflict was maintained with various success, the timid distance at which Eros kept aloof from his lively antagonist being his only safeguard against those darts of fire, with showers of which the other assailed him, but which, falling short of their mark

upon the lake, only scorched the few flowers on which they fell and were extinguished.

In another part of the gardens, on a wide glade, illuminated only by the moon, was performed an imitation of the torch-race of the Panathenæa by young boys chosen for their fleetness and arrayed with wings like cupids; while, not far off, a group of seven nymphs, with each a star on her forehead, represented the movements of the planetary choir, and embodied the dream of Pythagoras into real motion and song.

At every turning some new enchantment broke unexpectedly on the eye or ear; and now, from the depth of a dark grove, from which a fountain at the same time issued, there came a strain of sweet music, which, mingling with the murmur of the water, seemed like the voice of the spirit that presided over its flow; while at other times the same strain appeared to come breathing from among flowers, or was heard suddenly from underground, as if the foot had just touched some spring that set its melody in motion.

It may seem strange that I should now dwell upon all these trifling details; but they were to me full of the future, and everything connected with that memorable night—even its long-repented follies—must forever live fondly and sacredly in my memory. The festival concluded with a banquet, at which, as master of the sect, I presided, and being myself, in every sense, the ascendant spirit of the whole scene, gave life to all around me, and saw my own happiness reflected in that of others.

CHAPTER II.

THE festival was over; the sounds of the song and dance had ceased, and I was now left in those luxurious gardens alone. Though so ardent and active a votary of pleasure, I had, by nature, a disposition full of melancholy—an imagination that, even in the midst of mirth and happiness, presented saddening thoughts and threw the shadow of the future over the gayest illusions of the present. Melancholy was, indeed, twin-born in my soul with passion, and not even in the fullest fervor of the latter were they ever separated. From the first moment that I was conscious of thought and feeling the same dark thread had run across the web, and images of death and annihilation came to mingle themselves with even the most smiling scenes through which love and enjoyment led me.

My very passion for pleasure but deepened these gloomy thoughts. For, shut out, as I was by my creed, from a future life, and having no hope beyond the narrow horizon of this, every minute of earthly delight assumed, in my eyes, a mournful preciousness, and pleasure, like the flower of the cemetery, grew but more luxuriant from the neighborhood of death.

This very night my triumph, my happiness, had seemed complete. I had been the presiding genius of that voluptuous scene. Both my ambition and my love of pleasure had drunk deep of the rich cup for which they thirsted. Looked up to as I was by the learned, and admired and loved by the beautiful and the young, I had seen in every eye that met mine either the acknowledgment of bright triumphs already won, or the promise of others still brighter that awaited me. Yet, even in the midst of all this, the same dark thoughts had presented themselves; the perishableness of myself and all around me had recurred every instant to my mind. Those hands I had pressed, those eyes in which I had seen sparkling a spirit of light and life that ought never to die, those voices that had spoken of eternal love, all, all I felt were but a mockery of the moment, and would leave nothing eternal but the silence of their dust!

> Oh! were it not for this sad voice,
> Stealing amid our mirth to say
> That all in which we most rejoice
> Ere night may be the earth-worm's prey
> *But* for this bitter—only this—
> Full as the world is brimm'd with bliss,
> And capable as feels my soul
> Of draining to its depth the whole,
> I should turn earth to heaven, and be,
> If bliss made gods, a deity!

Such was the description I gave of my own feelings in one of those wild, passionate songs to which this mixture of mirth and melancholy in a spirit so buoyant naturally gave birth.

And seldom had my heart so fully surrendered itself to this sort of vague sadness as at that very moment when, as I paced thoughtfully among the fading lights and flowers of the banquet, the echo of my own step was all that now sounded where so many gay forms had lately been revelling. The moon was still up, the morning had not yet glimmered, and the calm glories of the night still rested on

all around. Unconscious whither my pathway led, I continued to wander along, till I at length found myself before that fair statue of Venus with which the chisel of Alcamenes had embellished our garden—that image of deified woman, the only idol to which I had ever yet bent the knee. Leaning against the pedestal of the statue, I raised my eyes to heaven, and, fixing them sadly and intently on the ever-burning stars, as if seeking to read the mournful secret in their light, asked wherefore was it that man alone must fade and perish, while they, so much less wonderful, less god-like than he, thus still lived on in radiance unchangeable and forever! "Oh! that there were some spell, some talisman," I exclaimed, "to make the spirit that burns within us deathless as those stars, and open to it a career like theirs, as bright and inextinguishable throughout all time!"

While thus indulging in wild and melancholy fancies, I felt that lassitude which earthly pleasure, however sweet, still leaves behind come insensibly over me, and at length sunk at the base of the statue to sleep.

But even in sleep the same fancies continued to haunt me, and a dream, so distinct and vivid as to leave behind it the impression of reality, thus presented itself to my mind. I found myself suddenly transported to a wide and desolate plain, where nothing appeared to breathe, or move, or live. The very sky that hung above it looked pale and extinct, giving the idea, not of darkness, but of light that had become dead; and had that whole region been the remains of some older world, left broken up and sunless, it could not have presented an aspect more quenched and desolate. The only thing that bespoke life throughout this melancholy waste was a small spark of light, that at first glimmered in the distance, but at length slowly approached the bleak spot where I stood. As it drew nearer I could see that its small but steady gleam came from a taper in the hand of an ancient and venerable man, who now stood, like a pale messenger from the grave, before me. After a few moments of awful silence, during which he looked at me with a sadness that thrilled my very soul, he said: "Thou who seekest eternal life, go unto the shores of the dark Nile—go unto the shores of the dark Nile, and thou wilt find the eternal life thou seekest!"

No sooner had he uttered these words than the deathlike hue of his cheek at once brightened into a smile of more than earthly promise, while the small torch he held in his hand sent forth a

glow of radiance by which suddenly the whole surface of the desert was illuminated, the light spreading even to the distant horizon's edge, along whose line I could now see gardens, palaces, and spires, all as bright as the rich architecture of the clouds at sunset. Sweet music, too, came floating in every direction through the air, and from all sides such varieties of enchantment broke upon me that, with the excess alike of harmony and of radiance, I awoke.

That infidels should be superstitious is an anomaly neither unusual nor strange. A belief in superhuman agency seems natural and necessary to the mind, and if not suffered to flow in the obvious channels, it will find a vent in some other. Hence, many who have doubted the existence of a God have yet implicitly placed themselves under the patronage of fate or the stars. Much the same inconsistency I was conscious of in my own feelings. Though rejecting all belief in a divine Providence, I had yet a faith in dreams that all my philosophy could not conquer. Nor was experience wanting to confirm me in my delusion; for, by some of those accidental coincidences which make the fortune of soothsayers and prophets, dreams, more than once, had been to me—

> Oracles, truer far than oak,
> Or dove, or tripod, ever spoke.

It was not wonderful, therefore, that the vision of that night—touching, as it did, a chord so ready to vibrate—should have affected me with more than ordinary power, and even sunk deeper into my memory with every effort I made to forget it. In vain did I mock at my own weakness; such self-derision is seldom sincere. In vain did I pursue my accustomed pleasures. Their zest was, as usual, for ever new; but still, in the midst of all my enjoyment, came the cold and saddening consciousness of mortality, and with it the recollection of that visionary promise to which my fancy, in defiance of reason, still continued to cling.

At times indulging in reveries that were little else than a continuation of my dream, I even contemplated the possible existence of some mighty secret by which youth, if not perpetuated, might be at least prolonged, and that dreadful vicinity of death, within whose circle love pines and pleasure sickens, might be for a while averted. "Who knows," I would ask, "but that in Egypt, that region of wonders where Mystery hath yet unfolded but half her treasures, where still remain, undeciphered, upon the pillars of Seth so many

written secrets of the antediluvian world—who can tell but that some powerful charm, some amulet, may there lie hid whose discovery, as this phantom hath promised, but awaits my coming—some compound of the same pure atoms that form the essence of the living stars, and whose infusion into the frame of man might render him also unfading and immortal!"

Thus fondly did I sometimes speculate in those vague moods of mind when the life of excitement in which I was engaged, acting upon a warm heart and vivid fancy, produced an intoxication of spirit, during which I was not wholly myself. This bewilderment, too, was not a little increased by the constant struggle I experienced between my own natural feelings and the cold, mortal creed of my sect, in endeavoring to escape from whose deadening bondage I but broke loose into the realms of fantasy and romance.

Even in my soberest moments, however, that strange vision for ever haunted me, and every effort I made to chase it from my recollection was unavailing. The deliberate conclusion, therefore, to which I at last came was that to visit Egypt was now my only resource; that without seeing that land of wonders I could not rest, nor, until convinced of my folly by disappointment, be reasonable. Without delay, accordingly, I announced to my friends of the garden the intention I had formed to pay a visit to the Land of Pyramids. To none of them, however, did I dare to confess the vague, visionary impulse that actuated me, knowledge being the object that I alleged, while pleasure was that for which they gave me credit. The interests of the school, it was feared, might suffer by my absence, and there were some tenderer ties which had still more to fear from separation. But for the former inconvenience a temporary remedy was provided, while the latter a skilful distribution of vows and sighs alleviated. Being furnished with recommendatory letters to all parts of Egypt, I set sail, in the summer of the year 257 A.D., for Alexandria.

CHAPTER III.

To one who so well knew how to extract pleasure from every moment on land, a sea-voyage, however smooth and favorable, appeared the least agreeable mode of losing time that could be devised. Often, indeed, did my imagination, in passing some isle of those seas, people it with fair forms and loving hearts, to which most

willingly would I have paused to offer homage. But the wind blew direct towards the Land of Mystery, and, still more, I heard a voice within me whispering for ever, "On."

As we approached the coast of Egypt our course became less prosperous, and we had a specimen of the benevolence of the divinities of the Nile in the shape of a storm, or rather whirlwind, which had nearly sunk our vessel, and which the Egyptians on board declared to be the work of their deity, Typhon. After a day and night of danger, during which we were driven out of our course to the eastward, some benigner influence prevailed above, and, at length, as the morning freshly broke, we saw the beautiful city of Alexandria rising from the sea, with its proud Palace of Kings, its portico of four hundred columns, and the fair Pillar of Pillars towering in the midst to heaven.

After passing in review this splendid vision, we shot rapidly round the Rock of Pharos, and, in a few minutes, found ourselves in the harbor of Eunostus. The sun had risen, but the light on the Great Tower of the Rock was still burning, and there was a languor in the first waking movements of that voluptuous city, whose houses and temples lay shining in silence around the harbor, that sufficiently attested the festivities of the preceding night.

We were soon landed on the quay; and, as I walked through a line of palaces and shrines up the street which leads from the sea to the Gate of Canopus, fresh as I was from the contemplation of my own lovely Athens, I yet felt a glow of admiration at the scene around me, which its novelty, even more than its magnificence, inspired. Nor were the luxuries and delights which such a city promised among the least of the considerations upon which my fancy dwelt. On the contrary, everything around me seemed prophetic of love and pleasure. The very forms of the architecture, to my Epicurean imagination, appeared to call up images of living grace; and even the dim seclusion of the temples and groves spoke only of tender mysteries to my mind. As the whole bright scene grew animated around me, I felt that though Egypt might not enable me to lengthen life, she could teach me the next best art—that of multiplying its enjoyments.

Rapidly some weeks now passed in ever-changing pleasures. Even the melancholy voice deep within my heart died away; but, at length, as the novelty of these gay scenes wore off, the same vague and gloomy bodings began to mingle with all my joys; and an inci-

dent that occurred at this time, during one of my gayest revels, conduced still more to deepen their gloom.

The celebration of the annual festival of Serapis happened to take place during my stay, and I was more than once induced to mingle with the gay multitudes that flocked to the shrine at Canopus on the occasion. Day and night, as long as this festival lasted, the great canal which led from Alexandria to Canopus was covered with boats full of pilgrims of both sexes, all hastening to avail themselves of this pious license, which lent the zest of a religious sanction to pleasure, and gave a holyday to the follies and passions of earth in honor of heaven.

I was returning one lovely night to Alexandria. The north wind —that welcome visitor—had cooled and freshened the air, while the banks on either side of the stream sent forth, from groves of orange and henna, the most delicious odors. As I had left all the crowd behind me at Canopus, there was not a boat to be seen on the canal but my own, and I was just yielding to the thoughts which solitude at such an hour inspires, when my reveries were suddenly broken by the sound of some female voices, coming mingled with laughter and screams, from the garden of a pavillion that stood brilliantly illuminated upon the bank of the canal.

On rowing nearer I perceived that both the mirth and the alarm had been caused by the efforts of some playful girls to reach a hedge of jasmine which grew near the water, and in bending towards which they had nearly fallen into the stream. Hastening to proffer my assistance, I soon recognized the face of one of my fair Alexandrian friends, and, springing on the bank, was surrounded by the whole group, who insisted on my joining their party in the pavillion; and, having flung around me as fetters the tendrils of jasmine which they had just plucked, conducted me no unwilling captive to the banquet-room.

I found here an assemblage of the very flower of Alexandrian society. The unexpectedness of the meeting added new zest to it on both sides, and seldom had I ever felt more enlivened myself or succeeded better in infusing life and gayety into others.

Among the company were some Greek women, who, according to the fashion of their country, wore veils, but, as usual, rather to set off than to conceal their beauty, some bright gleams of which were constantly escaping from under the cloud. There was, however, one female who particularly attracted my attention, on whose

head was a chaplet of dark-colored flowers, and who sat veiled and silent during the whole of the banquet. She took no share, I observed, in what was passing around; the viands and the wine went by her untouched, nor did a word that was spoken seem addressed to her ear. This abstraction from a scene so sparkling with gayety, though apparently unnoticed by any one but myself, struck me as mysterious and strange. I enquired of my fair neighbor the cause of it, but she looked grave, and was silent.

In the meantime the lyre and the cup went round, and a young maid from Athens, as if inspired by the presence of her countryman, took her lute and sung to it some of the songs of Greece with the warmth of feeling that bore me back to the banks of the Ilissus, and, even in the bosom of present pleasures, drew a sigh from my heart for that which had passed away. It was daybreak ere our delighted party rose, and most unwillingly re-embarked to return to the city.

We were scarce afloat when it was discovered that the lute of the young Athenian had been left behind, and, with a heart still full of its sweet sounds, I most readily sprang on shore to seek it. I hastened at once to the banquet-room, which was now dim and solitary, except that—there, to my utter astonishment, was still seated that silent figure which had awakened so much my curiosity during the evening. A vague feeling of awe came over me as I now slowly approached it. There was no motion, no sound of breathing in that form; not a leaf of the dark chaplet upon its brow stirred. By the light of a dying lamp which stood on the table before the figure I raised, with hesitating hand, the veil, and saw—what my fancy had already anticipated—that the shape underneath was lifeless, was a skeleton! Startled and shocked, I hurried back with the lute to the boat, and was almost as silent as that shape itself during the remainder of the voyage.

This custom among the Egyptians of placing a mummy or skeleton at the banquet-table had been for some time disused, except at particular ceremonies, and even on such occasions it had been the practice of the luxurious Alexandrians to disguise this memorial of mortality in the manner just described. But to me, who was wholly unprepared for such a spectacle, it gave a shock from which my imagination did not speedily recover. This silent and ghastly witness of mirth seemed to embody, as it were, the shadow in my own heart. The features of the grave were thus stamped upon the idea

that had long haunted me, and this picture of what I was *to be* now associated itself constantly with the sunniest aspect of what I *was*.

The memory of the dream now recurred to me more livelily than ever. The bright, assuring smile of that beautiful Spirit, and his words, "Go to the shores of the dark Nile and thou wilt find the eternal life thou seekest," were for ever present to my mind. But as yet, alas! I had done nothing towards realizing the proud promise. Alexandria was not Egypt; the very soil on which it now stood was not in existence when already Thebes and Memphis had numbered ages of glory.

"No," I exclaimed; "it is only beneath the Pyramids of Memphis or in the mystic halls of the Labyrinth those holy arcana are to be found of which the antediluvian world has made Egypt its heir, and among which—blest thought!—the key to eternal life may lie."

Having formed my determination, I took leave of my many Alexandrian friends and departed for Memphis.

CHAPTER IV.

Egypt was, perhaps, of all others, the country most calculated, from that mixture of the melancholy and the voluptuous which marked the character of her people, her religion, and her scenery, to affect deeply a fancy and temperament like mine and keep both for ever tremblingly alive. Wherever I turned I beheld the desert and the garden mingling together their desolation and bloom. I saw the love-bower and the tomb standing side by side, as if, in that land, pleasure and death kept hourly watch upon each other. In the very luxury of the climate there was the same saddening influence. The monotonous splendor of the days, the solemn radiance of the nights, all tended to cherish that ardent melancholy, the offspring of passion and of thought, which had been so long the familiar inmate of my soul.

When I sailed from Alexandria the inundation of the Nile was at its full. The whole valley of Egypt lay covered by its blood; and, as looking around me, I saw in the light of the setting sun shrines, palaces, and monuments encirled by the waters, I could almost fancy that I beheld the sinking island of Atalantis on the last evening its temples were visible above the wave. Such varieties, too, of animation as presented themselves on every side!

While, far as sight could reach, beneath as clear
And blue a heaven as ever bless'd this sphere,
Gardens and pillar'd streets and porphyry domes,
And high-built temples, fit to be the homes
Of mighty gods—and pyramids, whose hour
Outlasts all time, above the waters tower.

Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy that make
One theatre of this vast peopled lake,
Where all that love, religion, commerce gives
Of life and motion ever moves and lives.
Here, up the steps of temples, from the wave,
Ascending, in procession slow and grave,
Priests in white garments go with sacred wands
And silver cymbals gleaming in their hands;
While there rich barks, fresh from those sunny tracts
Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts,
Glide with their precious lading to the sea,
Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros' ivory,
Gems from the Isle of Meröe, and those grains
Of gold wash'd down by Abyssinian rains.

Here, where the waters wind into a bay
Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims on their way
To Saïs or Bubastus, among beds
Of lotus-flowers, that close above their heads,
Push their light barks, and hid, as in a bower,
Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour;
While haply, not far off beneath a bank
Of blossoming acacias, many a prank
Is play'd in the cool current by a train
Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she whose chain
Around two conquerors of the world was cast,
But for a third too feeble, broke at last.

Enchanted with the whole scene, I lingered delightedly on my voyage, visiting all those luxurious and venerable places whose names have been consecrated by the wonder of ages. At Saïs I was present during her Festival of Lamps, and read by the blaze of innumerable lights those sublime words on the temple of Neïtha: "I am all that has been, that is, and that will be, and no man hath ever lifted my veil." I wandered among the prostrate obelisks of Heliopolis, and saw, not without a sigh, the sun smiling over her ruins as if in mockery of the mass of perishable grandeur that had once called itself in its pride "The City of the Sun." But to the

Isle of the Golden Venus was, I own, my fondest pilgrimage; and there, as I rambled through its shades, where bowers are the only temples, I felt how far more worthy to form the shrine of a deity are the everlasting stems of the garden and the grove than the most precious columns the inanimate quarry can supply.

Everywhere new pleasures, new interests awaited me, and though Melancholy stood as usual for ever near, her shadow fell but halfway over my vagrant path, leaving the rest but more welcomely brilliant from the contrast. To relate my various adventures during this short voyage would only detain me from events far, far more worthy of record. Amidst all this endless variety of attractions the great object of my journey had been forgotten; the mysteries of this land of the sun still remained to me as much mysteries as ever, and as yet I had been initiated in nothing but its pleasures.

It was not till that memorable evening when I first stood before the Pyramids of Memphis and beheld them towering aloft like the watch-towers of Time, from whose summit, when about to expire, he will look his last—it was not till this moment that the great secret announced in my dream again rose, in all its inscrutable darkness, upon my thoughts. There was a solemnity in the sunshine resting upon those monuments; a stillness, as of reverence, in the air that breathed around them, which seemed to steal like the music of past times into my heart. I thought what myriads of the wise, the beautiful, and the brave had sunk into dust since earth first saw those wonders, and, in the sadness of my soul, I exclaimed: "Must man alone, then, perish? must minds and hearts be annihilated while pyramids endure? O Death, Death! even upon these everlasting tablets—the only approach to immortality that kings themselves could purchase—thou hast written our doom awfully and intelligibly, saying, 'There is for man no eternal mansion but the grave.'"

My heart sunk at the thought, and for the moment I yielded to that desolate feeling which overspreads the soul that hath no light from the future. But again the buoyancy of my nature prevailed, and, again the willing dupe of vain dreams, I deluded myself into the belief of all that my heart most wished with that happy facility which enables imagination to stand in the place of happiness. "Yes," I cried, "immortality *must* be within man's reach, and as wisdom alone is worthy of such a blessing, to the wise

alone must the secret have been revealed. It is said that deep under yonder pyramid has lain for ages concealed the table of emerald, on which the thrice-great Hermes, in times before the flood, engraved the secret of alchemy, which gives gold at will. Why, then, may not the mightier, the more godlike secret that gives *life* at will be recorded there also? It was by the power of gold, of endless gold, that the kings who now repose in those massy structures scooped earth to its very centre, and raised quarries into the air, to provide for themselves tombs that might outstand the world. Who can tell but that the gift of immortality was also theirs? who knows but that they themselves, triumphant over decay, still live, those mighty mansions which we call tombs being rich and everlasting palaces within whose depths, concealed from this withering world, they still wander with the few elect who have been sharers of their gift through a sunless but ever-illuminated elysium of their own? Else, wherefore those structures? wherefore that subterranean realm by which the whole valley of Egypt is undermined? Why, else, those labyrinths, which none of earth have ever beheld, which none of heaven, except that God who stands with finger on his hushed lip, hath ever trodden?"

While thus I indulged in fond dreams, the sun, already half sunk beneath the horizon, was taking, calmly and gloriously, his last look of the Pyramids, as he had done evening after evening for ages, till they had grown familiar to him as the earth itself. On the side turned to his ray they now presented a front of dazzling whiteness, while on the other their great shadows, lengthening away to the eastward, looked like the first steps of night hastening to envelop the hills of Araby in her shade.

No sooner had the last gleam of the sun disappeared than on every housetop in Memphis gay, gilded banners were seen waving aloft to proclaim his setting, while at the same moment a full burst of harmony was heard to peal from all the temples along the shores.

Startled from my musing by these sounds, I at once recollected that on that very evening the great Festival of the Moon was to be celebrated. On a little island, half-way over between the gardens of Memphis and the eastern shore, stood the temple of that goddess—

Whose beams
Bring the sweet time of night-flowers and dreams.
Not the cold Dian of the North, who chains
In vestal ice the current of young veins ;
But she who haunts the gay Bubastian grove,
And owns she sees from her bright heaven above
Nothing on earth to match that heaven but love.

Thus did I exclaim, in the words of one of their own Egyptian poets, as, anticipating the various delights of the festival, I cast away from my mind all gloomy thoughts, and hastening to my little bark, in which I now lived the life of a Nile-bird on the waters, steered my course to the island Temple of the Moon.

CHAPTER V.

The rising of the moon, slow and majestic, as if conscious of the honors that awaited her upon earth, was welcomed with a loud acclaim from every eminence, where multitudes stood watching for her first light. And seldom had that light risen upon a more beautiful scene. The city of Memphis, still grand, though no longer the unrivalled Memphis that had borne away from Thebes the crown of supremacy, and worn it undisputed through ages, now, softened by the moonlight that harmonized with her decline, shone forth among her lakes, her pyramids, and her shrines like one of those dreams of human glory that must ere long pass away. Even already ruin was visible around her. The sands of the Libyan desert were gaining upon her like a sea, and there, among solitary columns and sphinxes, already half sunk from sight, Time seemed to stand waiting till all that now flourished around him should fall beneath his desolating hand like the rest.

On the waters all was gayety and life. As far as eye could reach the lights of innumerable boats were seen studding like rubies the surface of the stream. Vessels of every kind, from the light coracle, built for shooting down the cataracts, to the large yacht that glides slowly to the sound of flutes—all were afloat for this sacred festival, filled with crowds of the young and the gay, not only from Memphis and Babylon, but from cities still farther removed from the festal scene.

As I approached the island I could see glittering through the trees on the bank the lamps of the pilgrims hastening to the cere-

mony. Landing in the direction which those lights pointed out, I soon joined the crowd, and, passing through a long alley of sphinxes, whose spangling marble gleamed out from the dark sycamores around them, reached in a short time the grand vestibule of the temple, where I found the ceremonies of the evening already commenced.

In this vast hall, which was surrounded by a double range of columns, and lay open overhead to the stars of heaven, I saw a group of young maidens moving in a sort of measured step, between walk and dance, round a small shrine, upon which stood one of those sacred birds that, on account of the variegated color of their wings, are dedicated to the worship of the moon. The vestibule was dimly lighted, there being but one lamp of naphtha hung on each of the great pillars that encircled it. But, having taken my station beside one of those pillars, I had a clear view of the young dancers as in succession they passed me.

The drapery of all was white as snow, and each wore loosely beneath the bosom a dark-blue zone or bandelet, studded like the skies at midnight with small silver stars. Through their dark locks was wreathed the white lily of the Nile, that sacred flower being accounted no less welcome to the moon than the golden blossoms of the bean-flower are known to be to the sun. As they passed under the lamp a gleam of light flashed from their bosoms, which, I could perceive, was the reflection of a small mirror that, in the manner of the women of the East, each of the dancers wore beneath her left shoulder.

There was no music to regulate their steps; but as they gracefully went round the bird on the shrine, some to the beat of the castanet, some to the shrill ring of a sistrum, which they held uplifted in the attitude of their own divine Isis, continued harmoniously to time the cadence of their feet, while others at every step shook a small chain of silver, whose sound, mingling with those of the castanets and sistrums, produced a wild but not unpleasing harmony.

They seemed all lovely, but there was one, whose face the light had not yet reached, so downcast she held it, who attracted and at length riveted all my looks and thoughts. I knew not why, but there was something in those half-seen features, a charm in the very shadow that hung over their imagined beauty, which took my fancy more than all the outshining loveliness of her companions. So enchained was I by this coy mystery that her alone of all the

group could I either see or think of, her alone I watched as with the same downcast brow she glided gently and aerially round the altar, as if her presence, like that of a spirit, was something to be felt, not seen.

Suddenly, while I gazed, the loud crash of a thousand cymbals was heard, the massy gates of the temple flew open as if by magic, and a flood of radiance from the illuminated aisle filled the whole vestibule, while at the same instant, as if the light and the sounds were born together, a peal of rich harmony came mingling with the radiance.

It was then, by that light, which shone full upon the young maiden's features, as, starting at the sudden blaze, she raised her eyes to the portal and as quickly let fall their lids again—it was then I beheld what even my own ardent imagination, in its most vivid dreams of beauty, had never pictured. Not Psyche herself, when pausing on the threshold of heaven, while its first glories fell on her dazzled lids, could have looked more purely beautiful or blushed with a more innocent shame. Often as I had felt the power of looks, none had ever entered into my soul so deeply. It was a new feeling, a new sense, coming as suddenly upon me as that radiance into the vestibule, and at once filling my whole being, and had that bright vision but lingered another moment before my eyes, I should in my transport have wholly forgotten who I was and where, and thrown myself in prostrate adoration at her feet.

But scarcely had that gush of harmony been heard when the sacred bird, which had till now been standing motionless as an image, spread wide his wings and flew into the temple, while his graceful young worshippers, with a fleetness like his own, followed, and she, who had left a dream in my heart never to be forgotten, vanished along with the rest. As she went rapidly past the pillar against which I leaned, the ivy that encircled it caught in her drapery and disengaged some ornament, which fell to the ground. It was the small mirror which I had seen shining on her bosom. Hastily and tremulously I picked it up, and hurried to restore it, but she was already lost to my eyes in the crowd.

In vain did I try to follow; the aisles were already filled, and numbers of eager pilgrims pressed towards the portal. But the servants of the temple denied all further entrance, and still, as I presented myself, their white wands barred the way. Perplexed and irritated amid that crowd of faces, regarding all as enemies

that impeded my progress, I stood on tiptoe, gazing into the busy aisles, and with a heart beating as I caught from time to time a glimpse of some spangled zone or lotus-wreath, which led me to fancy that I had discovered the fair object of my search. But it was all in vain. In every direction files of sacred nymphs were moving, but nowhere could I discover her whom alone I sought.

In this state of breathless agitation did I stand for some time, bewildered with the confusion of faces and lights, as well as with the clouds of incense that rolled around me, till, fevered and impatient, I could endure it no longer. Forcing my way out of the vestibule into the cool air, I hurried back through the alley of sphinxes to the shore, and flung myself into my boat.

There lies to the north of Memphis a solitary lake (which at this season of the year mingles with the rest of the waters), upon whose shores stands the Necropolis, or City of the Dead—a place of melancholy grandeur, covered over with shrines and pyramids, where many a kingly head, proud even in death, has lain awaiting through long ages the resurrection of its glories. Through a range of sepulchral grots underneath, the humbler denizens of the tomb are deposited, looking out on each successive generation that visits them with the same face and features they wore centuries ago. Every plant and tree consecrated to death, from the asphodel-flower to the mystic plantain, lends its sweetness or shadow to this place of tombs, and the only noise that disturbs its eternal calm is the low humming sound of the priests at prayer when a new inhabitant is added to the Silent City.

It was towards this place of death that, in a mood of mind, as usual, half gloomy, half bright, I now, almost unconsciously, directed my bark. The form of the young priestess was continually before me. That one bright look of hers, the very remembrance of which was worth all the actual smiles of others, never for a moment left my mind. Absorbed in such thoughts, I continued to row on, scarce knowing whither I went, till at length, startled to find myself within the shadow of the City of the Dead, I looked up, and beheld rising in succession before me pyramid beyond pyramid, each towering more loftily than the other, while all were out-topped in grandeur by one upon whose summit the bright moon rested as on a pedestal.

Drawing nearer to the shore, which was sufficiently elevated to raise this silent city of tombs above the level of the inundation, I

rested my oar, and allowed the boat to rock idly upon the water, while, in the meantime, my thoughts, left equally without direction, were allowed to fluctuate as idly. How vague and various were the dreams that then floated through my mind, that bright vision of the temple still mingling itself with all! Sometimes she stood before me, like an aërial spirit, as pure as if that element of music and light into which I had seen her vanish was her only dwelling. Sometimes, animated with passion and kindling into a creature of earth, she seemed to lean towards me with looks of tenderness which it were worth worlds but for one instant to inspire; and again, as the dark fancies that ever haunted me recurred, I saw her cold, parched, and blackening amid the gloom of those eternal sepulchres before me!

Turning away with a shudder from the cemetery at this thought, I heard the sound of an oar plying swiftly through the water, and in a few moments saw shooting past me towards the shore a small boat in which sat two female figures, muffled up and veiled. Having landed them not far from the spot where, under the shadow of a tomb on the bank, I lay concealed, the boat again departed with the same fleetness over the flood.

Never had the prospect of a lively adventure come more welcome to me than at this moment, when my busy fancy was employed in weaving such chains for my heart as threatened a bondage of all others the most difficult to break. To become enamoured thus of a creature of my own imagination was the worst, because the most lasting, of follies. It is only reality that can afford any chance of dissolving such spells, and the idol I was now creating to myself must for ever remain ideal. Any pursuit, therefore, that seemed likely to divert me from such thoughts—to bring back my imagination to earth and reality from the vague region in which it had been wandering—was a relief far too seasonable not to be welcomed with eagerness.

I had watched the course which the two figures took, and, having hastily fastened my boat to the bank, stepped gently on shore, and, at a little distance, followed them. The windings through which they led were intricate; but by the bright light of the moon I was enabled to keep their forms in view, as with rapid step they glided among the monuments. At length, in the shade of a small pyramid whose peak barely surmounted the plane-trees that grew nigh, they vanished from my sight. I hastened to the spot, but there

was not a sign of life around, and, had my creed extended to another world, I might have fancied these forms were spirits sent down from thence to mock me, so instantaneously had they disappeared. I searched through the neighboring grove, but all there was still as death. At length, in examining one of the sides of the pyramid, which for a few feet from the ground was furnished with steps, I found, midway between peak and base, a part of its surface which, although presenting to the eye an appearance of smoothness, gave to the touch, I thought, indications of a concealed opening.

After a variety of efforts and experiments, I at last, more by accident than skill, pressed the spring that commanded this hidden aperture. In an instant the portal slid aside, and disclosed a narrow stairway within, the two or three first steps of which were discernible by the moonlight, while the rest were all lost in utter darkness. Though it was difficult to conceive that the persons whom I had been pursuing would have ventured to pass through this gloomy opening, yet to account for their disappearance otherwise was still more difficult. At all events my curiosity was now too eager in the chase to relinquish it; the spirit of adventure once raised could not be so easily laid. Accordingly, having sent up a gay prayer to that bliss-loving queen whose eye alone was upon me, I passed through the portal and descended into the pyramid.

CHAPTER VI.

At the bottom of the stairway I found myself in a low, narrow passage, through which, without stooping almost to the earth, it was impossible to proceed. Though leading through a multiplicity of dark windings, this way seemed but little to advance my progress, its course, I perceived, being chiefly circular, and gathering, at every turn, but a deeper intensity of darkness.

"Can anything," thought I, "of human kind sojourn here?" and had scarcely asked myself the question when the path opened into a long gallery, at the farthest end of which a gleam of light was visible. This welcome glimmer appeared to issue from some cell or alcove, in which the right-hand wall of the gallery terminated, and, breathless with expectation, I stole gently towards it.

Arrived at the end of the gallery, a scene presented itself to my eyes for which my fondest expectations of adventure could not

have prepared me. The place from which the light proceeded was a small chapel, of whose interior, from the dark recess in which I stood, I could take, unseen myself, a full and distinct view. Over the walls of this oratory were painted some of those various symbols by which the mystic wisdom of the Egyptians loves to shadow out the History of the Soul—the winged globe with a serpent, the rays descended from above, like a glory, and the Theban beetle, as he comes forth after the waters have passed away, and the first sunbeam falls on his regenerated wings.

In the middle of the chapel, on a low altar of granite, lay a lifeless female form, enshrined within a case of crystal (as it is the custom to preserve the dead in Ethiopia) and looking as freshly beautiful as if the soul had but a few hours departed. Among the emblems of death, on the front of the altar, were a slender lotus-branch broke in two, and a small bird just winging its flight from the spray.

To these memorials of the dead, however, I paid but little attention, for there was a living object there upon which my eyes were now intently fixed.

The lamp by which the whole of the chapel was illuminated was placed at the head of the pale image in the shrine, and between its light and me stood a female form, bending over the monument, as if to gaze upon the silent features within. The position in which this figure was placed, intercepting a strong light, afforded me at first but an imperfect and shadowy view of it. Yet even at this mere outline I felt my heart beat high, and memory had no less share, as it proved, in this feeling than imagination. For on the head changing its position, so as to let a gleam fall upon the features, I saw, with a transport which had almost led me to betray my lurking-place, that it was she—the young worshipper of Isis—the same, the very same whom I had seen, brightening the holy place where she stood, and looking like an inhabitant of some purer world.

The movement by which she had now afforded me an opportunity of recognizing her was made in raising from the shrine a small cross of silver which lay directly over the bosom of the lifeless figure. Bringing it close to her lips, she kissed it with a religious fervor; then, turning her eyes mournfully upwards, held them fixed with a degree of inspired earnestness, as if at that moment, in direct communion with heaven, they saw neither roof nor any other earthly barrier between them and the skies.

What a power is there in innocence! whose very helplessness is its safeguard, in whose presence even Passion himself stands abashed, and turns worshipper at the very altar which he came to despoil. She who, but a short hour before, had presented herself to my imagination as something I could have risked immortality to win; she whom gladly from the floor of her own lighted temple, in the very face of its proud ministers, I would have borne away in triumph, and dared all punishments, divine and human, to make her mine, that very creature was now before me, as if thrown by fate itself into my power, standing there, beautiful and alone, with nothing but her innocence for her guard. Yet no, so touching was the purity of the whole scene, so calm and august that protection which the dead extended over the living, that every earthly feeling was forgotten as I gazed, and love itself became exalted into reverence.

But entranced as I felt in witnessing such a scene, thus to enjoy it by stealth seemed to me a wrong, a sacrilege; and, rather than let her eyes encounter the flash of mine, or disturb by a whisper that sacred silence in which youth and death held communion through undying love, I would have suffered my heart to break, without a murmur, where I stood. Gently, as if life itself depended on my every movement, I stole away from that tranquil and holy scene, leaving it still holy and tranquil as I had found it, and, gliding back through the same passages and windings by which I had entered, reached again the narrow stairway, and reascended into light.

The sun had just risen, and from the summit of the Arabian hills was pouring down his beams into that vast valley of waters, as if proud of last night's homage to his own divine Isis, now fading away in the superior splendor of her Lord. My first impulse was to fly at once from this dangerous spot, and in new loves and pleasures seek forgetfulness of the wondrous scene I had just witnessed. "Once," I exclaimed, "out of the circle of this enchantment, I know too well my own susceptibility to new impressions to feel any doubt that I shall soon break the spell that is now around me."

But vain were all my efforts and resolves. Even while swearing to fly that spot, I found my steps still lingering fondly round the pyramid, my eyes still turned towards the portal which severed this enchantress from the world of the living. Hour after hour did I wander through that City of Silence, till already it was midday,

and, under the sun's meridian eye, the mighty pyramid of pyramids stood, like a great spirit, shadowless.

Again did those wild and passionate feelings, which for the moment her presence had subdued into reverence, return to take possession of my imagination and my senses. I even reproached myself for the awe that had held me spellbound before her. "What," thought I, "would my companions of the garden say, did they know that their chief, he whose path love had strewed with trophies, was now pining for a simple Egyptian girl, in whose presence he had not dared to utter a single sigh, and who had vanquished the victor without even knowing her triumph?"

A blush came over my cheek at the humiliating thought, and I determined at all risks to await her coming. That she should be an inmate of those gloomy caverns seemed inconceivable; nor did there appear to be any egress out of their depths but by the pyramid. Again, therefore, like a sentinel of the dead, did I pace up and down among those tombs, contrasting mournfully the burning fever in my own veins with the cold quiet of those who lay slumbering around.

At length the intense glow of the sun over my head, and, still more, that ever restless agitation in my heart, became too much for even strength like mine to endure. Exhausted, I threw myself down at the base of the pyramid, choosing my place directly under the portal, where, even should slumber surprise me, my heart, if not my ear, might still keep watch, and her footstep, light as it was, could not fail to awake me.

After many an ineffectual struggle against drowsiness, I at length sunk into sleep, but not into forgetfulness. The same image still haunted me, in every variety of shape with which imagination, assisted by memory, could invest it. Now, like the goddess Neïtha, upon her throne at Saïs, she seemed to sit, with the veil just raised from that brow which till then no mortal had ever beheld, and now, like the beautiful enchantress Rhodope, I saw her rise from out the pyramid in which she had dwelt for ages—

> "Fair Rhodope, as story tells,
> The bright unearthly nymph, who dwells
> Mid sunless gold and jewels hid,
> The Lady of the Pyramid!"

So long had my sleep continued that, when I awoke, I found the

moon again resplendent above the horizon. But all around was looking tranquil and lifeless as before, nor did a print on the grass betray that any foot had passed there since my own. Refreshed, however, by my long rest, and with a fancy still more excited by the mystic wonders of which I had been dreaming, I now resolved to revisit the chapel in the pyramid, and put an end, if possible, to this strange mystery that haunted me.

Having learned, from the experience of the preceding night, the inconvenience of encountering those labyrinths without a light, I now hastened to provide myself with a lamp from my boat. Tracking my way back with some difficulty to the shore, I there found not only my lamp, but also some dates and dried fruits, of which I was always provided with store for my roving life upon the waters, and which, after so many hours of abstinence, were now a most welcome and necessary relief.

Thus prepared, I again ascended the pyramid, and was proceeding to search out the secret spring, when a loud, dismal noise was heard at a distance, to which all the melancholy echoes of the cemetery gave answer. The sound came, I knew, from the great temple on the shore of the lake, and was the sort of shriek which its gates—the Gates of Oblivion, as they are called—used always to send forth from their hinges when opening at night to receive the newly-landed dead.

I had more than once before heard that sound, and always with sadness; but at this moment it thrilled through me like a voice of ill omen, and I almost doubted whether I should not abandon my enterprise. The hesitation, however, was but momentary; even while it passed through my mind I had touched the spring of the portal. In a few seconds more I was again in the passage beneath the pyramid, and, being enabled by the light of my lamp to follow the windings more rapidly, soon found myself at the door of the small chapel in the gallery.

I entered, still awed, though there was now, alas! nought living within. The young priestess had vanished like a spirit into the darkness, and all the rest remained as I had left it on the preceding night. The lamp still stood burning upon the crystal shrine; the cross was lying where the hands of the young mourner had placed it, and the cold image within the shrine wore still the same tranquil look, as if resigned to the solitude of death—of all lone things the loneliest. Remembering the lips that I had seen kiss that cross,

and kindling with the recollection, I raised it passionately to my own; but the dead eyes, I thought, met mine, and, awed and saddened in the midst of my ardor, I replaced the cross upon the shrine.

I had now lost every clue to the object of my pursuit, and, with all that sullen satisfaction which certainty, even when unwelcome, brings, was about to retrace my steps slowly to earth, when, as I held forth my lamp on leaving the chapel, I perceived that the gallery, instead of terminating here, took a sudden and snake-like bend to the left, which had before eluded my observation, and which seemed to give promise of a pathway still farther into those recesses. Reanimated by this discovery, which opened a new source of hope to my heart, I cast, for a moment, a hesitating look at my lamp, as if to enquire whether it would be faithful through the gloom I was about to encounter, and then, without further consideration, rushed eagerly forward.

CHAPTER VII.

The path led, for a while, through the same sort of narrow windings as those which I had before encountered in descending the stairway, and at length opened, in a similar manner, into a straight and steep gallery, along each side of which stood, closely ranged and upright, a file of lifeless bodies, whose glassy eyes appeared to glare upon me preternaturally as I passed.

Arrived at the end of this gallery, I found my hopes for the second time vanish, as the path, it was manifest, extended no further. The only object I was able to discern by the glimmering of my lamp, which now burned every minute fainter and fainter, was the mouth of a huge well that lay gaping before me—a reservoir of darkness, black and unfathomable. It now crossed my memory that I had once heard of such wells as being used occasionally for passages by the priests. Leaning down, therefore, over the edge, I examined anxiously all within, in order to see if it afforded the means of effecting a descent into the chasm; but the sides, I could perceive, were hard and smooth as glass, being varnished all over with that sort of dark pitch which the Dead Sea throws out upon its slimy shore.

After a more attentive scrutiny, however, I observed, at the depth of a few feet, a sort of iron step projecting dimly from the side, and

below it another, which, though hardly perceptible, was just sufficient to encourage an adventurous foot to the trial. Though all hope of tracing the young priestess was now at an end—it being impossible that female foot should have ventured on this descent—yet, as I had engaged so far in the adventure, and there was, at least, a mystery to be unravelled, I determined at all hazards to explore the chasm. Placing my lamp, therefore (which was hollowed at the bottom, so as to be worn like a helmet), firmly upon my head, and having thus both hands at liberty for exertion, I set my foot cautiously on the iron step, and descended into the well.

I found the same footing at regular intervals to a considerable depth, and had already counted near a hundred of these steps when the ladder altogether ceased, and I could descend no further. In vain did I stretch down my foot in search of support—the hard, slippery sides were all that it encountered. At length, stooping my head so as to let the light fall below, I observed an opening or window directly above the step on which I stood, and, taking for granted that the way must lie in that direction, contrived to clamber, with no small difficulty, through the aperture.

I now found myself on a rude and narrow stairway, the steps of which were cut out of the living rock, and wound spirally downward in the same direction as the well. Almost dizzy with the descent, which seemed as if it would never end, I at last reached the bottom, where a pair of massy iron gates were closed directly across my path, as if wholly to forbid any further progress. Massy and gigantic, however, as they were, I found, to my surprise, that the hand of an infant might have opened them with ease, so readily did their stupendous folds give way to my touch,

> "Light as a lime-bush, that receives
> Some wandering bird among its leaves."

No sooner, however, had I passed through than the astounding din with which the gates clashed together again was such as might have awakened death itself. It seemed as if every echo throughout that vast subterranean world, from the Catacombs of Alexandria to Thebes's Valley of Kings, had caught up and repeated the thundering sound.

Startled as I was by the crash, not even this supernatural clangor could divert my attention from the sudden light that now broke around me—soft, warm, and welcome, as are the stars of his own

South to the eyes of the mariner who has long been wandering through the cold seas of the North. Looking for the source of this splendor, I saw through an archway opposite a long illuminated alley stretching away as far as the eye could reach, and fenced on one side with thickest of odoriferous shrubs, while along the other extended a line of lofty arcades from which the light that filled the whole area issued. As soon, too, as the din of the deep echoes had subsided there stole gradually on my ear a strain of choral music, which appeared to come mellowed and sweetened in its passage through many a spacious hall within those shining arcades, while among the voices I could distinguish some female tones, which, towering high and clear above all the rest, formed the spire, as it were, into which the harmony tapered as it rose.

So excited was my fancy by this sudden enchantment that, though never had I caught a sound from the fair Egyptian's lips, I yet persuaded myself that the voice I now heard was hers, sounding highest and most heavenly of all that choir, and calling to me, like a distant spirit, from its sphere. Animated by this thought, I flew forward to the archway, but found, to my mortification, that it was guarded by a trelliswork, whose bars, though invisible at a distance, resisted all my efforts to force them.

While occupied in these ineffectual struggles, I perceived, to the left of the archway, a dark cavernous opening which seemed to lead in a direction parallel to the lighted arcades. Notwithstanding, however, my impatience, the aspect of this passage, as I looked shudderingly into it, chilled my very blood. It was not so much darkness as a sort of livid and ghastly twilight, from which a damp, like that of death-vaults, exhaled, and through which, if my eyes did not deceive me, pale, phantom-like shapes were at that very moment hovering.

Looking anxiously round to discover some less formidable outlet, I saw, over the vast folding gates through which I had just passed, a blue, tremulous flame, which, after playing for a few seconds over the dark ground of the pediment, settled gradually into characters of light, and formed the following words :

You who would try
  Yon terrible track,
To live or to die,
  But ne'er to look back—

You who aspire
To be purified there
By the terrors of Fire,
Of Water, and Air—

If danger and pain
And death you despise,
On; for again
Into light you shall rise;

Rise into light
With that Secret Divine,
Now shrowded from sight
By the Veils of the Shrine!

But if—

Here the letters faded away into a dead blank, more awfully intelligible than the most eloquent words.

A new hope now flashed across me. The dream of the garden, which had been for some time almost forgotten, returned freshly to my mind. "Am I, then," I exclaimed, "in the path to the promised mystery? and shall the great secret of Eternal Life *indeed* be mine?"

"Yes!" seemed to answer out of the air that spirit-voice which still was heard at a distance crowning the choir with its single sweetness. I hailed the omen with transport. Love and immortality both beckoning me onward—who would give even a thought to fear with two such bright hopes in prospect! Having invoked and blessed that unknown enchantress whose steps had led me to this abode of mystery and knowledge, I instantly plunged into the chasm.

Instead of that vague, spectral twilight which had at first met my eye, I now found, as I entered, a thick darkness, which, though far less horrible, was, at this moment, still more disconcerting, as my lamp, which had been for some time almost useless, was now fast expiring. Resolved, however, to make the most of its last gleam, I hastened, with rapid step, through this gloomy region, which appeared to be wider and more open to the air than any I had yet passed. Nor was it long before the sudden appearance of a bright blaze in the distance announced to me that my first great trial was at hand. As I drew nearer, the flames before me burst high and wide on all sides, and the awful spectacle that then pre-

sented itself was such as might have daunted hearts far more accustomed to dangers than mine.

There lay before me, extending completely across my path, a thicket or grove of the most combustible trees of Egypt—tamarind, pine, and Arabian balm, while around their stems and branches were coiled serpents of fire, which, twisting themselves rapidly from bough to bough, spread the contagion of their own wild-fire as they went, and involved tree after tree in one general blaze. It was, indeed, rapid as the burning of those reed-beds of Ethiopia whose light is often seen brightening at night the distant cataracts of the Nile.

Through the middle of this blazing grove I could now perceive my only pathway lay. There was not a moment, therefore, to be lost, for the conflagration gained rapidly on either side, and already the narrowing path between was strewed with vivid fire. Casting away my now useless lamp, and holding my robe as some slight protection over my head, I ventured, with trembling limbs, into the blaze.

Instantly, as if my presence had given new life to the flames, a fresh outbreak of combustion arose on all sides. The trees clustered into a bower of fire above my head, while the serpents that hung hissing from the red branches shot showers of sparkles down upon me as I passed. Never were decision and activity of more avail; one minute later and I must have perished. The narrow opening of which I had so promptly availed myself closed instantly behind me, and, as I looked back to contemplate the ordeal which I had passed, I saw that the whole grove was already one mass of fire.

Rejoiced to have escaped this first trial, I instantly plucked from one of the pine-trees a bough that was but just kindled, and, with this for my only guide, hastened breathlessly forward. I had advanced but a few paces when the path turned suddenly off, leading downwards, as I could perceive by the glimmer of my brand, into a more confined region, through which a chilling air, as if from some neighboring waters, blew over my brow. Nor had I proceeded far in this course when the sound of torrents, mixed, as I thought, from time to time with shrill wailings resembling the cries of persons in danger or distress, fell mournfully upon my ear. At every step the noise of the dashing waters increased, and I now perceived that I had entered an immense rocky cavern, through the middle of which, headlong as a winter torrent, the dark flood to whose roar I had been listening poured its waters, while upon its surface floated

grim spectre-like shapes, which, as they went by, sent forth those dismal shrieks I had heard, as if in fear of some awful precipice towards whose brink they were hurrying.

I saw plainly that across that torrent must be my course. It was, indeed, fearful; but in courage and perseverance now lay my only hope. What awaited me on the opposite shore I knew not; for all there was immersed in impenetrable gloom, nor could the feeble light which I carried send its glimmer half so far. Dismissing, however, all thoughts but that of pressing onward, I sprung from the rock on which I stood into the flood, trusting that with my right hand I should be able to buffet the current, while with the other, as long as a gleam of the brand remained, I might hold it aloft to guide me safely to the shore.

Long, formidable, and almost hopeless was the struggle I had now to maintain, and more than once, overpowered by the rush of the waters, I had given myself up as destined to follow those pale, death-like apparitions that still went past me, hurrying onward with mournful cries to find their doom in some invisible gulf beyond.

At length, just as my strength was nearly exhausted and the last remains of the pine-branch were dropping from my hand, I saw, outstretching towards me into the water, a light double balustrade, with a flight of steps between, ascending almost perpendicularly from the wave till they seemed lost in a dense mass of clouds above. This glimpse—for it was nothing more, as my light expired in giving it—lent new spring to my courage. Having now both hands at liberty, so desperate were my efforts that, after a few minutes' struggle, I felt my brow strike against the stairway, and in an instant my feet were on the steps.

Rejoiced at my escape from that perilous flood, though I knew not whither the stairway led, I promptly ascended the steps. But this feeling of confidence was of short duration. I had not mounted far, when, to my horror, I perceived that each successive step as my foot left it broke away from beneath me, leaving me in mid-air with no other alternative than that of still mounting by the same momentary footing, and with the appalling doubt whether it would even endure my tread.

And thus did I for a few seconds continue to ascend, with nothing beneath me but that awful river, in which, so tranquil had it now become, I could hear the plash of the falling fragments as every

step in succession gave way from under my feet. It was a most fearful moment, but even still worse remained. I now found the balustrade by which I had held during my ascent, and which had hitherto appeared to be firm, growing tremulous in my hand, while the step to which I was about to trust myself tottered under my foot. Just then a momentary flash, as if of lightning, broke around me, and I saw hanging out of the clouds, so as to be barely within my reach, a huge brazen ring. Instinctively I stretched forth my arm to seize it, and, at the same instant, both balustrade and steps gave way beneath me, and I was left swinging by my hands in the dark void. As if, too, this massy ring which I grasped was by some magic power linked with all the winds in heaven, no sooner had I seized it than, like the touching of a spring, it seemed to give loose to every variety of gusts and tempests that ever strewed the sea-shore with wrecks or dead, and as I swung about, the sport of this elemental strife, every new burst of its fury threatened to shiver me like a storm-sail to atoms.

Nor was even this the worst; for, still holding, I know not how, by the ring, I felt myself caught up as if by a thousand whirlwinds, and then round and round, like a stone-shot in a sling, continued to be whirled in the midst of all this deafening chaos till my brain grew dizzy, my recollection became confused, and I almost fancied myself on that wheel of the infernal world whose rotations eternity alone can number.

Human strength could no longer sustain such a trial. I was on the point, at last, of loosing my hold, when suddenly the violence of the storm moderated, my whirl through the air gradually ceased, and I felt the ring slowly descend with me till—happy as a ship-wrecked mariner at the first touch of land—I found my feet once more upon firm ground.

At the same moment a light of the most delicious softness filled the whole air. Music such as is heard in dreams came floating at a distance, and, as my eyes gradually recovered their powers of vision, a scene of glory was revealed to them almost too bright for imagination, and yet living and real. As far as the sight could reach enchanting gardens were seen, opening away through long tracts of light and verdure, and sparkling everywhere with fountains that circulated like streams of life among the flowers. Not a charm was here wanting that the fancy of poet or prophet, in their warmest pictures of Elysium, have ever yet dreamed or promised. Vistas,

opening into scenes of indistinct grandeur ; streams, shining out at intervals in their shadowy course ; and labyrinths of flowers, leading by mysterious windings to green, spacious glades full of splendor and repose. Over all this, too, there fell a light from some unseen source resembling nothing that illumines our upper world, a sort of golden moonlight mingling the warm radiance of day with the calm and melancholy lustre of night.

Nor were there wanting inhabitants for this sunless Paradise. Through all the bright gardens were seen wandering, with the serene air and step of happy spirits, groups both of young and old, of venerable and of lovely forms, bearing, most of them, the Nile's white flowers on their heads and branches of the eternal palm in their hands, while over the verdant turf fair children and maidens went dancing to aërial music, whose source was, like that of the light, invisible, but which filled the whole air with its mystic sweetness.

Exhausted as I was by the painful trials I had undergone, no sooner did I perceive those fair groups in the distance than my weariness, both of frame and spirit, was forgotten. A thought crossed me that she whom I sought might haply be among them, and notwithstanding the feeling of awe with which that unearthly scene inspired me, I was about to fly on the instant to ascertain my hope. But while in the act of making the effort, I felt my robe gently pulled, and turning round, beheld an aged man before me whom, by the sacred hue of his garb, I knew at once to be a Hierophant. Placing a branch of the consecrated palm in my hand, he said, in a solemn voice, "Aspirant of the Mysteries, welcome!" then, regarding me for a few seconds with grave attention, added, in a tone of courteousness and interest, "The victory over the body hath been gained. Follow me, young Greek, to thy resting-place."

I obeyed the command in silence, and the priest, turning away from this scene of splendor into a secluded pathway where the light gradually faded as we advanced, led me to a small pavilion by the side of a whispering stream, where the very spirit of slumber seemed to preside, and, pointing silently to a bed of dried poppy-leaves, left me to repose.

CHAPTER VIII.

On awaking, the imprudence of the step on which I had ventured appeared in its full extent before my eyes. I had here thrown my-

self into the power of the most artful priesthood in the world without even a chance of being able to escape from their toils, or to resist any machinations with which they might beset me. It appeared evident, from the state of preparation in which I had found all that wonderful apparatus by which the terrors and splendors of initiation are produced, that my descent into the pyramid was not unexpected. Numerous indeed and active as were the spies of the Sacred College of Memphis, it could little be doubted that all my movements since my arrival had been watchfully tracked, and the many hours I had employed in wandering and exploring around the pyramid betrayed a curiosity and spirit of adventure which might well suggest to these wily priests the hope of inveigling an Epicurean into their toils.

I was well aware of their hatred to the sect of which I was chief —that they considered the Epicureans as, next to the Christians, the most formidable enemies of their craft and power. "How thoughtless, then," I exclaimed, "to have placed myself in a situation where I am equally helpless against fraud and violence, and must either pretend to be the dupe of their impostures or else submit to become the victim of their vengeance!" Of these alternatives, bitter as they both were, the latter appeared by far the more welcome. It was with a blush that I even looked back upon the mockeries I had already yielded to, and the prospect of being put through still further ceremonials, and of being tutored and preached to by hypocrites whom I so much despised, appeared to me, in my present mood of mind, a trial of patience compared to which the flames and whirlwinds I had already encountered were pastime.

The thought of death, ever ready to present itself to my imagination, now came with a disheartening weight, such as I had never before felt. I almost fancied myself already in the dark vestibule of the grave, removed for ever from the world above, and with nothing but the blank of an eternal sleep before me. It had happened, I knew, frequently that the visitants of this mysterious realm were, after their descent from earth, never seen or heard of, being condemned, for some failure in their initiatory trials, to pine away their lives in those dark dungeons with which, as well as with altars, this region abounded. Such, I shuddered to think, might probably be my own destiny, and so appalling was the thought that even the courage by which I had been hitherto sus-

tained died within me, and I was already giving myself up to helplessness and despair.

While with an imagination thus excited, and I stood waiting the result, an increased gush of light awakened my attention, and I saw, with an intenseness of interest which made my heart beat aloud, one of the corners of the mighty Veil of the Sanctuary raised slowly from the floor. I now felt that the great secret, whatever it might be, was at hand. A vague hope even crossed my mind—so wholly had imagination now resumed her empire—that the splendid promise of a dream I once had was on the very point of being realized!

With surprise, however, and, for the moment, with some disappointment, I perceived that the massy corner of the veil was but lifted sufficiently from the ground to allow a female figure to emerge from under it, and then fell over its mystic splendors as utterly dark as before. By the strong light, too, that issued when the drapery was raised, and illuminated the profile of the emerging figure, I either saw, or fancied that I saw, the same bright features that had already so often mocked me with their momentary charm, and seemed destined, indeed, to haunt my fancy as unavailing as even the fond, vain dream of immortality itself.

Dazzled as I had been by that short gush of splendor, and distrusting even my senses when under the influence of so much excitement, I had but just begun to question myself as to the reality of my impression when I heard the sounds of light footsteps approaching me through the gloom. In a second or two more the figure stopped before me, and, placing the end of a ribbon gently in my hand, said, in a tremulous whisper, "'Follow, and be silent."

So sudden and strange was the adventure that for a moment I hesitated, fearing that my eyes might possibly have been deceived as to the object they had seen. Casting a look towards the veil, which seemed bursting with its luminous secret, I was almost doubting to which of the two chances I should commit myself, when I felt the ribbon in my hand pulled softly at the other extremity. This movement, like a touch of magic, at once decided me. Without any further deliberation, I yielded to the silent summons, and following my guide, who was already at some distance before me, found myself led up the same flight of marble steps by which the priest had conducted me into the sanctuary. Arrived at their summit, I felt the pace of my conductress quicken, and, giv-

ing one more look to the veiled shrine, whose glories we left burning uselessly behind us, hastened onward into the gloom, full of confidence in the belief that she who now held the other end of that clue was one whom I was ready to follow devotedly through the world.

CHAPTER IX.

With such rapidity was I hurried along by my unseen guide, full of wonder at the speed with which she ventured through these labyrinths, that I had but little time left for reflection upon the strangeness of the adventure to which I had committed myself. My knowledge of the character of the Memphian priests, as well as some fearful rumors that had reached me concerning the fate that often attended unbelievers in their hands, awakened a momentary suspicion of treachery in my mind. But when I recalled the face of my guide as I had seen it in the small chapel, with that divine look, the very memory of which brought purity into the heart, I found my suspicions all vanish, and felt shame at having harbored them but an instant.

In the meanwhile our rapid course continued, without any interruption, through windings even more capriciously intricate[28] than any I had yet passed, and whose thick gloom seemed never to have been broken by a single glimmer of light. My unseen conductress was still at some distance before me, and the slight clue, to which I clung as if it were Destiny's own thread, was still kept by the speed of her course at full stretch between us. At length, suddenly stopping, she said, in a breathless whisper, "Seat thyself here," and at the same moment led me by the hand to a sort of low car, in which, obeying her brief command, I lost not a moment in placing myself, while the maiden no less promptly took her seat by my side.

A sudden click, like the touching of a spring, was then heard, and the car—which, as I had felt in entering it, leaned half-way over a steep descent—on being let loose from its station, shot down almost perpendicularly into the darkness with a rapidity which at first nearly deprived me of breath. The wheels slid smoothly and noise-

[28] In addition to the accounts which the ancients have left us of the prodigious excavations in all parts of Egypt, the fifteen hundred chambers under the Labyrinth, the subterranean stables of the Thebaïd, containing a thousand horses, the crypts of Upper Egypt passing under the bed of the Nile, etc., etc., the stories and traditions current among the Arabs still preserve the memory of those wonderful substructions.

lessly in grooves, and the impetus which the car acquired in descending was sufficient, I perceived, to carry it up an eminence that succeeded, from the summit of which it again rushed down another declivity even still more long and precipitous than the former. In this manner we proceeded, by alternate falls and rises, till at length from the last and steepest elevation the car descended upon a level of deep sand, where, after running a few yards, it by degrees lost its motion and stopped.

Here the maiden, alighting again, placed the ribbon in my hands, and again I followed her, though with more slowness and difficulty than before, as our way now led up a flight of damp and time-worn steps, whose ascent seemed to the wearied and insecure foot interminable. Perceiving with what languor my guide advanced, I was on the point of making an effort to assist her progress when the creak of an opening door above, and a faint gleam of light which at the same moment shone upon her figure, apprised me that we were at last arrived within reach of sunshine.

Joyfully I followed through this opening, and by the dim light could discern that we were now in the sanctuary of a vast ruined temple, having entered by a secret passage under the pedestal upon which an image of the idol of the place once stood. The first movement of the young maiden, after closing again the portal under the pedestal, was, without even a single look towards me, to cast herself down upon her knees with her hands clasped and uplifted, as if in thanksgiving or prayer. But she was unable, evidently, to sustain herself in this position; her strength could hold out no longer. Overcome by agitation and fatigue, she sunk senseless upon the pavement.

Bewildered as I was myself by the strange events of the night, I stood for some minutes looking upon her in a state of helplessness and alarm. But reminded by my own feverish sensations of the reviving effects of the air, I raised her gently in my arms, and, crossing the corridor that surrounded the sanctuary, found my way to the outer vestibule of the temple. Here, shading her eyes from the sun, I placed her reclining upon the steps, where the cool north wind, then blowing freshly between the pillars, might play with free draught over her brow.

It was, indeed, as I now saw with certainty, the same beautiful and mysterious girl who had been the cause of my descent into that subterranean world, and who now, under such strange and unac-

countable circumstances, was my guide back again to the realms of day. I looked around to discover where we were, and beheld such a scene of grandeur as, could my eyes have been then attracted to any object but the pale form reclining at my side, might well have induced them to dwell on its splendid beauties.

I was now standing, I found, on the small island in the centre of Lake Mœris, and that sanctuary, where we had just emerged from darkness, formed part of the ruins of an ancient temple which was (as I have since learned), in the grander days of Memphis, a place of pilgrimage for worshippers from all parts of Egypt. The fair lake itself, out of whose waters once rose pavilions, palaces, and even lofty pyramids, was still, though divested of many of these wonders, a scene of interest and splendor such as the whole world could not equal. While the shores still sparkled with mansions and temples that bore testimony to the luxury of a living race, the voice of the past, speaking out of unnumbered ruins, whose summits here and there rose blackly above the wave, told of times long fled and generations long swept away, before whose giant remains all the glory of the present stood humbled. Over the southern bank of the lake hung the dark relics of the Labyrinth; its twelve royal palaces, representing the mansions of the Zodiac, its thundering portals and constellated halls, having left nothing now behind but a few frowning ruins, which, contrasted with the soft groves of acacia and olive around them, seemed to rebuke the luxuriant smiles of nature and threw a melancholy grandeur over the whole scene.

The effects of the air in reanimating the young priestess were less speedy than I had expected; her eyes were still closed, and she remained pale and insensible. Alarmed, I now rested her head (which had been for some time supported by my arm) against the base of one of the columns, with my cloak for its pillow, while I hastened to procure some water from the lake. The temple stood high, and the descent to the shore was precipitous; but my Epicurean habits having but little impaired my activity, I soon descended with the lightness of a desert deer to the bottom. Here, plucking from a lofty bean-tree, whose flowers stood shining like gold above the water, one of those large hollowed leaves that serve as cups for the Hebes of the Nile, I filled it from the lake and hurried back with the cool draught towards the temple. It was not, however, without some difficulty that I at last succeeded in bearing my rustic chalice steadily up the steep; more than once did an unlucky

slip waste all its contents, and as often did I return impatiently to refill it.

During this time the young maiden was fast recovering her animation and consciousness, and at the moment when I appeared above the edge of the steep was just rising from the steps with her hand pressed to her forehead, as if confusedly recalling the recollection of what had occurred. No sooner did she observe me than a short cry of alarm broke from her lips. Looking anxiously around, as though she sought for protection, and half-audibly uttering the words, "Where is he?" she made an effort, as I approached, to retreat into the temple.

Already, however, I was by her side, and taking her hand, as she turned away from me, gently in mine, asked: "Whom dost thou seek, fair priestess?" thus, for the first time breaking the silence she had enjoined, and in a tone that might have reassured the most timid spirit. But my words had no effect in calming her apprehension. Trembling, and with her eyes still averted towards the temple, she continued in a voice of suppressed alarm: "Where *can* he be? that venerable Athenian, that philosopher, who—"

"Here, here!" I exclaimed, anxiously interrupting her; "behold him still by thy side—the same, the very same who saw thee steal from under the Veils of the Sanctuary, whom thou hast guided by a clue through those labyrinths below, and who now only waits his command from those lips to devote himself through life and death to thy service." As I spoke these words she turned slowly round, and, looking timidly in my face while her own burned with blushes, said, in a tone of doubt and wonder, "Thou!" and then hid her eyes in her hands.

I knew not how to interpret a reception so unexpected. That some mistake or disappointment had occurred was evident; but so inexplicable did the whole adventure appear to me that it was in vain to think of unravelling any part of it. Weak and agitated, she now tottered to the steps of the temple, and there seating herself, with her forehead against the cold marble, seemed for some moments absorbed in the most anxious thought, while, silent and watchful, I awaited her decision, though, at the same time, with a feeling which the result proved to be prophetic—that my destiny was from thenceforth linked inseparably with hers.

The inward struggle by which she was agitated, though violent, was not of long continuance. Starting suddenly from her seat, with

a look of terror towards the temple, as if the fear of immediate pursuit had alone decided her, she pointed eagerly towards the east, and exclaimed, "To the Nile, without delay!" clasping her hands after she had thus spoken with the most suppliant fervor, as if to soften the abruptness of the mandate she had given, and appealing to me at the same time with a look that would have taught stoics themselves tenderness.

I lost not a moment in obeying the welcome command. With a thousand wild hopes naturally crowding upon my fancy at the thoughts of a voyage under such auspices, I descended rapidly to the shore, and, hailing one of those boats that ply upon the lake for hire, arranged speedily for a passage down the canal to the Nile. Having learned, too, from the boatmen a more easy path up the rock, I hastened back to the temple for my fair charge, and, without a word or look that could alarm even by its kindness, or disturb the innocent confidence which she now evidently reposed in me, led her down by the winding path to the boat.

Everything around looked sunny and smiling as we embarked. The morning was in its first freshness, and the path of the breeze might clearly be traced over the lake as it went wakening up the waters from their sleep of the night. The gay, golden-winged birds that haunt these shores were in every direction skimming along the lake, while, with a graver consciousness of beauty, the swan and the pelican were seen dressing their white plumage in the mirror of its wave. To add to the liveliness of the scene, there came at intervals on the breeze a sweet tinkling of musical instruments from boats at a distance, employed thus early in pursuing the fish of these waters, that allow themselves to be decoyed into the nets by music.

The vessel I had selected for our voyage was one of those small pleasure-boats or yachts so much in use among the luxurious navigators of the Nile, in the centre of which rises a pavilion of cedar or cypress wood, adorned richly on the outside with religious emblems, and gaily fitted up within for feasting and repose. To the door of this pavilion I now led my companion, and, after a few words of kindness, tempered cautiously with as much reserve as the deep tenderness of my feeling towards her would admit, left her to court that restoring rest which the agitation of her spirits so much required.

For myself, though repose was hardly less necessary to me, the

state of ferment in which I had been so long kept appeared to render it hopeless. Having thrown myself on the deck of the vessel, under an awning which the sailors had raised for me, I continued for some hours in a sort of vague day-dream, sometimes passing in review the scenes of that subterranean drama and sometimes, with my eyes fixed on drowsy vacancy, receiving passively the impressions of the bright scenery through which we passed.

The banks of the canal were then luxuriantly wooded. Under the tufts of the light and towering palm were seen the orange and the citron interlacing their boughs, while here and there huge tamarisks thickened the shade, and, at the very edge of the bank, the willow of Babylon stood bending its graceful branches into the water. Occasionally out of the depth of these groves there shone a small temple or pleasure-house, while now and then an opening in their line of foliage allowed the eye to wander over extensive fields all covered with beds of those pale, sweet roses for which this district of Egypt is so celebrated.

The activity of the morning hour was visible in every direction. Flights of doves and lapwings were fluttering among the leaves, and the white heron, which had been roosting all night in some date-tree, now stood sunning its wings upon the green bank, or floated, like living silver, over the flood. The flowers, too, both of land and water, looked all just freshly awakened, and, most of all, the superb lotus, which, having risen along with the sun from the wave, was now holding up her chalice for a full draught of his light.

Such were the scenes that now successively presented themselves and mingled with the vague reveries that floated through my mind as our boat, with its high, capacious sail, swept along the flood. Though the occurrences of the last few days could not but appear to me one continued series of wonders, yet by far the greatest marvel of all was that she whose first look had sent wildfire into my heart, whom I had thought of ever since with a restlessness of passion that would have dared all danger and wrong to obtain its object—*she* was now at this moment resting sacredly within that pavilion, while guarding her, even from myself, I lay motionless at its threshold.

Meanwhile, the sun had reached his meridian height. The busy hum of the morning had died gradually away, and all around was sleeping in the hot stillness of noon. The Nile goose, having folded up her splendid wings, was lying motionless on the shadow of the

sycamores in the water. Even the nimble lizards upon the bank appeared to move less nimbly as the light fell on their gold and azure hues. Overcome as I was with watching, and weary with thought, it was not long before I yielded to the becalming influence of the hour. Looking fixedly at the pavilion, as if once more to assure myself that I was in no dream or trance, but that the young Egyptian was really there, I felt my eyes close as I gazed, and in a few minutes sunk into a profound sleep.

CHAPTER XI.

It was by the canal through which we now sailed that in the more prosperous days of Memphis the commerce of Upper Egypt and Nubia was transported to her magnificent lake, and from thence, having paid tribute to the queen of cities, was poured forth again through the Nile into the ocean. The course of this canal to the river was not direct, but ascending in a southeasterly direction towards the Saïd; and in calms, or with adverse winds, the passage was tedious. But, as the breeze was now blowing freshly from the north, there was every prospect of reaching the river before nightfall. Rapidly, too, as our galley swept along the flood, its motion was so smooth as to be hardly felt, and the quiet gurgle of the waters and the drowsy song of the boatman at the prow were the only sounds that disturbed the deep silence which prevailed.

The sun, indeed, had nearly sunk behind the Lybian hills before the sleep into which these sounds had contributed to lull me was broken, and the first object on which my eyes rested in waking was that fair young priestess, seated within a porch which shaded the door of the pavilion, and bending intently over a small volume that lay unrolled on her lap.

Her face was but half turned towards me, and as she once or twice raised her eyes to the warm sky, whose light fell, softened through the trellis, over her cheek, I found all those feelings of reverence which she had inspired me with in the chapel return. There was even a purer and holier charm around her countenance thus seen by the natural light of day than in those dim and unhallowed regions below. She was now looking, too, direct to the glorious sky, and her pure eyes and that heaven, so worthy of each other, met.

After contemplating her for a few moments with little less than adoration, I rose gently from my resting-place and approached the

pavilion. But the mere movement had startled her from her devotion, and, blushing and confused, she covered the volume with the folds of her robe.

In the art of winning upon female confidence I had long, of course, been schooled, and now that to the lessons of gallantry the inspiration of love was added, my ambition to please and to interest could hardly fail, it may be supposed, of success. I soon found, however, how much less fluent is the heart than the fancy, and how very different may be the operations of making love and feeling it. In the few words of greeting now exchanged between us it was evident that the gay, the enterprising Epicurean was little less embarrassed than the secluded priestess, and after one or two ineffectual efforts to converse, the eyes of both turned bashfully away, and we relapsed into silence.

From this situation, the result of timidity on one side and of a feeling altogether new on the other, we were at length relieved, after an interval of estrangement, by the boatmen announcing that the Nile was in sight. The countenance of the young Egyptian brightened at this intelligence, and the smile with which I congratulated her upon the speed of our voyage was responded to by another from her so full of gratitude that already an instinctive sympathy seemed established between us.

We were now on the point of entering that sacred river of whose sweet waters the exile drinks in his dreams, for a draught of whose flood the royal daughters of the Ptolemies, when far away on foreign thrones, have been known to sigh in the midst of their splendor. As our boat, with slackened sail, was gliding into the current, an enquiry from the boatmen whether they should anchor for the night in the Nile first reminded me of the ignorance in which I still remained with respect to the motive or destination of our voyage. Embarrassed by their question, I directed my eyes towards the priestess, whom I saw waiting for my answer with a look of anxiety, which this silent reference to her wishes at once dispelled. Unfolding eagerly the volume with which I had seen her so much occupied, she took from between its folds a small leaf of papyrus, on which there appeared to be some faint lines of drawing, and, after looking upon it thoughtfully for a few moments, placed it with an agitated hand in mine.

In the meantime the boatmen had taken in their sail, and the yacht drove slowly down the river with the current, while by a light

which had been kindled at sunset on the deck I stood examining the leaf that the priestess had given me, her dark eyes fixed anxiously on my countenance all the while. The lines traced upon the papyrus were so faint as to be almost invisible, and I was for some time wholly unable to form a conjecture as to their import. At length, however, I succeeded in making out that they were a sort of map or outlines, traced slightly and unsteadily with a Memphian reed, of a part of that mountainous ridge by which Upper Egypt is bounded to the east, together with the names, or rather emblems, of the chief towns in its immediate neighborhood.

It was thither, I now saw clearly, that the young priestess wished to pursue her course. Without further delay, therefore, I ordered the boatmen to set our yacht before the wind, and ascend the current. My command was promptly obeyed; the white sail again rose into the region of the breeze, and the satisfaction that beamed in every feature of the fair Egyptian showed that the quickness with which I had attended to her wishes was not unfelt by her. The moon had now risen, and, though the current was against us, the Etesian wind of the season blew strongly up the river, and we were soon floating before it through the rich plains and groves of the Saïd.

The love with which this simple girl had inspired me was partly, perhaps, from the mystic scenes and situations in which I had seen her, not unmingled with a tinge of superstitious awe, under the influence of which I felt the natural buoyancy of my spirit repressed. The few words that had passed between us on the subject of our route had somewhat loosened this spell, and what I wanted of vivacity and confidence was more than compensated by the tone of deep sensibility which love had awakened in their place.

We had not proceeded far before the glittering of lights at a distance and the shooting up of fireworks at intervals into the air apprized us that we were then approaching one of those night-fairs or marts which it is the custom at this season to hold upon the Nile. To me the scene was familiar, but to my young companion it was evidently a new world, and the mixture of alarm and delight with which she gazed from under her veil upon the busy scene into which we now sailed gave an air of innocence to her beauty which still more heightened its every charm.

It was one of the widest parts of the river, and the whole surface from one bank to the other was covered with boats. Along the banks of a green island in the middle of the stream lay anchored

the galleys of the principal traders—large floating bazaars, bearing each the name of its owner emblazoned in letters of flame upon the stern. Over their decks were spread out in gay confusion the products of the loom and needle of Egypt—rich carpets of Memphis and likewise those variegated veils for which the female embroiderers of the Nile are so celebrated, and to which the name of Cleopatra lends a traditional charm. In each of the other galleys was exhibited some branch of Egyptian workmanship—vases of the fragrant porcelain of On, cups of that frail crystal whose hues change like those of the pigeon's plumage, enamelled amulets graven with the head of Anubis, and necklaces and bracelets of the black beans of Abyssinia.

While commerce was thus displaying her various luxuries in one quarter, in every other the spirit of pleasure, in all its countless shapes, swarmed over the waters. Nor was the festivity confined to the river alone, as along the banks of the island and on the shores illuminated mansions were seen glittering through the trees, from whence sounds of music and merriment came. In some of the boats were bands of minstrels, who, from time to time, answered each other, like echoes, across the wave, and the notes of the lyre, the flageolet, and the sweet lotus-wood flute were heard, in the pauses of revelry, dying along the waters.

Meanwhile, from other boats stationed in the least lighted places, the workers of fire sent forth their wonders into the air. Bursting out suddenly from time to time, as if in the very exuberance of joy, these sallies of flame appeared to reach the sky, and there, breaking into a shower of sparkles, shed such a splendor around as brightened even the white Arabian hills, making them shine as doth the brow of Mount Atlas at night when the fire from his own bosom is playing around its snows.

The opportunity this mart afforded us of providing ourselves with some less remarkable habiliments than those in which we had escaped from that nether world was too seasonable not to be gladly taken advantage of by both. For myself, this strange mystic garb which I wore was sufficiently concealed by my Grecian mantle, which I had fortunately thrown round me on the night of my watch. But the thin veil of my companion was a far less efficient disguise. She had, indeed, flung away the golden beetles from her hair, but the sacred robe of her order was still too visible, and the stars of the bandelet shone brightly through her veil.

Most gladly, therefore, did she avail herself of this opportunity of a change, and as she took from out a casket—which, with the volume I had seen her reading, appeared to be her only treasure—a small jewel to give in exchange for the simple garments she had chosen, there fell out at the same time the very cross of silver which I had seen her kiss, as may be remembered, in the monumental chapel, and which was afterwards pressed to my own lips. This link between us (for such it now appeared to my imagination) called up again in my heart all the burning feelings of that moment, and had I not abruptly turned away, my agitation would have but too plainly betrayed itself.

The object for which we had delayed in this gay scene having been accomplished, the sail was again spread, and we proceeded on our course up the river. The sounds and the lights we had left behind died gradually away, and we now floated along in moonlight and silence once more. Sweet dews, worthy of being called "the tears of Isis," fell refreshingly through the air, and every plant and flower sent its fragrance to meet them. The wind, just strong enough to bear us smoothly against the current, scarce stirred the shadow of the tamarisks on the water. As the inhabitants from all quarters were collected at the night-fair, the Nile was more than usually still and solitary. Such a silence, indeed, prevailed that, as we glided near the shore, we could hear the rustling of the acacias as the chameleons ran up their stems. It was altogether such a night as only the climate of Egypt can boast, when the whole scene around lies lulled in that sort of bright tranquillity which may be imagined to light the slumbers of those happy spirits who are said to rest in the Valley of the Moon on their way to heaven.

By such a light, and at such an hour, seated side by side on the deck of that bark, did we pursue our course up the lonely Nile, each a mystery to the other, our thoughts, our objects, our very names a secret; separated, too, till now by destinies so different; the one a gay voluptuary of the garden of Athens, the other a secluded priestess of the temples of Memphis, and the only relation yet established between us being that dangerous one of love, passionate love, on one side, and the most feminine and confiding dependence on the other.

The passing adventure of the night-fair had not only dispelled a little our mutual reserve, but had luckily furnished us with a subject on which we could converse without embarrassment. From

this topic I took care to lead her, without any interruption, to others, being fearful lest our former silence should return, and the music of her voice again be lost to me. It was only, indeed, by thus indirectly unburdening my heart that I was enabled to avoid the disclosure of all I thought and felt, and the restless rapidity with which I flew from subject to subject was but an effort to escape from the only one in which my heart was really interested.

"How bright and happy," said I—pointing up to Sothis, the fair Star of the Waters, which was just then shining brilliantly over our heads—"how bright and happy this world ought to be, if, as your Egyptian sages assert, yon pure and beautiful luminary was its birth-star!" Then, still leaning back, and letting my eyes wander over the firmament, as if seeking to disengage them from the fascination which they dreaded. "To the study," I exclaimed, "for ages of skies like this may the pensive and mystic character of your nation be traced—that mixture of pride and melancholy which naturally arises at the sight of those eternal lights shining out of darkness; that sublime but saddened anticipation of a future which steals sometimes over the soul in the silence of such an hour, when, though death appears to reign in the deep stillness of earth, there are yet those beacons of immortality burning in the sky."

Pausing as I uttered the word "immortality," with a sigh to think how little my heart echoed to my lips, I looked in the face of my companion, and saw that it had lighted up, as I spoke, into a glow of holy animation, such as Faith alone gives, such as Hope herself wears when she is dreaming of heaven. Touched by the contrast, and gazing upon her with mournful tenderness, I found my arms half opened to clasp her to my heart, while the words died away inaudibly upon my lips, "Thou, too, beautiful maiden! must thou, too, die for ever?"

My self-command, I felt, had nearly deserted me. Rising abruptly from my seat, I walked to the middle of the deck, and stood for some moments unconsciously gazing upon one of those fires which—according to the custom of all who travel by night on the Nile—our boatmen had kindled to scare away the crocodiles from the vessel. But it was in vain that I endeavored to compose my spirit. Every effort I made but more deeply convinced me that till the mystery which hung round that maiden should be solved, till the secret with which my own bosom labored should be disclosed, it was fruitless to attempt even a semblance of tranquillity.

My resolution was therefore taken: to lay open at once the feelings of my own heart, as far as such revealment might be hazarded, without startling the timid innocence of my companion. Thus resolved, I resumed by seat, with more composure, by her side, and taking from my bosom the small mirror which she had dropped in the temple, and which I had ever since worn suspended round my neck, presented it with a trembling hand to her view. The boatmen had just kindled one of their night-fires near us, and its light, as she leaned forward to look at the mirror, fell upon her face.

The quick blush of surprise with which she recognized it to be hers, and her look of bashful yet eager enquiry in raising her eyes to mine, were appeals to which I was not, of course, tardy in answering. Beginning with the first moment when I saw her in the temple, and passing hastily, but with words that burned as they went, over the impression which she had then left upon my heart and fancy, I proceeded to describe the particulars of my descent into the pyramid, my surprise and adoration at the door of the chapel, my encounter with the trials of initiation, so mysteriously prepared for me, and all the various visionary wonders I had witnessed in that region, till the moment when I had seen her stealing from under the veils to approach me.

Though, in detailing these events, I had said but little of the feelings they had awakened in me, though my lips had sent back many a sentence unuttered, there was still enough that could neither be subdued nor disguised, and which, like that light from under the veils of her own Isis, glowed through every word that I spoke. When I told of the scene in the chapel, of the silent interview which I had witnessed between the dead and the living, the maiden leaned down her head and wept, as from a heart full of tears. It seemed a pleasure to her, however, to listen, and when she looked at me again there was an earnest and affectionate cordiality in her eyes, as if the knowledge of my having been present at that mournful scene had opened a new source of sympathy and intelligence between us, so neighboring are the fountains of love and of sorrow, and so imperceptibly do they often mingle their streams.

Little, indeed, as I was guided by art or design in manner and conduct towards this innocent girl, not all the most experienced gallantry of the garden could have dictated a policy half so seductive as that which my new master, Love, now taught me. The same

ardor which, if shown at once and without reserve, might probably have startled a heart so little prepared for it, being now checked and softened by the timidity of real love, won its way without alarm, and, when most diffident of success, was then most surely on its way to triumph. Like one whose slumbers are gradually broken by sweet music, the maiden's heart was awakened without being disturbed. She followed the course of the charm, unconscious whither it led, nor was even aware of the flame she had lighted in another's bosom till startled by the reflection of it glimmering in her own.

Impatient as I was to appeal to her generosity and sympathy for a similar proof of confidence to that which I had just given, the night was now too far advanced for me to impose upon her such a task. After exchanging a few words, in which, though little met the ear, there was on both sides a tone and manner that spoke far more than language, we took a lingering leave of each other for the night, with every prospect, I fondly hoped, of being still together in our dreams.

CHAPTER XII.

It was so near the dawn of day when we parted that we found the sun sinking westward when we rejoined each other. The smile, so frankly cordial, with which she met me might have been taken for the greeting of a long-mellowed friendship, did not the blush and the cast-down eyelid that followed betray symptoms of a feeling newer and less calm. For myself, lightened as I was in some degree by the avowal which I had made, I was yet too conscious of the new aspect thus given to our intercourse not to feel some little alarm at the prospect of returning to the theme. We were both, therefore, alike willing to allow our attention to be diverted by the variety of strange objects that presented themselves on the way from a subject that evidently both were alike unwilling to approach.

The river was now all stirring with commerce and life. Every instant we met with boats descending the current, so wholly independent of aid from sail or oar that the mariners sat idly on the deck as they shot along, either singing or playing upon their double-reeded pipes. The greater number of these boats came laden with those large emeralds from the mine in the desert whose colors, it is said, are brightest at the full of the moon ; while some brought

cargoes of frankincense from the acacia groves near the Red Sea. On the decks of others that had been, as we learned, to the Golden Mountains beyond Syene, were heaped blocks and fragments of that sweet-smelling wood which is yearly washed down by the Green Nile of Nubia at the season of the flood.

Our companions up the stream were far less numerous. Occasionally a boat, returning lightened from the fair of last night, shot rapidly past us, with those high sails that catch every breeze from over the hills, while now and then we overtook one of those barges full of bees that are sent at this season to colonize the gardens of the south, and take advantage of the first flowers after the inundation has passed away.

For a short time this constant variety of objects enabled us to divert so far our conversation as to keep it from lighting upon the one sole subject round which it constantly hovered. But the effort, as might be expected, was not long successful. As evening advanced, the whole scene became more solitary. We less frequently ventured to look upon each other, and our intervals of silence grew more long.

It was near sunset when, in passing a small temple on the shore, whose porticoes were now full of the evening light, we saw issuing from a thicket of acanthus near it a train of young maidens gracefully linked together in the dance by the stems of the lotus held at arms' length between them. Their tresses were also wreathed with this gay emblem of the season, and in such profusion were its white flowers twisted around their waists and arms that they might have been taken, as they lightly bounded along the bank, for nymphs of the Nile, then freshly risen from their bright gardens under the wave.

After looking for a few minutes at this sacred dance, the maiden turned away her eyes with a look of pain, as if the remembrances it recalled were of no welcome nature. This momentary retrospect, this glimpse into the past, appeared to offer a sort of clue to the secret for which I panted, and accordingly I proceeded, as gradually and delicately as my impatience would allow, to avail myself of the opening. Her own frankness, however, relieved me from the embarrassment of much questioning. She appeared even to feel that the confidence I sought was due to me, and, beyond the natural hesitation of maidenly modesty, not a shade of reserve or evasion appeared.

To attempt to repeat, in her own touching words, the simple story which she now related to me would be like endeavoring to note down some unpremeditated strain of music, with all those fugitive graces, those felicities of the moment, which no art can restore as they first met the ear. From a feeling, too, of humility, she had omitted in her short narrative several particulars relating to herself, which I afterwards learned, while others not less important she but lightly passed over, from a fear of offending the prejudices of her heathen hearer.

I shall, therefore, give her story, not as she herself sketched it, but as it was afterwards filled up by a pious and venerable hand—far, far more worthy than mine of being associated with the memory of such purity.

STORY OF ALETHE.

"The mother of this maiden was the beautiful Theora of Alexandria, who, though a native of that city, was descended from Grecian parents. When very young, Theora was one of the seven maidens selected to note down the discourses of the eloquent Origen, who at that period presided over the school of Alexandria, and was in all the fullness of his fame both among pagans and Christians. Endowed richly with the learning of both creeds, he brought the natural light of philosophy to illustrate the mysteries of faith, and was then only proud of his knowledge of the wisdom of this world when he found it minister usefully to the triumph of divine truth.

"Although he had courted in vain the crown of martyrdom, it was held, through his whole life, suspended over his head, and in more than one persecution he had shown himself cheerfully ready to die for that holy faith which he lived but to testify and uphold. On one of these occasions his tormentors, having habited him like an Egyptian priest, placed him upon the steps of the Temple of Serapis, and commanded that he should, in the manner of the pagan ministers, present palm-branches to the multitude who went up into the shrine. But the courageous Christian disappointed their views. Holding forth the branches with an unshrinking hand, he cried aloud, 'Come hither and take the branch—not of an idol temple, but of Christ.'

"So indefatigable was this learned father in his studies that while

composing his 'Commentary on the Scriptures,' he was attended by seven scribes or notaries, who relieved each other in recording the dictates of his eloquent tongue, while the same number of young females, selected for the beauty of their penmanship, were employed in arranging and transcribing the precious leaves.[29]

"Among the scribes so selected was the fair young Theora, whose parents, though attached to the pagan worship, were not unwilling to profit by the accomplishments of their daughter thus occupied in a task which they looked on as purely mechanical. To the maid herself, however, her employment brought far other feelings and consequences. She read anxiously as she wrote, and the divine truths so eloquently illustrated found their way by degrees from the page to her heart. Deeply, too, as the written words affected her, the discourses from the lips of the great teacher himself, which she had frequent opportunities of hearing, sunk still more deeply into her mind. There was at once a sublimity and gentleness in his views of religion which to the tender hearts and lively imaginations of women never failed to appeal with convincing power. Accordingly the list of his female pupils was numerous, and the names of Barbara, Juliana, Heraïs, and others, bear honorable testimony to his influence over that sex.

"To Theora the feeling with which his discourses inspired her was like a new soul, a consciousness of spiritual existence never before felt. By the eloquence of the comment she was awakened into admiration of the text, and when, by the kindness of a catechumen of the school, who had been struck by her innocent zeal, she for the first time became a possessor of a copy of the Scriptures she could not sleep for thinking of her sacred treasure. With a mixture of pleasure and fear, she hid it from all eyes, and was like one who had received a divine guest under her roof and felt fearful of betraying its divinity to the world.

"A heart so awake would have been with ease secured to the faith had her opportunities of hearing the sacred word continued; but circumstances arose to deprive her of this advantage. The mild Origen, long harrassed and thwarted in his labors by the tyranny of Demetrius, Bishop of Alexandria, was obliged to relinquish his school and fly from Egypt. The occupation of the fair scribe was therefore at an end, her intercourse with the followers of the new

[29] It was during the composition of his great critical work, the "Hexapla," that Origen employed these female scribes.

faith ceased, and the growing enthusiasm of her heart gave way to more worldly impressions.

"Among other earthly feelings, love conduced not a little to wean her thoughts from the true religion. While still very young, she became the wife of a Greek adventurer who had come to Egypt as a purchaser of that rich tapestry in which the needles of Persia are rivalled by the looms of the Nile. Having taken his young bride to Memphis, which was still the great mart of this merchandise, he there, in the midst of his speculations, died, leaving his widow on the point of becoming a mother, while as yet but in her nineteenth year.

"For single and unprotected females it has been, at all times, a favorite resource to seek for employment in the service of some of those great temples by which so large a portion of the wealth and power of Egypt is absorbed. In most of these institutions there exists an order of priestesses, which, though not hereditary like that of the priests, is provided for by ample endowments, and confers that dignity and station with which, in a government so theocratic, religion is sure to invest even her humblest handmaids. From the general policy of the Sacred College of Memphis, we take for granted that an accomplished female like Theora found but little difficulty in being elected one of the priestesses of Isis, and it was in the service of the subterranean shrines that her ministry chiefly lay.

"Here, a month or two after her admission, she gave birth to Alethe, who first opened her eyes among the unholy pomps and specious miracles of this mysterious region. Though Theora, as we have seen, had been diverted by other feelings from her first enthusiasm for the Christian faith, she had never wholly forgot the impression then made upon her. The sacred volume which the pious catechumen had given her was still treasured with care, and though she seldom opened its pages, there was always an idea of sanctity associated with it in her memory, and often would she sit to look upon it with reverential pleasure, recalling the happiness she had felt when it was first made her own.

"The leisure of her new retreat and the lone melancholy of widowhood led her still more frequently to indulge in such thoughts, and to recur to those consoling truths which she had heard in the school of Alexandria. She now began to peruse eagerly the sacred volume, drinking deep of the fountain of which she before but

tasted, and feeling—what thousands of mourners since her have felt—that Christianity is the true and only religion of the sorrowful.

"This study of her secret hours became still more dear to her, as well from the peril with which at that period it was attended as from the necessity she felt herself under of concealing from those around her the precious light that had been thus kindled in her own heart. Too timid to encounter the fierce persecution which awaited all who were suspected of a leaning to Christianity, she continued to officiate in the pomps and ceremonies of the temple, though often with such remorse of soul that she would pause, in the midst of the rites, and pray inwardly to God that he would forgive this profanation of his Spirit.

"In the meantime her daughter, the young Alethe, grew up still lovelier than herself, and added every hour both to her happiness and her fears. When arrived at a sufficient age, she was taught, like the other children of the priestesses, to take a share in the service and ceremonies of the shrines. The duty of some of these young servitors was to look after the flowers for the altar, of others to take care that the sacred vases were filled every day with fresh water from the Nile. The task of some was to preserve in perfect polish those silver images of the moon which the priests carried in processions, while others were, as we have seen, employed in feeding the consecrated animals, and in keeping their plumes and scales bright for the admiring eyes of their worshippers.

"The office allotted to Alethe, the most honorable of these minor ministries, was to wait upon the sacred birds of the moon, to feed them daily with those eggs from the Nile which they loved, and to provide for their use that purest water, which alone these delicate birds will touch. This employment was the delight of her childish hours, and that ibis which Alciphron (the Epicurean) saw her dance round in the temple was, of all the sacred flock, her especial favorite, and had been daily fondled and fed by her from infancy.

"Music, as being one of the chief spells of this enchanted region, was an accomplishment required of all its ministrants, and the harp, the lyre, and the sacred flute sounded nowhere so sweetly as through these subterranean gardens. The chief object, indeed, in the education of the youth of the temple, was to fit them, by every grace of art and nature, to give effect to the illusion of those shows

and phantasms in which the entire charm and secret of initiation lay.

"Among the means employed to support the old system of superstition against the infidelity and, still more, the new faith that menaced it, was an increased display of splendor and marvels in those mysteries for which Egypt has so long been celebrated. Of these ceremonies so many imitations had, under various names, multiplied throughout Europe that at length the parent superstition ran a risk of being eclipsed by its progeny, and in order still to rank as the first priesthood in the world, it became necessary for those of Egypt to remain still the best imposters.

"Accordingly, every contrivance that art could devise or labor execute—every resource that the wonderful knowledge of the priests in pyrotechny, mechanics, and dioptrics could command, was brought into action to heighten the effect of their mysteries and give an air of enchantment to everything connected with them.

"The final scene of beatification, the Elysium into which the initiate was received, formed, of course, the leading attraction of these ceremonies, and to render it captivating alike to the senses of the man of pleasure and the imagination of the spiritualist, was the great object to which the attention of the Sacred College was devoted. By the influence of the priests of Memphis over those of the other temples, they had succeeded in extending their subterranean frontier, both to the north and south, so as to include within their ever-lighted paradise some of the gardens excavated for the use of the other Twelve Shrines.

"The beauty of the young Alethe, the touching sweetness of her voice, and the sensibility that breathed throughout her every look and movement, rendered her a powerful auxiliary in such appeals to the imagination. She had been, accordingly, in her very childhood selected from among her fair companions as the most worthy representative of spiritual loveliness in those pictures of Elysium—those scenes of another world—by which not only the fancy, but the reason of the excited aspirants was dazzled.

"To the innocent child herself these shows were pastime. But to Theora, who knew too well the imposition to which they were subservient, this profanation of all that she loved was a perpetual source of horror and remorse. Often would she, when Alethe stood smiling before her, arrayed, perhaps, as a spirit of the Elysian world, turn away with a shudder from the happy child, almost

fancying she saw already the shadows of sin descending over that innocent brow as she gazed upon it.

"As the intellect of the young maid became more active and enquiring, the apprehensions and difficulties of the mother increased. Afraid to communicate her own precious secret, lest she should involve her child in the dangers that encompassed it, she yet felt it to be no less a cruelty than a crime to leave her wholly immersed in the darkness of paganism. In this dilemma the only resource that remained to her was to select and disengage from the dross that surrounded them those pure particles of truth which lie at the bottom of all religions—those feelings, rather than doctrines, of which God has never left his creatures destitute, and which in all ages have furnished to those who sought after it some clue to his glory.

"The unity and perfect goodness of the Creator, the fall of the human soul into corruption, its struggles with the darkness of this world, and its final redemption and reascent to the source of all spirit; these natural solutions of the problem of our existence, these elementary grounds of all religion and virtue which Theora had heard illustrated by her Christian teacher, lay also, she knew, veiled under the theology of Egypt, and to impress them in their abstract purity upon the mind of her susceptible pupil was, in default of more heavenly lights, her sole ambition and care.

"It was generally their habit, after devoting their mornings to the service of the temple, to pass their evenings and nights in one of those small mansions above ground allotted within the precincts of the Sacred College to some of the most favored priestesses. Here, out of the reach of those gross superstitions which pursued them at every step below, she endeavored to inform, as far as she could venture, the mind of her beloved girl, and found it lean as naturally and instinctively to truth as plants long shut up in darkness will when light is let in upon them incline themselves to its rays.

"Frequently, as they sat together on the terrace at night admiring that glorious assembly of stars whose beauty first misled mankind into idolatry, she would explain to the young listener by what gradations of error it was that the worship thus transferred from the Creator to the creature sunk still lower and lower in the scale of being till man at length presumed to deify man, and by the most monstrous of inversions heaven was made the mere mirror of earth, reflecting back all its most earthly features.

"Even in the temple itself the anxious mother would endeavor

to interpose her purer lessons among the idolatrous ceremonies in which they were engaged. When the favorite ibis of Alethe took its station upon the shrine, and the young maiden was seen approaching, with all the gravity of worship, the very bird which she had played with but an hour before—when the acacia-bough which she herself had plucked seemed to acquire a sudden sacredness in her eyes as soon as the priest had breathed upon it—on all such occasions Theora, though with fear and trembling, would venture to suggest to the youthful worshipper the distinction that should be drawn between the sensible object of adoration and that spiritual, unseen Deity of which it was but the remembrancer or type.

"With sorrow, however, she soon discovered that in thus but partially letting in light upon a mind far too ardent to rest satisfied with such glimmerings she but bewildered the heart which she meant to guide, and cut down the feeble hope around which its faith twined, without substituting any other support in its place. As the beauty, too, of Alethe began to attract all eyes, new fears crowded upon the mother's heart—fears in which she was but too much justified by the characters of some of those around her.

"In this sacred abode, as may easily be conceived, morality did not always go hand in hand with religion. The hypocritical and ambitious Orcus, who was at this period high-priest of Memphis, was a man in every respect qualified to preside over a system of such splendid fraud. He had reached that effective time of life when enough of the warmth and vigor of youth remains to give animation to the counsels of age. But in his instance youth had left only the baser passions behind, while age but brought with it a more refined maturity of mischief. The advantages of a faith appealing almost wholly to the senses were well understood by him, nor had he failed either to discover that in order to render religion subservient to his own interests he must shape it adroitly to the interests and passions of others.

"The state of anxiety and remorse in which the mind of the hapless Theora was kept by the scenes, however artfully veiled, which she daily witnessed around her became at length intolerable. No perils that the cause of truth could bring with it would be half so dreadful as this endurance of sinfulness and deceit. Her child was as yet pure and innocent, but, without that sentinel of the soul, religion, how long might she continue so?

"This thought at once decided her. All other fears vanished

before it. She resolved instantly to lay open to Alethe the whole secret of her soul; to make this child, who was her only hope on earth, the sharer of all her hopes in heaven, and then fly with her, as soon as possible, from this unhallowed spot to the far desert, to the mountains, to any place, however desolate, where God and the consciousness of innocence might be with them.

"The promptitude with which her young pupil caught from her the divine truths was even beyond what she expected. It was like the lighting of one torch at another, so prepared was Alethe's mind for the illumination. Amply, indeed, was the anxious mother now repaid for all her misery by this perfect communion of love and faith, and by the delight with which she saw her beloved child, like the young antelope when first led by her dam to the well, drink thirstily by her side at the source of all life and truth.

"But such happiness was not long to last. The anxieties that Theora had suffered began to prey upon her health. She felt her strength daily decline, and the thoughts of leaving, alone and unguarded in the world, that treasure which she had just devoted to heaven, gave her a feeling of despair which but hastened the ebb of life. Had she put in practice her resolution of flying from this place, her child might have been now beyond the reach of all she dreaded, and in the solitude of the desert would have found at least safety from wrong. But the very happiness she had felt in her new task diverted her from this project, and it was now too late, for she was already dying.

"She still continued, however, to conceal the state of her health from the tender and sanguine girl, who, though observing the traces of disease on her mother's cheek, little knew that they were the hastening footsteps of death, nor even thought of the possibility of ever losing what was so dear to her. Too soon, however, the moment of separation arrived, and while the anguish and dismay of Alethe were in proportion to the security in which she had indulged, Theora, too, felt, with bitter regret, that she had sacrificed to her fond consideration much precious time, and that there now remained but a few brief and painful moments for the communication of all those wishes and instructions on which the future destiny of the young orphan depended.

"She had, indeed, time for little more than to place the sacred volume solemnly in her hands; to implore that she would, at all risks, fly from this unholy place; and, pointing in the direction of

the mountains of the Saïd, to name with her last breath the venerable man to whom, under heaven, she looked for the protection and salvation of her child.

"The first violence of feeling to which Alethe gave way was succeeded by a fixed and tearless grief, which rendered her insensible for some time to the dangers of her situation. Her sole comfort consisted in visiting that monumental chapel where the beautiful remains of Theora lay. There, night after night, in contemplation of those placid features, and in prayers for the peace of the departed spirit, did she pass her lonely and, however sad they were, happiest hours. Though the mystic emblems that decorated that chapel were but ill-suited to the slumber of a Christian, there was one among them, the cross, which, by a remarkable coincidence, is an emblem alike common to the Gentile and the Christian, being to the former a shadowy type of that immortality of which to the latter it is a substantial and assuring pledge.

"Nightly upon this cross, which she had often seen her lost mother kiss, did she breathe forth a solemn and heartfelt vow never to abandon the faith which that departed spirit had bequeathed to her. To such enthusiasm, indeed, did her heart at such moments rise that but for the last injunctions of those pallid lips she would at once have avowed her perilous secret, and boldly pronounce the words, 'I am a Christian,' among those benighted shrines!

"But the will of her to whom she owed more than life was to be obeyed. To escape from this haunt of superstition must now, she felt, be her first object, and in planning the means of effecting it her mind, day and night, was employed. It was with a loathing not to be concealed that she now found herself compelled to resume her idolatrous services at the shrine. To some of the offices of Theora she succeeded, as is the custom, by inheritance, and in the performance of these tasks, sanctified as they were in her eyes by the pure spirit she had seen engaged in them, there was a sort of melancholy pleasure in which her sorrow found relief. But the part she was again forced to take in the scenic shows of the mysteries brought with it a sense of degradation and wrong which she could no longer endure.

"Already had she formed in her own mind a plan of escape, in which her acquaintance with all the windings of this mystic realm gave her confidence, when the solemn reception of Alciphron as an initiate took place.

"From the first moment of the landing of that philosopher at Alexandria he had become an object of suspicion and watchfulness to the inquisitorial Orcus, whom philosophy, in any shape, naturally alarmed, but to whom the sect over which the young Athenian presided was particularly obnoxious. The accomplishments of Alciphron, his popularity wherever he went, and the bold freedom with which he indulged his wit at the expense of religion, were all faithfully reported to the high-priest by his spies, and awakened in his mind no kindly feelings towards the stranger. In dealing with an infidel, such a personage as Orcus could know no other alternative but that of either converting or destroying him, and though his spite as a man would have been more gratified by the latter proceeding, his pride as a priest led him to prefer the triumph of the former.

"The first descent of the Epicurean into the pyramid became speedily known, and the alarm was immediately given to the priests below. As soon as they had discovered that the young philosopher of Athens was the intruder, and that he not only still continued to linger around the pyramid, but was observed to look often and wistfully towards the portal, it was concluded that his curiosity would impel him to try a second descent, and Orcus, blessing the good chance which had thus brought the wild bird into his net, resolved not to suffer an opportunity so precious to be wasted.

"Instantly the whole of that wonderful machinery by which the phantasms and illusions of initiation are produced were put in active preparation throughout that subterranean realm, and the increased stir and vigilance awakened among its inmates by this more than ordinary display of the resources of priestcraft rendered the accomplishment of Alethe's purpose at such a moment peculiarly difficult. Wholly ignorant of the important share which it had been her own fortune to take in attracting the young philosopher down to this region, she but heard of him vaguely as the chief of a great Grecian sect, who had been led, by either curiosity or accident, to expose himself to the first trials of initiation, and whom the priests, she could see, were endeavoring to ensnare in their toils by every art and lure with which their dark science had gifted them.

"To her mind the image of a philosopher such as Alciphron had been represented to her came associated with ideas of age and reverence, and more than once the possibility of his being made instrumental to her deliverance flashed a hope across her heart in

which she could not refrain from indulging. Often had she been told by Theora of the many Gentile sages who had laid their wisdom down humbly at the foot of the cross; and though this initiate, she feared, could hardly be among the number, yet the rumors which she had gathered from the servants of the temple of his undisguised contempt for the errors of heathenism led her to hope she might find tolerance, if not sympathy, in her appeal to him.

"Nor was it solely with a view to her own chance of deliverance that she thus connected him in her thoughts with the plan which she meditated. The look of proud and self-gratulating malice with which the high-priest had mentioned this 'infidel,' as he styled him, when giving her instructions in the scene she was to act before the philosopher in the valley, too plainly informed her of the dark destiny that hung over him. She knew how many were the hapless candidates for initiation who had been doomed to a durance worse than that of the grave for but a word, a whisper breathed against the sacred absurdities that they witnessed; and it was evident to her that the venerable Greek (for such her fancy represented Alciphron) was no less interested in escaping from the snares and perils of this region than herself.

"Her own resolution was, at all events, fixed. That visionary scene in which she had appeared before Alciphron, little knowing how ardent were the heart and imagination over which her beauty at that moment exercised its influence, was, she solemnly resolved, the very last unholy service that superstition or imposture should ever command of her.

"On the following night the aspirant was to watch in the Great Temple of Isis. Such an opportunity of approaching and addressing him might never come again. Should he, from compassion for her situation or a sense of the danger of his own, consent to lend his aid to her flight, most gladly would she accept it, well assured that no danger or treachery she might risk could be half so odious and fearful as those which she left behind. Should he, on the contrary, reject the proposal, her determination was equally fixed—to trust to that God whose eye watches over the innocent, and go forth alone.

"To reach the island in Lake Mœris was her first great object, and there occurred, fortunately, at this time a mode of effecting her purpose by which both the difficulty and dangers of the attempt would be much diminished. The day of the annual visitation of the

high-priest to the Place of Weeping—as that island in the centre of the lake is called—was now fast approaching, and Alethe knew that the self-moving car by which the high-priest and one of the hierophants are conveyed down to the chambers under the lake stood then waiting in readiness. By availing herself of this expedient, she would gain the double advantage both of facilitating her own flight and retarding the speed of her pursuers.

"Having paid a last visit to the tomb of her beloved mother, and wept there long and passionately, till her heart almost failed in the struggle, having paused, too, to give a kiss to her favorite ibis, which, although too much a Christian to worship, she was still child enough to love, she went early, with a trembling step, to the sanctuary, and there hid herself in one of the recesses of the shrine. Her intention was to steal out from thence to Alciphron while it was yet dark, and before the illumination of the great statue behind the veils had begun. But her fears delayed her till it was almost too late; already was the image lighted up, and still she remained trembling in her hiding-place.

"In a few minutes more the mighty veils would have been withdrawn and the glories of that scene of enchantment laid open, when at length, summoning all her courage and taking advantage of a momentary absence of those employed in preparing this splendid mockery, she stole from under the veil and found her way through the gloom to the Epicurean. There was then no time for explanation; she had but to trust to the simple words, 'Follow, and be silent,' and the implicit readiness with which she found them obeyed filled her with no less surprise than the philosopher himself had felt in hearing them.

"In a second or two they were on their way through the subterranean windings, leaving the ministers of Isis to waste their splendors on vacancy, through a long series of miracles and visions which they now exhibited, unconscious that he whom they were taking such pains to dazzle was already, under the guidance of the young Christian, far removed beyond the reach of their deceiving spells."

CHAPTER XIII.

Such was the singular story of which this innocent girl now gave me, in her own touching language, the outline.

The sun was just rising as she finished her narrative. Fearful of encountering the expression of those feelings with which, she could

not but observe, I was affected by her recital, scarcely had she concluded the last sentence, when, rising abruptly from her seat, she hurried into the pavilion, leaving me with the words fast crowding for utterance to my lips.

Oppressed by the various emotions thus sent back upon my heart, I lay down on the deck in a state of agitation that defied even the most distant approaches of sleep. While every word she had uttered, every feeling she expressed, but ministered new fuel to that flame which consumed me, and to describe which passion is far too weak a word, there was also much of her recital that disheartened and alarmed me. To find a Christian thus under the garb of a Memphian priestess was a discovery that, had my heart been less deeply interested, would but have more powerfully stimulated my imagination and pride. But when I recollected the austerity of the faith she had embraced, the tender and sacred tie associated with it in her memory, and the devotion of woman's heart to objects thus consecrated, her very perfections but widened the distance between us, and all that most kindled my passion at the same time chilled my hopes.

Were we to be left to each other, as on this silent river, in such undisturbed communion of thoughts and feelings, I knew too well, I thought, both her sex's nature and my own to feel a doubt that love would ultimately triumph. But the severity of the guardianship to which I must resign her—that of some monk in the desert, some stern solitary—the influence such a monitor would gain over her mind, and the horror with which ere long he might teach her to regard the reprobate infidel upon whom she now smiled—in all this prospect I saw nothing but despair. After a few short hours, my dream of happiness would be at an end, and such a dark chasm must then open between our fates as would dissever them wide as earth from heaven asunder.

It was true she was now wholly in my power. I feared no witnesses but those of earth, and the solitude of the desert was at hand. But though I acknowledged not a heaven, I worshipped her who was to me its type and substitute. If at any moment a single thought of wrong or deceit towards one so sacred arose in my mind, one look from her innocent eyes averted the sacrilege. Even passion itself felt a holy fear in her presence, like the flame trembling in the breeze of the sanctuary, and love, pure love, stood in place of religion.

As long as I knew not her story, I could indulge at least in dreams of the future. But now what expectation, what prospect remained? My single chance of happiness lay in the hope, however delusive, of being able to divert her thoughts from the fatal project she meditated, of weaning her, by persuasion and argument, from that austere faith which I had before hated and now feared, and of attaching her, perhaps, alone and unlinked as she was in the world, to my own fortunes for ever.

In the agitation of these thoughts I had started from my resting-place, and continued to pace up and down, under a burning sun, till, exhausted both by thought and feeling, I sunk down amid that blaze of light into a sleep, which to my fevered brain seemed a sleep of fire.

On awaking I found the veil of Alethe laid carefully over my brow, while she herself sat near me, under the shadow of the sail, looking anxiously upon that leaf which her mother had given her, and employed apparently in comparing its outlines with the course of the river, as well as with the forms of the rocky hills by which we were passing. She looked pale and troubled, and rose eagerly to meet me, as if she had long and impatiently waited for my waking.

Her heart, it was plain, had been disturbed from its security and was beginning to take alarm at its own feelings. But though vaguely conscious of the peril to which she was exposed, her reliance, as is usual in such cases, increased with her danger, and upon me, far more than on herself, did she seem to depend for saving her. To reach as soon as possible her asylum in the desert was now the urgent object of her entreaties and wishes, and the self-reproach which she expressed at having for a single moment suffered her thoughts to be diverted from this sacred purpose not only revealed the truth that she *had* forgotten it, but betrayed even a glimmering consciousness of the cause.

Her sleep, she said, had been broken by ill-omened dreams. Every moment the shade of her mother had stood before her, rebuking, with mournful looks, her delay, and pointing, as she had done in death, to the eastern hills. Bursting into tears at this accusing recollection, she hastily placed the leaf, which she had been examining, in my hands, and implored that I would ascertain, without a moment's delay, what portion of our voyage was still unperformed, and in what space of time we might hope to accomplish it.

I had, still less than herself, taken note of either place or distance, and, could we have been left to glide on in this dream of happiness, should never have thought of pausing to ask where it would end. But such confidence was far too sacred to be deceived, and, reluctant as I naturally felt to enter on an enquiry which might soon dissipate even my last hope, her wish was sufficient to supersede even the selfishness of love, and on the instant I proceeded to obey her will.

There stands on the eastern bank of the Nile, to the north of Antinoë, a high and steep rock impending over the flood, which has borne for ages, from a prodigy connected with it, the name of the Mountain of the Birds. Yearly, it is said, at a certain season and hour, large flocks of birds assemble in the ravine of which this rocky mountain forms one of the sides, and are there observed to go through the mysterious ceremony of inserting each its beak into a particular cleft of the rock, till the cleft closes upon one of their number, when all the rest of the birds take wing and leave the selected victim to die.

Through the ravine rendered famous by this charm—for such the multitude consider it—there ran in ancient times a canal from the Nile to some great and forgotten city now buried in the desert. To a short distance from the river this canal still exists, but after having passed through the defile its scanty waters disappear and are wholly lost under the sands.

It was in the neighborhood of this place, as I could collect from the delineations on the leaf—where a flight of birds represented the name of the mountain—that the abode of the solitary to whom Alethe was about to consign herself was situated. Little as I knew of the geography of Egypt, it at once struck me that we had long since left this mountain behind, and on enquiring of our boatmen, I found my conjecture confirmed. We had, indeed, passed it on the preceding night; and as the wind had been ever since blowing strongly from the north, and the sun was already sinking towards the horizon, we must be now at least a day's sail to the southward of the spot.

This discovery, I confess, filled my heart with a feeling of joy which I found it difficult to conceal. It seemed as if fortune was conspiring with love in my behalf, and by thus delaying the moment of our separation afforded me a chance at least of happiness. Her look and manner, too, when informed of our mistake, rather encouraged than chilled this secret hope. In the first moment of

astonishment her eyes opened upon me with a suddenness of splendor under which I felt my own wink as though lightning had crossed them. But she again, as suddenly, let their lids fall, and, after a quiver of her lip, which showed the conflict of feeling then going on within, crossed her arms upon her bosom and looked down silently upon the deck, her whole countenance sinking into an expression sad but resigned, as if she now felt that fate was on the side of wrong, and saw love already stealing between her soul and heaven.

I was not slow, of course, in availing myself of what I fancied to be the irresolution of her mind. But still fearful of exciting alarm by any appeal to feelings of regard or tenderness, I but addressed myself to her imagination and to that love of novelty and wonders which is ever ready to be awakened within the youthful breast. We were now approaching that region of miracles, Thebes. "In a day or two," said I, "we shall see towering above the waters the colossal Avenue of Sphinxes and the bright Obelisks of the Sun. We shall visit the plain of Memnon and behold those mighty statues that fling their shadows at sunrise over the Libyan hills. We shall hear the image of the Son of the Morning responding to the first touch of light. From thence, in a few hours, a breeze like this will transport us to those sunny islands near the cataracts, there to wander among the sacred palm-groves of Philæ, or sit at noontide hour in those cool alcoves which the waterfall of Syene shadows under its arch. Oh! who is there that, with scenes of such loveliness within reach, would turn coldly away to the bleak desert and leave this fair world, with all its enchantments, shining unseen and unenjoyed? At least," I added, taking tenderly her hand in mine, "let a few more days be stolen from the dreary fate to which thou hast devoted thyself, and then—"

She had heard but the last few words, the rest had been lost upon her. Startled by the tone of tenderness into which, in spite of all my resolves, I had suffered my voice to soften, she looked for an instant with passionate earnestness into my face, then, dropping upon her knees with her clasped hands upraised, exclaimed: "Tempt me not, in the name of God I implore thee—tempt me not to swerve from my sacred duty. Oh! take me instantly to that desert mountain, and I will bless thee for ever."

This appeal, I felt, could not be resisted, even though my heart were to break for it. Having silently intimated my assent to her

prayer by a slight pressure of her hand as I raised her from the deck, I proceeded immediately, as we were still in full career for the south, to give orders that our sail should be instantly lowered, and not a moment lost in retracing our course.

In giving these directions, however, it for the first time occurred to me that, as I had hired this yacht in the neighborhood of Memphis, where it was probable the flight of the young priestess would be most vigilantly tracked, we should run the risk of betraying to the boatmen the place of her retreat, and there was now a most favorable opportunity for taking precautions against this danger. Desiring, therefore, that we should be landed at a small village on the shore, under pretence of paying a visit to some shrine in the neighborhood, I there dismissed our barge, and was relieved from fear of further observation by seeing it again set sail, and resume its course fleetly up the current.

From the boats of all descriptions that lay idle beside the bank, I now selected one in every respect suited to my purpose, being, in its shape and accommodations, a miniature of our former vessel, but at the same time so light and small as to be manageable by myself alone, and requiring, with the advantage of the current, little more than a hand to steer it. This boat I succeeded without much difficulty in purchasing, and after a short delay we were again afloat down the current, the sun just then sinking in conscious glory over his own golden shrines in the Libyan waste.

The evening was calmer and more lovely than any that had yet smiled upon our voyage, and as we left the shore a strain of sweet melody came soothingly over our ears. It was the voice of a young Nubian girl, whom we saw kneeling before an acacia upon the bank, and singing, while her companions stood around, the wild song of invocation, which in her country they address to that enchanted tree :

> " O Abyssinian tree !
> We pray, we pray to thee ;
> By the glow of thy golden fruit,
> And the violet hue of thy flower,
> And the greeting mute
> Of thy bough's salute
> To the stranger who seeks thy bower.[30]

[30] See an account of this sensitive tree, which bends down its branches to those who approach it, in M. Jomard's "Description of Syene and the Cataracts."

"O Abyssinian tree!
How the traveller blesses thee
When the night no moon allows,
And the sunset hour is near,
And thou bend'st thy boughs
To kiss his brows,
Saying, 'Come, rest thee here'!
O Abyssinian tree!
Thus bow thy head to me."

In the burden of this song the companions of the young Nubian joined, and we heard the words, "O Abyssinian tree!" dying away on the breeze long after the whole group had been lost to our eyes.

Whether in the new arrangement which I had made for our voyage any motive besides those which I professed had a share I can scarcely even myself, so bewildered were then my feelings, determine. But no sooner had the current borne us away from all human dwellings, and we were alone on the waters, with not a soul near, than I felt how closely such solitude draws hearts together, and how much more we seemed to belong to each other than when there were eyes around us.

The same feeling, but without the same sense of its danger, was manifest in every look and word of Alethe. The consciousness of the one great effort which she had made appeared to have satisfied her heart on the score of duty, while the devotedness with which she saw I attended to her every wish was felt with all that trusting gratitude which in woman is the day-spring of love. She was, therefore, happy, innocently happy, and the confiding and even affectionate unreserve of her manner, while it rendered my trust more sacred, made it also far more difficult.

It was only, however, upon subjects unconnected with our situation or fate that she yielded to such interchange of thought, or that her voice ventured to answer mine. The moment I alluded to the destiny that awaited us all her cheerfulness fled, and she became saddened and silent. When I described to her the beauty of my own native land, its founts of inspiration and fields of glory, her eyes sparkled with sympathy, and sometimes even softened into fondness. But when I ventured to whisper that in that glorious country a life full of love and liberty awaited her; when I proceeded to contrast the adoration and bliss she might command with

the gloomy austerities of the life to which she was hastening, it was like the coming of a sudden cloud over a summer sky. Her head sunk as she listened, I waited in vain for an answer, and when, half playfully reproaching her for this silence, I stooped to take her hand, I could feel the warm tears fast falling over it.

But even this, feeble as was the hope it held out, was still a glimpse of happiness. Though it foreboded that I should lose her, it also whispered that I was loved. Like that lake in the land of roses whose waters are half sweet, half bitter, I felt my fate to be a compound of bliss and pain, but its very pain well worth all ordinary bliss.

And thus did the hours of that night pass along, while every moment shortened our happy dream, and the current seemed to flow with a swifter pace than any that ever yet hurried to the sea. Not a feature of the whole scene but lives at this moment freshly in my memory—the broken starlight on the water, the rippling sound of the boat as, without oar or sail, it went, like a thing of enchantment, down the stream; the scented fire, burning beside us upon the deck; and then that face on which its light fell, revealing at every moment some new charm, some blush or look more beautiful than the last.

Often while I sat gazing, forgetful of all else in this world, our boat, left wholly to itself, would drive from its course, and, bearing us away to the bank, get entangled in the water-flowers or be caught in some eddy ere I perceived where we were. Once, too, when the rustling of my oar among the flowers had startled away from the bank some wild antelopes that had stolen at that still hour to drink of the Nile, what an emblem did I think it of the young heart then beside me, tasting for the first time of hope and love, and so soon, alas! to be scared from their sweetness for ever.

CHAPTER XIV.

The night was now far advanced; the bend of our course towards the left and the closing in of the eastern hills upon the river gave warning of our approach to the hermit's dwelling. Every minute now appeared like the last of existence, and I felt a sinking of despair at my heart which would have been intolerable had not a resolution that suddenly, and as if by inspiration, oc-

curred to me, presented a glimpse of hope, which, in some degree, calmed my feelings.

Much as I had, all my life, despised hypocrisy—the very sect I had embraced being chiefly recommended to me by the war they continued to wage upon the cant of all others—it was, nevertheless, in hypocrisy that I now scrupled not to take refuge from that calamity which to me was far worse than either shame or death—my separation from Alethe. In my despair I adopted the humiliating plan—deeply humiliating, as I felt it to be, even amid the joy with which I welcomed it—of offering myself to this hermit as a convert to his faith, and thus becoming the fellow-disciple of Alethe under his care!

From the moment I resolved upon this plan my spirit felt lightened. Though having fully before my eyes the mean labyrinth of imposture into which it would lead me, I thought of nothing but the chance of our continuing still together. In this hope all pride, all philosophy was forgotten, and everything seemed tolerable but the prospect of losing her.

Thus resolved, it was with somewhat less reluctant feelings that I now undertook, at the anxious desire of my companion, to ascertain the site of that well-known mountain in the neighborhood of which the anchoret's dwelling lay. We had already passed one or two stupendous rocks, which stood detached like fortresses over the river's brink, and which in some degree corresponded with the description on the leaf. So little was there of life now stirring along the shores that I had begun almost to despair of any assistance from enquiry, when, on looking to the western bank, I saw a boatman among the sedges, towing his small boat with some difficulty up the current. Hailing him as we passed, I asked: "Where stands the Mountain of the Birds?" And he had hardly time, as he pointed above us, to answer "There," when we perceived that we were just then entering into the shadow which this mighty rock flings across the whole of the flood.

In a few moments we had reached the mouth of the ravine of which the Mountain of the Birds forms one of the sides, and through which the scanty canal of the Nile flows. At the sight of this awful chasm, within some of whose dreary recesses (if we had rightly interpreted the leaf) the dwelling of the solitary was to be found, our voices sunk at once into a low whisper, while Alethe turned round to me with a look of awe and eagerness, as if doubt-

ful whether I had not already disappeared from her side. A quick movement, however, of her hand towards the ravine told too plainly that her purpose was still unchanged. Immediately checking, therefore, with my oars the career of our boat, I succeeded, after no small exertion, in turning it out of the current of the river, and steering into this bleak and stagnant canal.

Our transition from life and bloom to the very depth of desolation was immediate. While the water on one side of the ravine lay buried in shadow, the white, skeleton-like crags of the other stood aloft in the pale glare of moonlight. The sluggish stream through which we moved yielded sullenly to the oar, and the shriek of a few water-birds, which we had roused from their fastnesses, was succeeded by a silence so dead and awful that our lips seemed afraid to disturb it by a breath, and half-whispered exclamations, "How dreary!" "How dismal!" were almost the only words exchanged between us.

We had proceeded for some time through this gloomy defile, when, at a short distance before us, among the rocks upon which the moonlight fell, we could perceive, on a ledge elevated but a little above the canal, a small hut or cave, which, from a tree or two planted around it, had some appearance of being the abode of a human being. "This, then," thought I, "is the home to which she is destined!" A chill of despair came again over my heart, and the oars, as I sat gazing, lay motionless in my hands.

I found Alethe, too, whose eyes had caught the same object, drawing closer to my side than she had yet ventured. Laying her hand agitatedly upon mine, "We must here," said she, "part for ever." I turned to her as she spoke; there was a tenderness, a despondency, in her countenance that at once saddened and inflamed my soul. "Part!" I exclaimed, passionately. "No; the same God shall receive us both. Thy faith, Alethe, shall from this hour be mine, and I will live and die in this desert with thee!"

Her surprise, her delight, at these words was like a momentary delirium. The wild, anxious smile with which she looked into my face, as if to ascertain whether she had indeed heard my words aright, bespoke a happiness too much for reason to bear. At length the fulness of her heart found relief in tears, and, murmuring forth an incoherent blessing on my name, she let her head fall languidly and powerlessly on my arm. The light from my boat-fire shone upon her face. I saw her eyes, which she had closed for

a moment, again opening upon me with the same tenderness, and—merciful Providence, how I remember that moment !—was on the point of bending down my lips towards hers when suddenly, in the air above us, as if coming direct from heaven, there burst forth a strain of choral music that with its solemn sweetness filled the whole valley.

Breaking away from my caress at these supernatural sounds, the maiden threw herself trembling upon her knees, and, not daring to look up, exclaimed wildly, "My mother, oh ! my mother."

It was the Christian's morning hymn that we heard—the same, as I learned afterwards, that, on their high terrace at Memphis, she had been taught by her mother to sing to the rising sun.

Scarcely less startled than my companion, I looked up, and saw at the very summit of the rock above us a light, appearing to come from a small opening or window, through which those sounds likewise that had appeared to me so supernatural issued. There could be no doubt that we had now found, if not the dwelling of the anchoret, at least the haunt of some of the Christian brotherhood of these rocks, by whose assistance we could not fail to find the place of his retreat.

The agitation into which Alethe had been thrown by the first burst of that psalmody soon yielded to the softening recollections which it brought back, and a calm came over her brow such as it had never before worn since we met. She seemed to feel as if she had now reached her destined haven, and hailed as the voice of heaven itself those solemn sounds by which she was welcomed to it.

In her tranquillity, however, I was very far from yet sympathizing. Full of impatience to learn all that awaited her as well as myself, I pushed our boat close to the base of the rock, so as to bring it directly under that lighted window on the summit, to explore my way up to which was now my immediate object. Having hastily received my instructions from Alethe and made her repeat again the name of the Christian whom we sought, I sprang upon the bank and was not long in discovering a sort of path or stairway cut rudely out of the rock, and leading, as I found, by easy windings up the steep.

After ascending for some time, I arrived at a level space or ledge which the hand of labor had succeeded in converting into a garden,[31]

[31] The monks of Mount Sinai (Shaw says) have covered over near four acres of the naked rocks with fruitful gardens and orchards.

and which was planted here and there with fig-trees and palms. Around it, too, I could perceive through the glimmering light a number of small caves or grottos, into some of which human beings might find an entrance, while others appeared of no larger dimensions than those tombs of the sacred birds which are seen ranged around Lake Mœris.

I was still, I found, but half-way up the ascent, nor was there visible any further means of continuing my course, as the mountain from hence rose, almost perpendicularly, like a wall. At length, however, on exploring more closely, I discovered behind the shade of a fig-tree a large ladder of wood resting firmly against the rock, and affording an easy and safe ascent up the steep.

Having ascertained thus far, I again descended to the boat for Alethe, whom I found trembling already at her short solitude, and having led her up the stairway to this quiet garden, left her lodged there securely amid its holy science while I pursued my way upward to the light upon the rock.

At the top of the long ladder I found myself on another ledge or platform, somewhat smaller than the first, but planted in the same manner with trees, and, as I could perceive by the mingled light of morning and the moon, embellished with flowers. I was now near the summit; there remained but another short ascent, and, as a ladder against the rock supplied, as before, the means of scaling it, I was in a few minutes at the opening from which the light issued.

I had ascended gently, as well from a feeling of awe at the whole scene as from an unwillingness to disturb rudely the rites on which I intruded. My approach, therefore, being unheard, an opportunity was for some moments afforded me of observing the group within before my appearance at the window was discovered.

In the middle of the apartment, which seemed to have been once a pagan oratory, there was collected an assembly of about seven or eight persons, some male, some female, kneeling in silence round a small altar, while among them, as if presiding over their solemn ceremony, stood an aged man, who, at the moment of my arrival, was presenting to one of the female worshippers an alabaster cup, which she applied, with profound reverence, to her lips. The venerable countenance of the minister, as he pronounced a short prayer over her head, wore an expression of profound feeling that showed how wholly he was absorbed in that rite; and when she had drank of the cup—which I saw had engraven on its side the image

of a head [32] with a glory round it—the holy man bent down and kissed her forehead.[33]

After this parting salutation, the whole group rose silently from their knees, and it was then for the first time that, by a cry of terror from one of the women, the appearance of a stranger at the window was discovered. The whole assembly seemed startled and alarmed except him, that superior person, who, advancing from the altar with an unmoved look, raised the latch of the door adjoining to the window and admitted me.

There was in this old man's features a mixture of elevation and sweetness, of simplicity and energy, which commanded at once attachment and homage; and half hoping, half fearing, to find in him the destined guardian of Alethe, I looked anxiously in his face as I entered and pronounced the name "Melanius." "Melanius is my name, young stranger," he answered, "and, whether in friendship or in enmity thou comest, Melanius blesses thee." Thus saying, he made a sign with his right hand above my head, while, with involuntary respect, I bowed beneath the benediction.

"Let this volume," I replied, "answer for the peacefulness of my mission," at the same time placing in his hands the copy of the Scriptures which had been his own gift to the mother of Alethe, and which her child now brought as the credential of her claims on his protection. At the sight of this sacred pledge, which he instantly recognized, the solemnity that had at first marked his reception of me softened into tenderness. Thoughts of other times appeared to pass through his mind, and as, with a sigh of recollection, he took the book from my hands, some words on the outer leaf caught his eye. They were few, but contained most probably the last wishes of the dying Theora, for, as he read them over eagerly, I saw tears in his aged eyes. "The trust," he said with faltering voice, "is precious and sacred, and God will enable, I hope, his servant to guard it faithfully."

During this short dialogue the other persons of the assembly had departed, being, as I afterwards learned, brethren from the neighboring bank of the Nile, who came thus secretly before daybreak to join in worshipping their God. Fearful lest their descent down the

[32] There was usually, Tertullian tells us, the image of Christ on the chalices.

[33] "We are rather disposed to infer," says the late Bishop of Lincoln in his very sensible work on Tertullian, "that at the conclusion of all their meetings for the purpose of devotion the early Christians were accustomed to give the kiss of peace in token of the brotherly love subsisting between them."

rock might alarm Alethe, I hurried briefly over the few words of explanation that remained, and, leaving the venerable Christian to follow at his leisure, hastened anxiously to rejoin the young maiden.

CHAPTER XV.

Melanius was one of the first of those zealous Christians of Egypt who, following the recent example of the hermit, Paul, bade farewell to all the comforts of social existence, and betook themselves to a life of contemplation in the desert. Less selfish, however, in his piety than most of these ascetics, Melanius forgot not the world in leaving it. He knew that man was not born to live wholly for himself, that his relation to human kind was that of the link to the chain, and that even his solitude should be turned to the advantage of others. In flying, therefore, from the din and disturbance of life, he sought not to place himself beyond the reach of its sympathies, but selected a retreat where he could combine all the advantages of solitude with those opportunities of being useful to his fellow-men which a neighborhood to their populous haunts would afford.

That taste for the gloom of subterranean recesses which the race of Misraim inherit from their Ethiopian ancestors had, by hollowing out all Egypt into caverns and crypts, supplied these Christian anchorets with an ample choice of retreats. Accordingly, some found a shelter in the grottos of Elethya, others among the royal tombs of the Thebaïd. In the middle of the Seven Valleys, where the sun rarely shines, a few have fixed their dim and melancholy retreat, while others have sought the neighborhood of the red lakes of Nitria, and there, like those pagan solitaries of old who fixed their dwelling among the palm-trees near the Dead Sea, pass their whole lives in musing amidst the sterility of nature, and seem to find in her desolation peace.

It was one of the mountains of the Saïd, to the east of the river, that Melanius, as we have seen, chose his place of seclusion, having all the life and fertility of the Nile on one side and the lone, dismal barrenness of the desert on the other. Half-way down this mountain, where it impends over the ravine, he found a series of caves or grottos dug out of the rock, which had in other times ministered to some purpose of mystery, but whose use had long been forgotten and their recesses abandoned.

To this place, after the banishment of this great master, Origen,

Melanius with a few faithful followers retired, and there, by the example of his innocent life as well as by his fervid eloquence, succeeded in winning crowds of converts to his faith. Placed as he was in the neighborhood of the rich city, Antinoë, though he mingled not with its multitude, his name and his fame were ever among them, and to all who sought after instruction or consolation the cell of the hermit was always open.

Notwithstanding the rigid abstinence of his own habits, he was yet careful to provide for the comforts of others. Content with a rude pallet of straw himself, he had always for the stranger a less homely resting-place. From his grotto the wayfaring and the indigent never went unrefreshed, and with the aid of some of his brethren he had formed gardens along the ledges of the mountain, which gave an air of life and cheerfulness to his rocky dwelling, and supplied him with the chief necessaries of such a climate—fruit and shade.

Though the acquaintance he had formed with the mother of Alethe during the short period of her attendance at the school of Origen was soon interrupted and never afterwards renewed, the interest which he had then taken in her fate was far too lively to be forgotten. He had seen the zeal with which her young heart welcomed instruction, and the thought that so promising a candidate for heaven should have relapsed into idolatry came often with disquieting apprehension over his mind.

It was, therefore, with true pleasure that, but a year or two before Theora's death, he had learned by a private communication from her, transmitted through a Christian embalmer of Memphis, that "not only had her own heart taken root in the faith, but that a new bud had flowered with the same divine hope, and that ere long he might see them both transplanted to the desert."

The coming, therefore, of Alethe was far less a surprise to him than her coming thus alone was a shock and a sorrow, and the silence of their first meeting showed how painfully both remembered that the tie which had brought them together was no longer of this world, that the hand which should have been then joined with theirs was mouldering in the tomb. I now saw that even religion like his was not proof against the sadness of mortality. For, as the old man put aside the ringlets from her forehead, and contemplated in that clear countenance the reflection of what her mother had been, there mingled a mournfulness with his piety as he said, "Heaven rest her

soul!" which showed how little even the certainty of a heaven for those we love can reconcile us to the pain of having lost them on earth.

The full light of day had now risen upon the desert, and our host, reminded by the faint looks of Alethe of the many anxious hours we had passed without sleep, proposed that we should seek, in the chambers of the rock, such rest as a hermit's dwelling could offer. Pointing to one of the largest of these openings, as he addressed me, "Thou wilt find," he said, "in that grotto a bed of fresh doom-leaves, and may the consciousness of having protected the orphan sweeten thy sleep!"

I felt how dearly this praise had been earned, and already almost repented of having deserved it. There was a sadness in the countenance of Alethe as I took leave of her to which the forebodings of my own heart but too faithfully responded; nor could I help fearing, as her hand parted lingeringly from mine, that I had, by this sacrifice, placed her beyond my reach for ever.

Having lighted for me a lamp, which in these recesses even at noon is necessary, the holy man led me to the entrance of the grotto. And here, I blush to say, my career of hypocrisy began. With the sole view of obtaining another glance at Alethe, I turned humbly to solicit the benediction of the Christian, and having conveyed to her, while bending reverently down, as much of the deep feeling of my soul as looks could express, I then, with a desponding spirit, hurried into the cavern.

A short passage led me to the chamber within, the walls of which I found covered, like those of the grottos of Lycopolis, with paintings, which, though executed long ages ago, looked as fresh as if their colors were but laid on yesterday. They were all of them representations of rural and domestic scenes, and, in the greater number, the melancholy imagination of the artist had called in, as usual, the presence of Death, to throw his shadow over the picture.

My attention was particularly drawn to one series of subjects, throughout the whole of which the same group—consisting of a youth, a maiden, and two aged persons, who appeared to be the father and mother of the girl—were represented in all the details of their daily life. The looks and attitudes of the young people denoted that they were lovers; and sometimes they were seen sitting under a canopy of flowers with their eyes fixed on each

other's faces as though they could never look away; sometimes they appeared walking along the banks of the Nile—

> . . . . on one of those sweet nights
> When Isis, the pure star of lovers, lights
> Her bridal crescent o'er the holy stream ;
> When wandering youths and maidens watch ner beam,
> And number o'er the nights she hath to run
> Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun.

Through all these scenes of endearment the two elder persons stood by, their calm countenances touched with a share of that bliss in whose perfect light the young lovers were basking. Thus far all was happiness, but the sad lesson of mortality was yet to come. In the last picture of the series one of the figures was missing. It was that of the young maiden, who had disappeared from among them. On the brink of a dark lake stood the three who remained, while a boat just departing for the City of the Dead told too plainly the end of their dream of happiness.

This memorial of a sorrow of other times—of a sorrow ancient as death itself—was not wanting to deepen the melancholy of my mind, or to add to the weight of the many bodings that pressed upon it.

After a night, as it seemed, of anxious and unsleeping thought, I rose from my bed and returned to the garden. I found the Christian alone, seated, under the shade of one of his trees, at a small table, on which there lay a volume unrolled, while a beautiful antelope was sleeping at his feet. Struck by the contrast which he presented to those haughty priests whom I had seen surrounded by the pomp and gorgeousness of temples, "Is this, then," thought I, "the faith before which the world now trembles, its temple the desert, its treasury a book, and its high-priest the solitary dweller of the rock?"

He had prepared for me a simple, but hospitable repast, of which fruits from his own garden, the white bread of Olyra, and the juice of the honey-cane formed the most costly luxuries. His manner to me was even more cordial and fatherly than before; but the absence of Alethe, and, still more, the ominous reserve with which he not only himself refrained from all mention of her name, but eluded the few enquiries by which I sought to lead to it, seemed to confirm all the apprehensions I had felt in parting from her.

She had acquainted him, it was evident, with the whole history of our flight. My reputation as a philosopher, my desire to become a Christian, all was already known to the zealous anchoret, and the subject of my conversion was the very first on which he entered. O pride of philosophy! how wert thou then humbled, and with what shame did I stand in the presence of that venerable man, not daring to let my eyes encounter his, while, with unhesitating trust in the sincerity of my intention, he welcomed me to a participation of his holy hope, and imprinted the kiss of charity on my infidel brow!

Embarrassed as I could not but feel by the humiliating consciousness of hypocrisy, I was even still more perplexed by my almost total ignorance of the real tenets of the faith to which I professed myself a convert. Abashed and confused, and with a heart sick at its own deceit, I listened to the animated and eloquent gratulations of the Christian as though they were words in a dream without any link or meaning, nor could disguise but by the mockery of a reverent bow at every pause the total want of self-possession, and even of speech, under which I labored.

A few minutes more of such trial, and I must have avowed my imposture. But the holy man perceived my embarrassment, and whether mistaking it for awe or knowing it to be ignorance, relieved me from my perplexity by at once changing the theme. Having gently awakened his antelope from its sleep, "You have doubtless," he said, "heard of my brother-anchoret, Paul, who from his cave in the marble mountains near the Red Sea sends hourly the blessed 'sacrifice of thanksgiving' to heaven. Of *his* walks, they tell me, a lion is the companion;[34] but for me," he added with a playful and significant smile, "who try my powers of taming but on the gentler animals, this feeble child of the desert is a far fitter playmate." Then taking his staff, and putting the time-worn volume which he had been perusing into a large goat-skin pouch that hung by his side, "I will now," said he, "conduct thee over my rocky kingdom, that thou mayest see in what drear and barren places that 'sweet fruit of the spirit,' peace, may be gathered."

To speak of peace to a heart throbbing as mine did at that moment was like talking of some distant harbor to the mariner sinking at sea. In vain did I look around for some sign of Alethe, in vain make an effort even to utter her name. Consciousness of my

[34] Châteaubriand has introduced Paul and his lion into the "Martyrs," liv. xi.

own deceit, as well as a fear of awakening in the mind of Melanius any suspicion that might tend to frustrate my only hope, threw a fetter over my spirit, and checked my tongue. In humble silence, therefore, I followed, while the cheerful old man, with slow but firm step, ascended the rock by the same ladders which I had mounted on the preceding night.

During the time when the Decian persecution was raging many Christians, as he told me, of the neighborhood had taken refuge under his protection in these grottos, and the small chapel upon the summit where I had found his flock at prayer was in those awful times of suffering their usual place of retreat, where, by drawing up these ladders, they were enabled to secure themselves from pursuit.

The view from the top of the rock, extending on either side, embraced the two extremes of fertility and desolation; nor could the Epicurean and the anchoret, who now stood gazing from that height, be at any loss to indulge their respective tastes between the living luxuriance of the world on one side and the dead, pulseless repose of the desert on the other. When we turned to the river, what a picture of animation presented itself! Near us to the south were the graceful colonnades of Antinoë, its proud, populous streets, and triumphal monuments. On the opposite shore rich plains, all teeming with cultivation to the water's edge, seemed to offer up as from verdant altars their fruits to the sun, while beneath us the Nile—

> . . . . the glorious stream,
> That late between its banks was seen to glide,
> With shrines and marble cities on each side
> Glittering, like jewels strung along a chain,
> Had now sent forth its waters, and o'er plain
> And valley, like a giant from his bed
> Rising with outstretch'd limbs, superbly spread.

From this scene on one side of the mountain we had but to turn round our eyes to the other, and it was as if nature herself had become suddenly extinct—a wide waste of sands, bleak and interminable, wearying out the sun with its sameness of desolation; black, burnt-up rocks that stood as barriers at which life stopped, while the only signs of animation, past or present, were the footprints here and there of an antelope, or ostrich, or the bones of dead

camels as they lay whitening at a distance, marking out the track of the caravans over the waste.

After listening while he contrasted, in a few eloquent words, the two regions of life and death on whose confines we stood, I again descended with my guide to the garden that we had left. From thence, turning into a path along the mountain-side, he led me to another row of grottos facing the desert, which had been once, he said, the abode of those brethren in Christ who had fled with him to this solitude from the crowded world, but which death had, within a few short months, rendered tenantless. A cross of red stone and a few faded trees were the only traces these solitaries had left behind.

A silence of some minutes succeeded while we descended to the edge of the canal, and I saw opposite among the rocks that solitary cave which had so chilled me with its aspect on the preceding night. Beside the bank we found one of those rustic boats which the Egyptians construct of planks of wild thorn, bound rudely together with bands of papyrus. Placing ourselves in this boat, and rather impelling than rowing it across, we made our way through the foul and shallow flood, and landed directly under the site of the cave.

This dwelling was situated, as I have already mentioned, on a ledge of the rock, and, being provided with a sort of window or aperture to admit the light of heaven, was accounted, I found, far more cheerful than the grottos on the other side of the ravine. But there was a dreariness in the whole region around to which light only lent additional horror. The dead whiteness of the rocks as they stood like ghosts in the sunshine, that melancholy pool, half lost in the sands, all gave to my mind the idea of a wasting world. To dwell in a place so desolate seemed to me a living death, and when the Christian, as we entered the cave, said, "Here is to be thy home," prepared as I had been for the worst, all my resolution gave way, every feeling of disappointed passion and humbled pride which had been gathering round my heart for the last few hours found a vent at once, and I burst into tears.

Accustomed to human weakness, and perhaps guessing at some of the sources of mine, the good hermit, without appearing to take any notice of this emotion, proceeded to expatiate with a cheerful air on what he called the comforts of my dwelling. Sheltered from the dry, burning wind of the south, my porch would inhale, he said, the fresh breeze of the Dog-star. Fruits from his own moun-

tain garden should furnish my repast. The well of the neighboring rock would supply my beverage; and "here," he continued, lowering his voice into a more solemn tone as he placed upon the table the volume which he had brought, "here, my son, is that 'well of living waters' in which alone thou wilt find lasting refreshment or peace." Thus saying, he descended the rock to his boat, and, after a few plashes of his oar had died upon my ear, the solitude and silence that reigned around me was complete.

CHAPTER XVI.

What a fate was mine! but a few weeks since presiding over that gay festival of the garden, with all the luxuries of existence tributary in my train, and now—self-humbled into a solitary outcast, the hypocritical pupil of a Christian anchoret, without even the excuse of religious fanaticism or any other madness but that of love, wild love, to extenuate my fall. Were there a hope that by this humiliating waste of existence I might purchase now and then a momentary glimpse of Alethe, even the depths of the desert with such a chance would be welcome. But to live, and live thus, *without* her, was a misery which I neither foresaw nor could endure.

Hating even to look upon the den to which I was doomed, I hurried out into the air, and found my way along the rocks to the desert. The sun was going down, with that blood-red hue which he so often wears in this climate at his setting. I saw the sands stretching out like a sea to the horizon, as if their waste extended to the very verge of the world, and in the bitterness of my feelings rejoiced to see so large a portion of creation rescued, even by this barren liberty, from the encroaching grasp of man. The thought seemed to relieve my wounded pride, and, as I wandered over the dim and boundless solitude, to be thus free, even amidst blight and desolation, appeared to me a blessing.

The only living thing I saw was a restless swallow, whose wings were of the same hue with the gray sands over which he fluttered. "Why," thought I, "may not the mind, like this bird, partake of the color of the desert, and sympathize in its austerity, its freedom, and its calm?" thus vainly endeavoring, between despondence and defiance, to encounter with some degree of fortitude what yet my heart sickened to contemplate. But the effort was unavailing. Overcome by that vast solitude, whose repose was not the slumber

of peace, but rather the sullen and burning silence of hate, I felt my spirit give way, and even love itself yielded to despair.

Taking my seat on a fragment of a rock, and covering my eyes with my hands, I made an effort to shut out the overwhelming prospect. But all in vain; it was still before me, with every additional horror that fancy could suggest; and when again looking forth I beheld the last red ray of the sun shooting across the melancholy and lifeless waste, it appeared to me like the light of that comet which once desolated this world, and thus luridly shone out over the ruin that it had made.

Appalled by my own gloomy imaginations, I turned towards the ravine, and, notwithstanding the disgust with which I had fled from my dwelling, was not ill pleased to find my way over the rocks to it again. On approaching the cave, to my astonishment, I saw a light within. At such a moment any vestige of life was welcome, and I hailed the unexpected appearance with pleasure. On entering, however, I found the chamber all as lonely as I had left it. The light I had seen came from a lamp that burned brightly on the table; beside it was unfolded the volume which Melanius had brought, and upon the open leaves—oh! joy and surprise—lay the well-known cross of Alethe.

What hand but her own could have prepared this reception for me? The very thought sent a hope into my heart before which all despondency fled. Even the gloom of the desert was forgotten, and my rude cave at once brightened into a bower. She had here reminded me, by this sacred memorial, of the vow which I had pledged to her under the hermit's rock, and I now scrupled not to reiterate the same daring promise, though conscious that through hypocrisy alone could I fulfil it.

Eager to prepare myself for my task of imposture, I sat down to the volume, which I now found to be the Hebrew Scriptures, and the first sentence on which my eyes fell was, "The Lord hath commanded the blessing, even life for evermore." Startled by those words, in which it appeared to me as if the spirit of my dream had again pronounced his assuring prediction,[35] I raised my eyes from

[35] "Many people," said Origen, "have been brought over to Christianity by the Spirit of God giving a sudden turn to their minds, and offering visions to them either by day or night." On this Jortin remarks: "Why should it be thought improbable that pagans of good dispositions, but not free from prejudices, should have been called by divine admonitions, by dreams or visions, which might be a support to Christianity in those days of distress?"

the page and repeated the sentence over and over, as if to try whether in these sounds there lay any charm or spell to reawaken that faded illusion in my soul. But no; the rank frauds of the Memphian priesthood had dispelled all my trust in the promises of religion. My heart had again relapsed into its gloom of scepticism, and to the word of "Life" the only answer it sent back was "Death."

Being impatient, however, to possess myself of the elements of a faith upon which—whatever it might promise for hereafter—I felt that all my happiness here depended, I turned over the pages with an earnestness and avidity such as never even the most favorite of my studies had awakened in me. Though, like all who seek but the surface of learning, I flew desultorily over the leaves, lighting only on the more prominent and shining points, I yet found myself even in this undisciplined career arrested at every page by the awful, the supernatural sublimity, the alternate melancholy and grandeur, of the images that crowded upon me.

I had till now known the Hebrew theology but through the platonizing refinement of Philo, as, in like manner, for my knowledge of the Christian doctrine I was indebted to my brother Epicureans, Lucian and Celsus. Little, therefore, was my mind prepared for the simple majesty, the high tone of inspiration, the poetry, in short, of heaven that breathed throughout these oracles. Could admiration have kindled faith, I should that night have been a believer, so elevated, so awed was my imagination by that wonderful book—its warnings of woe, its announcements of glory, and its unrivalled strains of adoration and sorrow.

Hour after hour, with the same eager and desultory curiosity, did I turn over the leaves, and when at length I lay down to rest, my fancy was still haunted by the impressions it had received. I went again through the various scenes of which I had read, again called up in sleep the bright images that had passed before me, and when awakened at early dawn by the solemn hymn from the chapel, imagined that I was still listening to the sound of the winds sighing mournfully through the harps of Israel on the willows.

Starting from my bed, I hurried out upon the rock, with a hope that among the tones of that morning choir I might be able to distinguish the sweet voice of Alethe. But the strain had ceased; I caught only the last notes of the hymn, as, echoing up that lonely valley, they died away into the silence of the desert.

With the first glimpse of light I was again eagerly at my study, and, notwithstanding the frequent distraction both of my thoughts and looks towards the distant, half-seen grottos of the anchoret, continued my task with unabating perseverance through the day. Still alive, however, but to the eloquence, the poetry of what I studied; of its claims to authority as a history I never once paused to consider. My fancy alone being interested by it, to fancy only I referred all that it contained, and, passing rapidly from annals to prophecy, from narration to song, regarded the whole but as a tissue of oriental allegories, in which the deep melancholy of Egyptian associations was interwoven with the rich and sensual imagery of the East.

Towards sunset I saw the venerable hermit on his way across the canal to my cave. Though he was accompanied only by his graceful antelope, which came snuffing the wild air of the desert as if scenting its home, I felt his visit even thus to be a most welcome relief. It was the hour, he said, of his evening ramble up the mountain—of his accustomed visit to those cisterns of the rock from which he drew nightly his most precious beverage. While he spoke I observed in his hand one of those earthen cups[36] in which it is the custom of the inhabitants of the wilderness to collect the fresh dew among the rocks. Having proposed that I should accompany him in his walk, he proceeded to lead me, in the direction of the desert, up the side of the mountain that rose above my dwelling, and which formed the southern wall or screen of the defile.

Near the summit we found a seat, where the old man paused to rest. It commanded a full view over the desert, and was by the side of one of those hollows in the rock, those natural reservoirs, in which are treasured the dews of night for the refreshment of the dwellers in the wilderness. Having learned from me how far I had advanced in my study, "In yonder light," said he, pointing to a small cloud in the east which had been formed on the horizon by the haze of the desert, and was now faintly reflecting the splendors of sunset—"in the midst of that light stands Mount Sinai, of whose glory thou hast read, upon whose summit was the scene of one of those awful revelations in which the Almighty has renewed from time to time his communication with man, and kept alive the remembrance of his own Providence in this world."

[36] Palladius, who lived some time in Egypt, describes the monk Ptolemæus, who inhabited the desert of Sœte, as collecting in earthen cups the abundant dew from the rocks.—"Bibliothec. Pat." tom. xiii.

After a pause, as if absorbed in the immensity of the subject, the holy man continued his sublime theme. Looking back to the earliest annals of time, he showed how constantly every relapse of the human race into idolatry has been followed by some manifestation of divine power, chastening the strong and proud by punishment and winning back the humble by love. It was to preserve, he said, unextinguished upon earth that great and vital truth—the creation of the world by one Supreme Being—that God chose from among the nations an humble and enslaved race, that he brought them out of their captivity "on eagles' wings," and, still surrounding every step of their course with miracles, has placed them before the eyes of all succeeding generations as the depositaries of his will and the ever-during memorials of his power.

Passing, then, in review the long train of inspired interpreters, whose pens and whose tongues were made the echoes of the divine voice, he traced throughout the events of successive ages the gradual unfolding of the dark scheme of Providence—darkness without but all light and glory within. The glimpses of a coming redemption, visible even through the wrath of Heaven—the long series of prophecy through which this hope runs burning and alive, like a spark along a chain—the slow and merciful preparation of the hearts of mankind for the great trial of their faith and obedience that was at hand, not only by miracles that appealed to the living, but by prophecies launched into the future to carry conviction to the yet unborn—"through all these glorious and beneficent gradations we may track," said he, "the manifest footsteps of a Creator advancing to his grand, ultimate end—the salvation of his creatures."

After some hours devoted to these holy instructions, we returned to the ravine, and Melanius left me at my cave, praying, as he parted from me—with a benevolence which I but ill, alas! deserved—that my soul might, under these lessons, be "as a watered garden," and, ere long, "bear fruit unto life eternal."

Next morning I was again at my study, and even more eager in the awakening task than before. With the commentary of the hermit freshly in my memory, I again read through, with attention, the Book of the Law. But in vain did I seek the promise of immortality in its pages. "It tells me," said I, "of a God coming down to earth, but of the ascent of man to heaven it speaks not. The rewards, the punishments it announces lie all on this side of the grave; nor did even the Omnipotent offer to his own chosen

servants a hope beyond the impassable limits of this world. Where, then, is the salvation of which the Christian spoke? or, if death be at the root of the faith, can life spring out of it?"

Again, in the bitterness of disappointment, did I mock at my own willing self-delusion, again rail at the arts of that traitoress, Fancy, ever ready, like the Delilah of this wondrous book, to steal upon the slumbers of Reason, and deliver him up, shorn and powerless, to his foes. If deception, thought I, be necessary, at least let me not practise it on myself; in the desperate alternative before me, let me rather be even hypocrite than dupe.

These self-accusing reflections, cheerless as they rendered my task, did not abate, for a single moment, my industry in pursuing it. I read on and on, with a sort of sullen apathy, neither charmed by style nor transported by imagery, the fatal blight in my heart having communicated itself to my imagination and taste. The curses and the blessings, the glory and the ruin, which the historian had recorded and the prophet had predicted seemed all of this world—all temporal and earthly. That mortality of which the fountainhead had tasted tinged the whole stream; and when I read the words, "All are of the dust, and all turn to dust again," a feeling like the wind of the desert came withcringly over me. Love, beauty, glory, everything most bright and worshipped upon earth, appeared to be sinking before my eyes, under this dreadful doom, into one general mass of corruption and silence.

Possessed by the image of desolation I had thus called up, I laid my head upon the book in a paroxysm of despair. Death in all his most ghastly varieties passed before me, and I had continued thus for some time, as under the influence of a fearful vision, when the touch of a hand upon my shoulder roused me. Looking up, I saw the anchoret standing by my side, his countenance beaming with that sublime tranquillity which a hope beyond this earth alone can bestow. How I did envy him!

We again took our way to the seat upon the mountain, the gloom within my own mind making everything around me more gloomy. Forgetting my hypocrisy in my feelings, I proceeded at once to make an avowal to him of all the doubts and fears which my study of the morning had awakened.

"Thou art yet, my son," he answered, "but on the threshold of our faith. Thou hast seen but the first rudiments of the divine plan;

its full and consummate perfection hath not yet opened upon thy mind. However glorious that manifestation of divinity on Mount Sinai, it was but the forerunner of another, still more glorious, which, in the fulness of time, was to burst upon the world; when all that before had seemed dim and incomplete was to be perfected, and the promises shadowed out by the 'spirit of prophecy' realized; when the seal of silence, under which the future had so long lain, was to be broken, and the glad tidings of life and immortality proclaimed to the world!"

Observing my features brighten at these words, the pious man continued. Anticipating some of the holy knowledge that was in store for me, he traced through all its wonders and mercies the great work of Redemption, dwelling in detail upon every miraculous circumstance connected with it, the exalted nature of the Being by whose ministry it was accomplished, the noblest of Beings, the Son of God; the mysterious Incarnation of this heavenly messenger; the miracles that authenticated His divine mission; the example of obedience to God and love to man which He set, as a shining light, before the world for ever; and, lastly and chiefly, His death and resurrection, by which the covenant of mercy was sealed, and "life and immortality brought to light."

"Such," continued the hermit, "was the Mediator promised through all time to 'make reconciliation for iniquity,' to change death into life, and bring 'healing on his wings' to a darkened world. Such was the last crowning dispensation of that God of benevolence, in whose hands sin and death are but instruments of everlasting good, and who through apparent evil and temporary retribution, bringing all things 'out of darkness into his marvellous light,' proceeds watchfully and unchangingly to the great, final object of his providence—the restoration of the human race to purity and happiness."

With a mind astonished if not touched by these discourses, I returned to my cave, and found the lamp, as before, ready lighted to receive me. The volume which I had been hitherto studying was replaced by another, which lay open upon the table, with a branch of fresh palm between its leaves. Though I could not doubt to whose gentle and guardian hand I was indebted for this invisible watchfulness over my studies, there was yet a something in it so like spiritual interposition that it struck me with awe, and never more than at this moment when, on approaching the volume, I saw,

as the light glistened over its silver letters, that it was the very Book of Life of which the hermit had spoken.

The midnight hymn of the Christians had sounded through the valley before I had yet raised my eyes from that sacred volume, and the second hour of the sun found me again over its pages.

CHAPTER XVII.

In this mode of existence I had now passed some days, my mornings devoted to reading, my nights to listening, under the wide canopy of heaven, to the holy eloquence of Melanius. The perseverance with which I enquired, and the quickness with which I learned, soon succeeded in deceiving my benevolent instructor, who mistook curiosity for zeal and knowledge for belief. Alas! cold and barren and earthly was that knowledge—the word without the spirit, the shape without the life. Even when as a relief from hypocrisy I persuaded myself that I believed, it was but a brief delusion, a faith whose hope crumbled at the touch like the fruit of the desert-shrub, shining and empty.

But though my soul was still dark, the good hermit saw not into its depths. The very facility of my belief, which might have suggested some doubt of its sincerity, was but regarded by his innocent zeal as a more signal triumph of the truth. His own ingenuousness led him to a ready trust in others, and the examples of such conversion as that of the philosopher Justin, who, during a walk by the sea-shore, received the light into his soul, had prepared him for illuminations of the spirit even more rapid than mine.

During all this time I neither saw nor heard of Alethe, nor could my patience have endured through so long a privation had not those mute vestiges of her presence that welcomed me every night on my return made me feel that I was still living under her gentle influence, and that her sympathy hung round every step of my progress. Once, too, when I ventured to speak her name to Melanius, though he answered not my enquiry, there was a smile, I thought, of promise upon his countenance, which love, far more alive than faith, was ready to interpret as it desired.

At length—it was on the sixth or seventh evening of my solitude, when I lay resting at the door of my cave after the study of the day—I was startled by hearing my name called loudly from the opposite rocks, and looking up, saw upon the cliff near the deserted

grottos Melanius and—oh! I *could not* doubt—my Alethe by his side.

Though I had never since the first night of my return from the desert ceased to flatter myself with the fancy that I was still living in her presence, the actual sight of her once more made me feel for what a long age we had been separated. She was clothed all in white, and, as she stood in the last remains of the sunshine, appeared to my too prophetic fancy like a parting spirit whose last footsteps on earth that pure glory encircled.

With a delight only to be imagined I saw them descend the rocks, and, placing themselves in the boat, proceed directly towards my cave. To disguise from Melanius the mutual delight with which we again met was impossible, nor did Alethe even attempt to make a secret of her joy. Though blushing at her own happiness, as little could her frank nature conceal it as the clear waters of Ethiopia can hide their gold. Every look, every word, bespoke a fulness of affection to which, doubtful as I was of our tenure of happiness, I knew not how to respond.

I was not long, however, left ignorant of the bright fate that awaited me; but, as we wandered or rested among the rocks, learned everything that had been arranged since our parting. She had made the hermit, I found, acquainted with all that had passed between us; had told him without reserve every incident of our voyage—the avowals, the demonstrations of affection on one side, and the deep sentiment that gratitude had awakened on the other. Too wise to regard affections so natural with severity, knowing that they were of heaven, and but made evil by man, the good hermit had heard of our attachment with pleasure, and, fully satisfied as to the honor and purity of my views by the fidelity with which I had delivered my trust into his hands, saw in my affection for the young orphan but a providential resource against that friendless solitude in which his death must soon leave her.

As, listening eagerly, I collected these particulars from their discourse, I could hardly trust my ears. It seemed a happiness too great to be true, to be real; nor can words convey any idea of the joy, the shame, the wonder with which I listened while the holy man himself declared that he awaited but the moment when he should find me worthy of becoming a member of the Christian Church, to give me also the hand of Alethe in that sacred union which alone sanctifies love, and makes the faith which it pledges holy. It

was but yesterday, he added, that his young charge herself, after a preparation of prayer and repentance, such as even her pure spirit required, had been admitted by the sacred ordinance of baptism into the bosom of the faith, and the white garment she wore and the ring of gold on her finger "were symbols," he added, "of that new life into which she had been initiated."

I raised my eyes to hers as he spoke, but withdrew them again, dazzled and confused. Even her beauty, to my imagination, seemed to have undergone some brightening change, and the contrast between that happy and open countenance and the unblest brow of the infidel that stood before her abashed me into a sense of unworthiness, and almost checked my rapture.

To that night, however, I look back as an epoch in my existence. It proved that sorrow is not the only awakener of devotion, but that joy may sometimes quicken the holy spark into life. Returning to my cave with a heart full, even to oppression, of its happiness, I could find no other relief to my overcharged feelings than that of throwing myself on my knees and uttering, for the first time in my life, a heart-felt prayer, that if, indeed, there were a Being who watched over mankind, he would send down one ray of his truth into my darkened soul and make it worthy of the blessings, both here and hereafter, proffered to it!

My days now rolled on in a perfect dream of happiness. Every hour of the morning was welcomed as bringing nearer and nearer the blest time of sunset, when the hermit and Alethe never failed to visit my now charmed cave, where her smile left at each parting a light that lasted till her return. Then our rambles together by starlight over the mountain; our pauses, from time to time, to contemplate the wonders of the bright heaven above us; our repose by the cistern of the rock; and our silent listening, through hours that seemed minutes, to the holy eloquence of our teacher—all, all was happiness of the most heartfelt kind, and such as even the doubts, the cold, lingering doubts, that still hung like a mist around my heart could neither cloud nor chill.

As soon as the moonlight nights returned we used to venture into the desert, and those sands, which had lately looked so desolate in my eyes, now assumed even a cheerful and smiling aspect. To the light, innocent heart of Alethe everything was a source of enjoyment. For her even the desert had its jewels and flowers, and sometimes her delight was to search among the sands for those

beautiful pebbles of jasper that abound in them; sometimes her eyes would sparkle with pleasure on finding, perhaps, a stunted marigold, or one of those bitter, scarlet flowers that lend their dry mockery of ornament to the desert. In all these pursuits and pleasures the good hermit took a share, mingling occasionally with them the reflections of a benevolent piety that lent its own cheerful hue to all the works of creation, and saw the consoling truth, "God is love," written legibly everywhere.

Such was, for a few weeks, my blissful life. O mornings of hope! O nights of happiness! with what melancholy pleasure do I retrace your flight, and how reluctantly pass to the sad events that followed!

During this time, in compliance with the wishes of Melanius, who seemed unwilling that I should become wholly estranged from the world, I used occasionally to pay a visit to the neighboring city, Antinoë, which, being the capital of the Thebaïd, is the centre of all the luxury of Upper Egypt. But here, so changed was my every feeling by the all-absorbing passion which now possessed me, that I sauntered along wholly uninterested by either the scenes or the people that surrounded me, and, sighing for that rocky solitude where my Alethe breathed, felt *this* to be the wilderness and *that* the world.

Even the thoughts of my own native Athens, that at every step was called up by the light Grecian architecture of this imperial city, did not awaken one single regret in my heart, one wish to exchange even an hour of my desert for the best luxuries and honors that awaited me in the garden. I saw the arches of triumph, I walked under the superb portico which encircles the whole city with its marble shade, I stood in the Circus of the Sun, by whose rose-colored pillars the mysterious movements of the Nile are measured—on all these proud monuments of glory and art, as well as on the gay multitude that enlivened them, I looked with unheeding eye. If they awakened in me any thought, it was the mournful idea that one day, like Thebes and Heliopolis, this pageant would pass away, leaving nothing behind but a few mouldering ruins, like sea-shells found where the ocean has been, to tell that the great tide of life was once there!

But though indifferent thus to all that had formerly attracted me, there were subjects once alien to my heart on which it was now most tremblingly alive, and some rumors which had reached me in

one of my visits to the city, of an expected change in the policy of the emperor towards the Christians, filled my mind with apprehensions as new as they were dreadful to me.

The toleration and even favor which the Christians enjoyed during the first four years of the reign of Valerian had removed from them all fear of a renewal of those horrors which they had experienced under the rule of his predecessor, Decius. Of late, however, some less friendly dispositions had manifested themselves. The bigots of the court, taking alarm at the rapid spread of the new faith, had succeeded in filling the mind of the monarch with that religious jealousy which is the ever-ready parent of cruelty and injustice. Among these counsellors of evil was Macrianus, the Prætorian Prefect, who was by birth an Egyptian, and had long made himself notorious—so akin is superstition to intolerance—by his addiction to the dark practices of demon-worship and magic.

From this minister, who was now high in the favor of Valerian, the new measures of severity against the Christians were expected to emanate. All tongues in all quarters were busy with the news. In the streets, in the public gardens, on the steps of the temples, I saw everywhere groups of enquirers collected, and heard the name of Macrianus upon every tongue. It was dreadful, too, to observe in the countenances of those who spoke the variety of feeling with which the rumor was discussed, according as they feared or desired its truth, according as they were likely to be among the torturers or the victims.

Alarmed, though still ignorant of the whole extent of the danger, I hurried back to the ravine, and going at once to the grotto of Melanius, detailed to him every particular of the intelligence I had collected. He listened to me with a composure which I mistook, alas! for confidence in his own security, and, naming the hour for our evening walk, retired into his grotto.

At the accustomed time, accompanied by Alethe, he came to my cave. It was evident that he had not communicated to her the intelligence which I had brought, for never hath brow worn such happiness as that which now played around hers; it was, alas! *not* of this earth. Melanius himself, though composed, was thoughtful, and the solemnity, almost approaching to melancholy, with which he placed the hand of Alethe in mine—in the performance, too, of a ceremony that *ought* to have filled my heart with joy—saddened and alarmed me. This ceremony was our betrothment, the act of

plighting our faith to each other, which we now solemnized on the rock before the door of my cave in the face of that calm, sunset heaven, whose one star stood as our witness. After a blessing from the hermit upon our spousal pledge, I placed the ring, the earnest of our future union, on her finger, and in the blush with which she surrendered to me her whole heart at that instant forgot everything but my happiness, and felt secure even against fate.

We took our accustomed walk that evening over the rocks and on the desert. So bright was the moon—more like the daylight, indeed, of other climes—that we could plainly see the tracks of the wild antelopes in the sand; and it was not without a slight tremble of feeling in his voice, as if some melancholy analogy occurred to him as he spoke, that the good hermit said, "I have observed in the course of my walks that wherever the track of that gentle animal appears there is almost always found the foot-print of a beast of prey near it." He regained, however, his usual cheerfulness before we parted, and fixed the following evening for an excursion on the other side of the ravine to a point looking, he said, "towards that northern region of the desert, where the hosts of the Lord encamped in their departure out of bondage."

Though when Alethe was present all my fears even for herself were forgotten in that perpetual element of happiness which encircled her like the air that she breathed, no sooner was I alone than vague terrors and bodings crowded upon me. In vain did I endeavor to reason away my fears by dwelling only on the most cheering circumstances, on the reverence with which Melanius was regarded even by the pagans, and the inviolate security with which he had lived through the most perilous periods, not only safe himself, but affording sanctuary in the depths of his grottos to others. Though somewhat calmed by these considerations, yet when at length I sunk off to sleep, dark, horrible dreams took possession of my mind. Scenes of death and of torment passed confusedly before me, and when I awoke it was with the fearful impression that all these horrors were real.

CHAPTER XVIII.

At length the day dawned, that dreadful day! Impatient to be relieved from my suspense, I threw myself into my boat, the same in which we had performed our happy voyage, and as fast as oars

could speed me hurried away to the city. I found the suburbs silent and solitary, but as I approached the forum loud yells, like those of barbarians in combat, struck on my ear, and when I entered it—great God, what a spectacle presented itself! The imperial edict against the Christians had arrived during the night, and already the wild fury of bigotry was let loose.

Under a canopy in the middle of the forum was the tribunal of the governor. Two statues—one of Apollo, the other of Osiris—stood at the bottom of the steps that led up to his judgment-seat. Before these idols were shrines, to which the devoted Christians were dragged from all quarters by the soldiers and mob, and there compelled to recant, by throwing incense into the flame, or, on their refusal, hurried away to torture and death. It was an appalling scene; the consternation, the cries of some of the victims, the pale, silent resolution of others; the fierce shouts of laughter that broke from the multitude when the dropping of the frankincense on the altar proclaimed some denier of Christ; and the fiend-like triumph with which the courageous confessors who avowed their faith were led away to the flames—never could I have conceived such an assemblage of horrors!

Though I gazed but for a few minutes, in those minutes I felt and fancied enough for years. Already did the form of Alethe appear to flit before me through that tumult; I heard them shout her name, her shriek fell on my ear, and the very thought so palsied me with terror that I stood fixed and statue-like on the spot.

Recollecting, however, the fearful preciousness of every moment, and that, perhaps, at this very instant some emissaries of blood might be on their way to the grottos, I rushed wildly out of the forum and made my way to the quay.

The streets were now crowded, but I ran headlong through the multitude, and was already under the portico leading down to the river—already saw the boat that was to bear me to Alethe—when a centurian stood sternly in my path, and I was surrounded and arrested by soldiers! It was in vain that I implored, that I struggled with them, as for life, assuring them that I was a stranger, that I was an Athenian, that I was—*not* a Christian. The precipitation of my flight was sufficient evidence against me, and unrelentingly, and by force, they bore me away to the quarters of their chief.

It was enough to drive me at once to madness! Two hours, two

frightful hours, was I kept waiting the arrival of the tribune of their legion, my brain burning with a thousand fears and imaginations, which every passing minute made but more likely to be realized. All I could collect, too, from the conversations of those around me but added to the agonizing apprehensions with which I was racked. Troops, it was said, had been sent in all directions through the neighborhood to bring in the rebellious Christians and make them bow before the gods of the empire. With horror, too, I heard of Orcus—Orcus, the High-Priest of Memphis—as one of the principal instigators of this sanguinary edict, and as here present in Antinoë, animating and directing its execution.

In this state of torture I remained till the arrival of the tribune. Absorbed in my own thoughts, I had not perceived his entrance, till, hearing a voice in a tone of friendly surprise, exclaim, "Alciphron!" I looked up, and in this legionary chief recognized a young Roman of rank who had held a military command the year before at Athens, and was one of the most distinguished visitors of the garden. It was no time, however, for courtesies; he was proceeding with all cordiality to greet me, but, having heard him order my instant release, I could wait for no more. Acknowledging his kindness but by a grasp of the hand, I flew off, like one frantic, through the streets, and in a few minutes was on the river.

My sole hope had been to reach the grottos before any of the detached parties should arrive, and, by a timely flight across the desert, rescue, at least, Alethe from their fury. The ill-fated delay that had occurred rendered this hope almost desperate, but the tranquillity I found everywhere as I proceeded down the river, and my fond confidence in the sacredness of the hermit's retreat, kept my heart from sinking altogether under its terrors.

Between the current and my oars, the boat flew with the speed of wind along the waters, and I was already near the rocks of the ravine when I saw, turning out of the canal into the river, a barge crowded with people and glittering with arms! How did I ever survive the shock of that sight? The oars dropped, as if struck out of my hands, into the water, and I sat helplessly gazing as that terrific vision approached. In a few minutes the current brought us together, and I saw, on the deck of the barge, Alethe herself and the hermit surrounded by soldiers!

We were already passing each other when, with a desperate effort, I sprang from my boat and lighted upon the edge of their vessel.

I knew not what I did, for despair was my only prompter. Snatching at the sword of one of the soldiers as I stood tottering on the edge, I had succeeded in wresting it out of his hands when, at the same moment, I received a thrust of a lance from one of his comrades and fell backward into the river. I can just remember rising again and making a grasp at the side of the vessel, but the shock and the faintness from my wound deprived me of all consciousness, and a shriek from Alethe as I sank is all I can recollect of what followed.

Would that I had then died! Yet no, Almighty Being, I should have died in darkness, and I have lived to know thee!

On returning to my senses, I found myself reclining on a couch in a splendid apartment, the whole appearance of which being Grecian, I for a moment forgot all that had passed, and imagined myself in my own home at Athens. But too soon the whole dreadful certainty flashed upon me, and, starting wildly—disabled as I was—from my couch, I called loudly, and with the shriek of a maniac, upon Alethe.

I was in the house, I then found, of my friend and disciple, the young tribune, who had made the governor acquainted with my name and condition, and had received me under his roof when brought bleeding and insensible to Antinoë. From him I now learned at once, for I could not wait for details, the sum of all that had happened in that dreadful interval. Melanius was no more, Alethe still alive, but in prison.

"Take me to her," I had but time to say—"take me to her instantly and let me die by her side," when, nature again failing under such shocks, I relapsed into insensibility. In this state I continued for near an hour, and on recovering found the tribune by my side. The horrors, he said, of the forum were for that day over, but what the morrow might bring he shuddered to contemplate. His nature, it was plain, revolted from the inhuman duties in which he was engaged. Touched by the agonies he saw me suffer, he in some degree relieved them by promising that I should at nightfall be conveyed to the prison, and, if possible, through his influence gain access to Alethe. She might yet, he added, be saved, could I succeed in persuading her to comply with the terms of the edict, and make sacrifice to the gods. "Otherwise," said he, "there is no hope; the vindictive Orcus, who has resisted even this short respite of mercy, will to-morrow inexorably demand his prey."

He then related to me, at my own request, though every word was torture, all the harrowing details of the proceeding before the tribunal. "I have seen courage," said he, "in its noblest forms in the field; but the calm intrepidity with which that aged hermit endured torments—which it was hardly less torment to witness—surpassed all that I could have conceived of human fortitude."

My poor Alethe, too; in describing to me her conduct, the brave man wept like a child. Overwhelmed, he said, at first by her apprehensions for my safety, she had given way to a full burst of womanly weakness. But no sooner was she brought before the tribunal and the declaration of her faith was demanded of her than a spirit almost supernatural seemed to animate her whole form. "She raised her eyes," said he, "calmly, but with fervor, to heaven, while a blush was the only sign of mortal feeling on her features, and the clear, sweet, and untrembling voice with which she pronounced her own doom in the words, 'I am a Christian!'[37] sent a thrill of admiration and pity throughout the multitude. Her youth, her loveliness affected all hearts, and a cry of 'Save the young maiden!' was heard in all directions."

The implacable Orcus, however, would not hear of mercy. Resenting, as it appeared, with all his deadliest rancor, not only her own escape from his toils, but the aid with which she had, so fatally to his views, assisted mine, he demanded loudly and in the name of the insulted sanctuary of Isis, her instant death. It was but by the firm intervention of the governor, who shared the general sympathy in her fate, that the delay of another day was granted to give a chance to the young maiden of yet recalling her confession, and thus affording some pretext for saving her.

Even in yielding, with evident reluctance, to this respite, the inhuman priest would yet accompany it with some mark of his vengeance. Whether for the pleasure (observed the tribune) of mingling mockery with his cruelty, or as a warning to her of the doom she must ultimately expect, he gave orders that there should be tied around her brow one of those chaplets of coral with which it is the custom of young Christian maidens to array themselves on the day of their martyrdom; "and thus fearfully adorned," said he,

[37] The merit of the confession "Christianus sum," or "Christiana sum," was considerably enhanced by the clearness and distinctness with which it was pronounced. Eusebius mentions the martyr Vetius as making it λαμπροτατη φωνη.

"she was led away amidst the gaze of the pitying multitude to prison."

With these harrowing details the short interval till nightfall—every minute of which seemed an age—was occupied. As soon as it grew dark, I was placed upon a litter—my wound, though not dangerous, requiring such a conveyance—and, under the guidance of my friend, I was conducted to the prison. Through his interest with the guard we were without difficulty admitted, and I was borne into the chamber where the maiden lay immured. Even the veteran guardian of the place seemed touched with compassion for his prisoner, and, supposing her to be asleep, had the litter placed gently near her.

She was half reclining, with her face hid beneath her hands, upon a couch, at the foot of which stood an idol, over whose hideous features a lamp of naphtha that hung from the ceiling shed a wild and ghastly glare. On a table before the image stood a censer, with a small vessel of incense beside it, one grain of which thrown voluntarily into the flame would, even now, save that precious life. So strange, so fearful was the whole scene that I almost doubted its reality. Alethe, my own, happy Alethe! *can* it, I thought, be thou that I look upon?

She now slowly and with difficulty raised her head from the couch, on observing which the kind tribune withdrew, and we were left alone. There was a paleness as of death over her features, and those eyes, which when last I saw them were but too bright, too happy for this world, looked dim and sunken. In raising herself up, she put her hand, as if from pain, to her forehead, whose marble hue but appeared more death-like from those red bands that lay so awfully across it.

After wandering for a minute vaguely, her eyes at length rested upon me, and, with a shriek half terror, half joy, she sprung from the couch and sunk upon her knees by my side. She had believed me dead, and even now scarcely trusted her senses. "My husband! my love!" she exclaimed; "oh! if thou comest to call me from this world, behold I am ready." In saying thus she pointed wildly to that ominous wreath, and then dropped her head down upon my knee as if an arrow had pierced it.

"Alethe!" I cried, terrified to the very soul by that mysterious pang, and, as if the sound of my voice had reanimated her, she looked up, with a faint smile, in my face. Her thoughts, which

had evidently been wandering, became collected, and in her joy at my safety, her sorrow at my suffering, she forgot entirely the fate that impended over herself. Love, innocent love, alone occupied all her thoughts, and the warmth, the affection, the devotedness with which she spoke, oh! how at any other moment I would have blessed, have lingered upon every word!

But the time flew fast, that dreadful morrow was approaching. Already I saw her writhing in the hands of the torturer; the flames, the racks, the wheels were before my eyes! Half frantic with the fear that her resolution was fixed, I flung myself from the litter in an agony of weeping, and supplicated her, by the love she bore me, by the happiness that awaited us, by her own merciful God, who was too good to require such a sacrifice, by all that the most passionate anxiety could dictate, I implored that she would avert from us the doom that was coming, and but for once comply with the vain ceremony demanded of her.

Shrinking from me as I spoke, but with a look more of sorrow than reproach, "What, thou, too!" she said mournfully, "thou, into whose inmost spirit I had fondly hoped the same light had entered as into my own! No, never be thou leagued with them who would tempt me to 'make shipwreck of my faith!' Thou, who couldst alone bind me to life, use not, I entreat thee, thy power, but let me die as he I serve hath commanded—die for the truth. Remember the holy lessons we heard together on those nights, those happy nights, when both the present and future smiled upon us, when even the gift of eternal life came more welcome to my soul from the glad conviction that thou wert to be a sharer in its blessings. Shall I forfeit now that divine privilege? shall I deny the true God whom we then learned to love?

"No, my own betrothed," she continued, pointing to the two rings on her finger, "behold these pledges; they are both sacred. I should have been as true to thee as I am now to Heaven; nor in that life to which I am hastening shall our love be forgotten. Should the baptism of fire through which I shall pass to-morrow make me worthy to be heard before the throne of grace, I will intercede for thy soul; I will pray that it may yet share with mine that 'inheritance immortal and undefiled' which mercy offers, and that thou and my dear mother and I—"

She here dropped her voice, the momentary animation with which devotion and affection had inspired her vanished, and there

came a darkness over all her features, a livid darkness like the approach of death, that made me shudder through every limb. Seizing my hand convulsively, and looking at me with a fearful eagerness, as if anxious to hear some consoling assurance from my own lips, "Believe me," she continued, "not all the torments they are preparing for me, not even this deep, burning pain in my brow to which they will hardly find an equal, could be half so dreadful to me as the thought that I leave thee without—"

Here her voice again failed, her head sunk upon my arm, and—merciful God, let me forget what I then felt!—I saw that she was dying! Whether I uttered any cry I know not, but the tribune came rushing into the chamber, and, looking on the maiden, said, with a face full of horror, "It is but too true!"

He then told me, in a low voice, what he had just learned from the guardian of the prison—that the band round the young Christian's brow was—oh! horrible—a compound of the most deadly poison, the hellish invention of Orcus, to satiate his vengeance, and make the fate of his poor victim secure. My first movement was to untie that fatal wreath, but it would not come away—it would not come away!

Roused by the pain, she again looked in my face, but, unable to speak, took hastily from her bosom the small silver cross which she had brought with her from my cave. Having pressed it to her own lips, she held it anxiously to mine, and seeing me kiss the holy symbol with fervor, looked happy and smiled. The agony of death seem to have passed away; there came suddenly over her features a heavenly light, some share of which I felt descending into my own soul, and in a few minutes more she expired in my arms.

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Here ends the manuscript, but on the outer cover is found, in the handwriting of a much later period, the following notice, extracted, as it appears, from some Egyptian martyrology:

"Alciphron, an Epicurean philosopher, converted to Christianity, A.D. 257, by a young Egyptian maiden, who suffered martyrdom in that year. Immediately upon her death he betook himself to the desert and lived a life, it is said, of much holiness and penitence. During the persecution under Diocletian his sufferings for the faith were most exemplary, and being at length, at an advanced age, condemned to hard labor for refusing to comply with an imperial edict, he died at the Brass Mines of Palestine A.D. 297.

EUGENE O'CURRY.

"He belongs to the race of the giants in literary research and industry, a race now almost extinct."—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

EUGENE O'CURRY, one of the truest men and greatest scholars ever produced by Ireland, was born at Dunhana, near Carrigaholt, county of Clare, in 1796. He owed little to schools; he was a self-made, self-taught man, all his vast knowledge being obtained by his own iron efforts.

While young he obtained a situation in Limerick, the duties of which required unceasing patience and attention. It was, perhaps, a good preparatory training for the future critic and antiquarian. As he grew in years, his love of Irish literature increased. His knowledge of the Irish language was thorough, and as time passed on he carefully added to his growing stock of Irish manuscripts.

O'Curry accidentally became acquainted with George Smith, the enterprising publisher of "The Annals of the Four Masters," and this acquaintance led to his public career as an Irish scholar. He was invited to Dublin, and from 1834 to 1841 he held a post in the antiquarian department of the Government Ordnance Survey of Ireland. He was then employed by the Royal Irish Academy, and by Trinity College, Dublin, in transcribing and cataloguing their old Irish manuscripts.

While thus engaged, he was one day visited by the poet Moore, in connection with which is told an anecdote that points its own moral.

"The first volume of Moore's 'History,'" [1] writes O'Curry, "was published in the year 1835, and in the year 1839, during one of his visits to the land of his birth, he, in company with his old and attached friend, Dr. Petrie, favored me with quite an unexpected visit at the Royal Irish Academy, then in Grafton Street. I was at that period employed on the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, and at the time of his visit happened to have before me on my desk the 'Books of Ballymote' and 'Lecain,' the 'Leabhar Breac,' 'The Annals of the Four Masters,' and many other ancient books for

[1] His "History of Ireland."

historical research and reference. I had never before seen Moore, and, after a brief introduction and explanation of the nature of my occupation by Dr. Petrie, and seeing the formidable array of so many dark and time-worn volumes by which I was surrounded, he looked a little disconcerted, but after a while plucked up courage to open the 'Book of Ballymote' and ask what it was. Dr. Petrie and myself then entered into a short explanation of the history and character of the books then present, as well as of ancient Gaedhlic documents in general. Moore listened with great attention, alternately scanning the books and myself, and then asked me, in a serious tone, if I understood them, and how I had learned to do so. Having satisfied him upon these points, he turned to Dr. Petrie and said: 'Petrie, these huge tomes could not have been written by fools or for any foolish purpose. I never knew anything about them before, and I had no right to have undertaken the "History of Ireland."'"[2]

Under the Brehon Law Commission, he and Dr. O'Donovan were engaged, in 1853, to transcribe and translate the ancient laws of Ireland from originals in Trinity College and the British Museum. These O'Curry had himself, in great part, discovered, and he was the first modern scholar able to decipher and explain them.

In 1854, on the establishment of the Catholic University in Dublin, his eminent abilities were recognized, and he was appointed to fill the chair of Irish history and archæology. With his whole soul Professor O'Curry applied himself to the unwrought field of his department, and the result was that his rich, patient, and massive intellect gave to Ireland and to the world works that live "to perish never." In 1860 he published his celebrated "Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History"—a deeply-interesting and profound volume, which takes its place among the greatest critical and historical works of modern times.

When the summons of death came, the pious and learned Professor was still engaged in preparing for the press his "Lectures on the Social Customs, Manners, and Life of the People of Ancient Erinn." His last appearance in public was in the procession of Sunday, July 27, 1862, at the laying of the first stone of the new building of the Catholic University. "On the following Tuesday night," writes one of his biographers, "having spent a happy evening with his children, he retired to rest apparently in his usual

[2] "Lectures on the MS. Materials of Irish History," lect. vii.

health. A few hours later, his servant, hearing an unusual noise, hastened to his room, and found the Professor suffering from a pain in the heart, which he described as gradually extending upwards. In twenty minutes O'Curry was no more!"

The "Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Irish History" is an octavo volume of 722 pages, embracing twenty-one lectures and a large appendix.[3] Of this immortal book O'Curry says, in his own simple, modest way: "I may claim for it at least the poor merit of being the *first* effort ever made to bring within the view of the student of Irish history and archæology an honest, if not a complete, analysis of all the materials of that yet unwritten story, which lies accessible, indeed, in our native language, but the great body of which—the flesh and blood of all the true history of Ireland—remains to this day unexamined and unknown to the world."[4]

His last great work—published in 1873, under the editorship of Dr. W. K. O'Sullivan—is in three large volumes. Its title is, "Lectures on the Social Customs, Manners, and Life of the Ancient Irish." It embraces the detailed examination of: (1) the system of legislation and government in ancient Ireland; (2) the system of ranks and classes in society; (3) the religious system—if Druidism can be so styled—of the ancient Irish; (4) the education of the people, with some account of their learning in ancient times; (5) the military system, including the system of military education, and some account of the Irish chivalry or Orders of Champions; (6) the nature, use, and manufacture of arms used in ancient times; (7) the buildings of ancient times, both public, military, and domestic, and the furniture of the latter; (8) the materials and forms of dress; (9) the ornaments used by all classes and their manufacture; (10) the musical instruments of the ancient Irish, with some account of their cultivation of music; (11) the agriculture and implements of ancient times; (12) commerce of the ancient Irish; and (13) their funeral rites and places of sepulture. This great work—the result of giant labor, profound learning, and prodigious research—is a complement to the "Lectures on the Manuscript Materials of Ancient Irish History."

In person Professor O'Curry was tall and well-proportioned. He possessed a powerful mind in a powerful body. The Hon. T. D.

[3] This valuable appendix, among other things, contains fac simile specimens of ancient Irish MSS., extending from A.D. 430 to 1861.

[4] Preface to his "Lectures."

McGee thus describes the venerable scholar at work: "In the recess of a distant window there was a half-bald head bent busily over a desk, the living master-key to all this voiceless learning. It was impossible not to be struck at the first glance with the long, oval, well-spanned cranium as it glistened in the streaming sunlight; and when the absorbed scholar lifted up his face, massive, as became such a capital, but lighted with every kindly inspiration, it was quite impossible not to feel sympathetically drawn towards the man. There, as we often saw him in the flesh, we see him still in fancy. Behind that desk, equipped with inkstands, acids, and microscope, and covered with half-legible vellum folios, rose cheerfully and buoyantly to instruct the ignorant, to correct the prejudiced, or to bear with the petulant visitor, the first of living Celtic scholars and palæographers, Eugene O'Curry."

The character of this illustrious man may be summed up in a few words. His vast learning was only exceeded by his virtue and modest simplicity. A pious, faithful Catholic, and a true Irishman, he dedicated his splendid intellect to his God, to truth, and to his country. He did more than all the scholars of modern times to elevate ancient Ireland to its real place in the world of literature. And if the just, as the Holy Book assures us, will be held in everlasting remembrance, then the virtuous, learned, patriotic, and great-souled Eugene O'Curry shall never be forgotten. As the chief of Irish critics and the prince of Irish scholars, he will evermore shine as a brilliant star in the literary firmament of the "Isle of Saints and Sages."

"Blessings of all saints in glory
We invoke for him who drew
Old Egyptian seeds of story
From the grave, to bloom anew!" [5]

LECTURE ON THE CHIEF EXISTING ANCIENT IRISH BOOKS.[6]

We have now disposed of the chief national annals, and we have noticed the other historical works of the last and greatest of the Annalists. But though in some respects undoubtedly the most important, the compositions we have been considering form, after all,

[5] The late gifted Thomas D'Arcy McGee wrote two beautiful poems on O'Curry. The foregoing is a stanza from one of them. See "Poems" of T. D. McGee, pp. 455–460.

[6] This is Lecture IX. of "Lectures on the MS. Materials of Ancient Irish History." It was delivered in the Catholic University of Ireland, Dublin, on July 10, 1856.

but a small portion of the immense mass of materials which exist in Irish manuscripts for the elucidation of our history.

Fortunately, of these great books we have many still remaining to us in perfect preservation. And there is not one of you to whom the originals themselves, notwithstanding the wear and tear of centuries, may not easily become intelligible, so beautifully was the scribe's work performed in early days in Ireland, whenever you shall be disposed to devote but half the time to the study of the noble old language of Erinn which you devote to that of the great classic tongues of other ancient people. A visit to the library of the Royal Irish Academy or of Trinity College will, however, little serve to make you aware of the vast extent of the treasures which lie in the dark-written, musty-looking old books you are shown there as curiosities, unless you shall provide yourselves with the key which some acquaintance with their characters and language alone will afford. In the short account, therefore, which I am about to lay before you of the great vellum books and MSS. in Dublin, I shall add in every case some approximate calculation of their length by reference to the number of pages each book would fill if printed (the Irish text alone) in large quarto volumes, such as those of O'Donovan's "Annals of the Four Masters." And when you have heard of what matter the contents of these books consist, and reflect upon the length to which, if printed in full, they would extend, I think you will agree with me that all that I have said upon the value of our MS. treasures will, on better acquaintance with them, be found to fall far short of the reality.

The first of these books that merits notice, because it is the oldest, is that which is known by the name "Leabhar na h-Uidre," or the "Book of the Dun Cow," to which I have already briefly alluded in a former lecture. Of this book, so often referred to in Michael O'Clery's prefaces, we have now, unfortunately, but a fragment remaining, a fragment which consists, however, of 138 folio pages, and is written on very old vellum.

The name and period of writing the book of which it is a fragment might perhaps be now lost for ever if the curious history of the book itself had not led to, and in some degree, indeed, necessitated, their preservation. All that we know about it is found in two entries written at different periods in a blank part of the second column of the first page of folio 35. Of the first of these curious entries the following is a literal translation :

"Pray for *Maelmuiré*, the son of *Ceilechair*—that is, the son of the son of *Conn-na-m-Bocht*—who wrote and collected this book from various books. Pray for Donnell, the son of *Murtoch*, son of Donnell, son of *Tadhglor Teig*, son of Brian, son of Andreas, son of Brian *Luighneach*, son of *Turloch Môr* (or the Great) O'Conor. It was this Donnell that directed the renewal of the name of the person who wrote this beautiful book, by *Sigraidh O'Cuirnin;* and it is not as well for us to leave our blessing with the owner of this book as to send it to him by the mouth of any other person. And it is a week from this day to Easter Saturday, and a week from yesterday to the Friday of the Crucifixion, and (there will be) two Golden Fridays on that Friday—that is, the Friday of the Crucifixion—and this is greatly wondered at by some learned persons."

The following is the translation of the second entry, same page and column:

"A prayer here for *Aedh Ruadh* (Hugh the Red-Haired), the son of *Niall Garbh* O'Donnell, who forcibly recovered this book from the people of Connacht, and the 'Leabhar Gearr' (or 'Short Book') along with it after they had been hidden away from us from the time of *Cathal ôg* O'Conor to the time of Rory son of Brian (O'Conor), and ten lords ruled over Carbury (or Sligo) between them. And it was in the time of Conor, the son of Hugh O'Donnell, that they were taken to the West, and this is the way in which they were so taken: the 'Short Book' in ransom for O'Doherty, and 'Leabhar na h-Uidhre'—that is, the present book—in ransom of the son of O'Donnell's chief family historian, who was captured by *Cathal* and carried away as a pledge, and thus they (the books) were away from the *Cenel Conaill* (or O'Donnells) from this time of Conor (O'Donnell) to the (present) time of Hugh."

There is some mistake in this last memorandum. Conor, the son of Hugh O'Donnell, in whose time the books are stated here to have been carried into Connaught, was slain by his brother Niall in the year 1342, according to the "Annals of the Four Masters," and the capture of John O'Doherty by *Cathal ôg* O'Conor, at the battle of Ballyshannon, took place in the year 1359. The proper reading would therefore seem to be that "Leabhar na h-Uidhre" passed into Connacht first before Conor O'Donnell's death, in 1342, and that the "Leabhar Gearr," or "Short Book," was given in ransom for O'Doherty in 1359, Conor O'Donnell's reign covering both periods, as the writer does not seem to recognize the reign of the fratricide, Niall.

The following passage from the "Annals of the Four Masters" will make this last entry more intelligible, and show that it was made in Donegall, in the year 1470:

"A.D. 1470. The Castle of Sligo was taken after a long siege by O'Donnell—that is, Hugh the Red-Haired—from Donnell, the son of Eoghan O'Conor. On this occasion he obtained all that he demanded by way of reparation, besides receiving tokens of submission and tribute from Lower Connacht. It was on this occasion, too, that he recovered the book called 'Leabhar Gearr' (or the 'Short Book'), and another, 'Leabhar na h-Uidhre,' as well as the chairs of O'Donnell *óg* (O'Donnell), which had been carried thither in the time of John, the son of Conor, son of Hugh, son of Donnell *óg* O'Donnell."

In reference to the first entry, it must have been made while the book was in Connacht by *Sigraidh O'Cuirnin*, who was, according to the "Annals of the Four Masters," a learned poet of Briefney, and died in the year 1347, and he must have made the entry in the year 1345, as that was the only year at this particular period in which Good Friday happened to fall on the Festival of the Annunciation, on the 25th of March. This fact is further borne out by an entry in the "Annals of the Four Masters," which records that Conor O'Donnell, chief of Tirconnell, died in the year 1342, after a reign of nine years, and we have seen from the entry that it was in his time that this book must have been carried into Connacht. According to the same "Annals," Donnell, the son of Murtach O'Conor, died in the year 1437, by whose direction *O'Cuirnin* renewed the name of the original writer, which even at this early period seems to have disappeared, several leaves of this book, and amongst others that which contained this entry, having even then been lost. Of the original compiler and writer of the "Leabhar na h-Uidhre" I have been able to learn nothing more than the following brief and melancholy notice of his death in the "Annals of the Four Masters" at the year 1106:

"*Maelmuiri*, son of the son of *Conn-na-m-Bocht*, was killed in the middle of the great stone church of Cluainmacnois by a party of robbers."

A memorandum in the original hand at the top of folio 45 clearly identifies the writer of the book with the person whose death is recorded in the passage just quoted from the "Annals"; it is partly in Latin and partly in *Gaedhlic*, as follows:

"This is a trial of his pen here by *Maelmuiri*, son of the son of Conn."

This *Conn-na-m-Bocht*, or "Conn of the Poor," as he was called, from his devotion to their relief and care, was a lay religious of Clonmacnois, and the father and founder of a distinguished family of scholars, lay and ecclesiastical. He appears to have been the founder and superior of a community of poor lay monks of the *Ceilé-Dé* (or *Culdee*) order in connection with that great establishment, and he died in the year 1059.

The contents of the MS. as they stand now are of a mixed character, historical and romantic, and relate to the ante-Christian as well as the Christian period. The book begins with a fragment of the Book of Genesis, part of which was always prefixed to the "Book of Invasions (or Ancient Colonizations) of Erinn" for genealogical purposes (and there is good reason to believe that a full tract on this subject was contained in the book so late as the year 1631, as Father Michael O'Clery quotes it in his new compilation of the "Book of Invasions," made in that year for Brian Maguire).

This is followed by a fragment of the "History of the Britons," by Nennius, translated into *Gaedhlic* by *Gilla Caomhain*, the poet and chronologist, who died A.D. 1072. This tract was published by the Irish Archæological Society in 1848.

The next important piece is the very ancient elegy written by the poet *Dallan Fargaill* on the death of St. *Colum Cille* in the year 592. It is remarkable that even at the early period of the compilation of the "Leabhar na h-Uidhre," this celebrated poem should have required a gloss to make it intelligible. The gloss, which is, as usual, interlined, is not very copious, but it is most important both in a philological and historical point of view, because of the many more ancient compositions quoted in it for the explanation of words, which compositions, therefore, must then have been still in existence.

The elegy is followed by fragments of the ancient historic tale of the "Mesca Uladh" or "Inebriety of the Ultonians," who, in a fit of excitement after a great feast at the royal palace of Emania, made a sudden and furious march into Munster, where they burned the palace of *Teamhair Luachra* in Kerry, then the residence of *Curoi Mac Daire*, King of West Munster. This tract abounds in curious notices of topography as well as in illustrations to, and descriptions of, social habits and manners.

Next come fragments of "Tain Bo Dartadha" and the "Tain Bo Flidais," both cattle spoils arising out of the celebrated Cattle Spoil of Cuailgue. Next comes the story of the wanderings of Maelduin's ship in the Atlantic for three years and seven months in the eighth century. These are followed by imperfect copies of the "Tain Bo Chuailque," or "Great Cattle Spoil of Chuailque," the "Bruighean Da Dearga," and death of the monarch *Conaire Mor*, a history of the great pagan cemeteries of Erinn and of the various old books from which this and other pieces were compiled, poems by Flann of Monasterbaice and others, together with various other pieces of history and historic romance, chiefly referring to the ante-Christian period, and especially that of the "Tuatha Dé Danann." This most valuable MS. belongs to the Royal Irish Academy. If printed at length, the text of it would make about five hundred pages of the "Annals of the Four Masters." The next ancient book which I shall treat of is that at present known under the name of the "Book of Leinster." It can be shown from various internal evidences that this volume was either compiled or transcribed in the first half of the twelfth century by Finn MacGorman, Bishop of Kildare, who died in the year 1160, and that it was compiled by order of *Aodh Mac Crimhthainn*, the tutor of the notorious *Dermod Mac Murroch*, that King of Leinster who first invited Earl Strongbow and the Anglo-Normans into Ireland in the year 1169. The book was evidently compiled for Dermod under the superintendence of his tutor, MacGorman, who had probably been a fellow-pupil of the king. In support of this assertion I need only transcribe the following entry, which occurs in the original hand at the end of the folio 202, page *b*, of the book :

"Benediction and health from Finn, the Bishop of Kildare, to *Aedh* (Hugh) *Mac Crimhthainn*, the tutor of the chief King of *Leth Mogha Nuadat* (or of Leinster or Munster), successor of Colum, the son of Crimhthainn, and chief historian of Leinster in wisdom, intelligence, and the cultivation of books, knowledge, and learning. And I write the conclusion of this little tale for thee, *O acute Aedh* (Hugh), thou possessor of the sparkling intellect. May it be long before we are without thee. It is my desire that thou shouldst be always with us. Let Mac Louan's book of poems be given to me, that I may understand the sense of the poems that are in it, and farewell in Christ," etc.

This note must be received as sufficient evidence to bring the date

of this valuable manuscript within the period of a man's life whose death as a Catholic bishop happened in the year 1160, and who was, I believe, consecrated to the ancient see of Kildare in the year 1148, long before which period, of course, he must have been employed to write out this book. Of the *Aedh Mac Crimhthainn* for whom he wrote it, I have not been able to ascertain anything more than what appears above, but he must have flourished early in the twelfth century to be the tutor of *Dermod Mac Murroch*, who, in concert with O'Brien, had led the men of Leinster against the Danes of Waterford so far back as the year 1137.

That this book belonged either to *Dermod Mac Murroch* himself or to some person who had him warmly at heart will appear plainly from the following memorandum, which is written in a strange but ancient hand in the top margin of folio 200, page *a*:

"O Virgin Mary! it is a great deed that has been done in Erinn this day, the kalends of August—viz., Dermod, the son of *Donnoch Mac Murroch*, King of Leinster and of the Danes of Dublin, to have been banished over the sea eastwards by the men of Erinn. Uch, uch, O Lord! what shall I do?"

The book consists at present of over four hundred pages of large folio vellum, but there are many leaves of the old pagination missing.

To give anything like a satisfactory analysis of this book would take at least one whole lecture. I cannot, therefore, within my present limited space, do more than glance at its general character, and point by name only to a few of the many important pieces preserved in it.

It begins, as usual, with a Book of Invasions of Erinn, but without the book of Genesis, after which the succession of the monarchs to the year 1169, and the succession and obituary of the provincial and other minor kings, etc. Then follow specimens of ancient versification, poems on Tara, and an ancient plan and explanation of the *Teach Midhechuarta* or Banqueting Hall of that ancient royal city. These poems and plan have been published by Dr. Petrie in his paper on the history of Tara, printed in the "Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy for 1839," vol. xviii. After these came poems on the wars of the Leinstermen, the Ulstermen, and the Munstermen in great numbers, many of them of the highest historic interest and value, and some prose pieces and small poems of Leinster of great antiquity, some of them, as I believe, certainly

written by *Dubhthach*, the great antiquarian and poet, who was St. Patrick's first convert at Tara. After these a fine copy of the history of the celebrated battle of *Ross na Righ* on the Boyne, fought between the men of Leinster and Ulster at the beginning of the Christian era; a copy of the "Mesca Uladhor," "Inebriety of the Ultonians," imperfect at the end, but which can be made perfect by the fragment of it already mentioned in "Leabhar na h-Uidhre"; a fine copy of the origin of the Boromean Tribute and the battles that ensued down to its remission; a fragment of the battle of *Cennabrat* in Munster, with the defeat of *Mac Con Oilioll Oluim;* Mac Con's flight into Scotland, his return afterwards with a large force of Scottish and British adventurers, his landing in the Bay of Galway, and the ensuing battle of *Magh Mucruimhe,* fought between him and his maternal uncle, Art, the Monarch of Erinn, in which battle the latter was defeated and killed, as well as the seven sons of *Oilioll Oluim.* A variety of curious and important short tracts relating to Munster are also to be found in the book of Leinster, besides this last one, up to the middle of the eighth century. This volume likewise contains a small fragment of "Cormac's Glossary," copied perhaps with many more of these pieces from the veritable "Soltair of Cashel" itself; also a fragment—unfortunately a very small one, (the first folio only)—of the wars of the Danes and the *Gaedhils* (*i.e.,* the Irish); a copy of the "Dinnsenchus," a celebrated ancient topographical tract which was compiled at Tara about the year 550; several ancient poems on universal geography of the great Milesian tribes and families, particularly those of Leinster; and, lastly, an ample list of the early saints of Erinn, with their pedigrees and affinities, and with copious references to the situations of their churches.

This is but an imperfect sketch of this invaluable MS., and I think I may say with sorrow that there is not in all Europe any nation but this of ours that would not long since have made a national literary fortune out of such a volume, had any other country in Europe been fortunate enough to possess such an heirloom of history.

This volume forms at present part of the rich store of ancient Irish literature preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, and if printed at length, the *Gaedhlic* text of it would make two thousand pages of the "Annals of the Four Masters."

The next book in order of antiquity of which I shall treat is the well-known "Book of Ballymote."

This noble volume, though defective in a few places, still consists of two hundred and fifty-one leaves, or five hundred and two pages, of the largest folio vellum, equal to about two thousand five hundred pages of the printed "Annals of the Four Masters." It was written by different persons, but chiefly by Soloman O'Droma and Manus O'Duigenana, and we find it stated at folio 626 that it was written at Ballymote (in the county of Sligo), in the house of *Tomaltach óg* Mac Donogh, lord of Corann, in that country, at the time *Torlogh óg*, the son of Hugh O'Conor, was King of Connacht, and Charles O'Conor of Belanagar has written in it the date 1391 as the precise year in which this part of the book was written. This book, like all our old books still existing, is but a compilation collected from various sources, and must, like them, be held to represent to a great extent several older compilations.

It begins with an imperfect copy of the ancient "Leabhar Gabhala," or "Book of Invasions of Erinn," differing in a few details from other copies of the same tract. This is followed by a series of ancient chronological, historical, and genealogical pieces in prose and verse. Then follow the pedigrees of Irish saints, the history and pedigrees of all the great families of the Milesian race, with the various minor tribes and families which have branched off from them in the succession of ages, so that there scarcely exists an *O'* or a *Mac* at the present day who may not find in this book the name of the particular remote ancestor whose name he bears as a surname, as well as the time at which he lived, what he was, and from what more ancient line he again was descended. These genealogies may appear unimportant to ordinary readers, but those who have assayed to illustrate any branch of the ancient history of this country, and who could have availed themselves of them, have found in them the most authentic, accurate, and important auxiliaries; in fact, a history which has remained as long unwritten as that of ancient Erinn could never he satisfactorily compiled at all without them. Of these genealogies I shall have more to say in a subsequent lecture.

These family histories in the "Book of Ballymote," by some accounts of Conor Mac Nessa, King of Ulster; of *Aithirne* the *Satirist;* the tragical death of the beautiful lady *Luaidet;* the story of the adventures of the monarch Cormac Mac Art in fairy-land; some curious and valuable sketches of the death of the monarch *Crimhthenn Mor;* a tract on the accession of Niall of the Nine

Hostages to the monarchy, his wars and the death of his brother *Fiachra* at *Forraidh* (in the present county of Westmeath), on his return mortally wounded from the battle of Caenraighe (Kenry, in the present county of Limerick).

Some of these pieces are doubtless mixed up in mythological fable, but as the main facts as well as all the actors are real, and as to these mythological fables may be traced up many of the characteristic popular customs and superstitions still remaining among us, these pieces must be looked upon as materials of no ordinary value by the historical and antiquarian investigator. After these follow tracts in prose and verse, on the names, parentage, and husbands of the most remarkable women in Irish history, down to the twelfth century; a tract on the mothers of the Irish saints; a tract on the origin of the names and surnames of the most remarkable men in ancient Irish history; and an ancient law tract on the rights, privileges, rewards, and so forth, of the learned classes, such as the ecclesiastical orders, the orders of poets, teachers, judges, etc. After this we have the ancient translation into the *Gaedhlic* of the "History of the Britons," by *Nennius*, before alluded to as having been published a few years ago by the Irish Archæological Society; an ancient grammar and prosody, richly illustrated with specimens of an ancient Irish versification; a tract on the Agham alphabets of the ancient Irish, with illustrations (about to be published shortly by the Archæological Society, edited by my respected friend, the Rev. Dr. Graves, F.T.C.D.); the book of reciprocal rights and tributes of the monarch and provincial kings, and some minor chiefs of ancient Ireland (a most important document, published for the first time in 1847 by the Celtic Society); a tract on the ancient history, chiefs, and chieftains of *Corca Laoi*, or O'Driscoll's country, in the county of Cork (published also by the Celtic Society in their "Miscellany" for 1849); a copy of the "Dinnsenchus," or great topographical tract; and a translation or account of ancient Gaedhlic, with a critical collation of various texts of the Argonautic expedition and the Trojan war.

The book ends with the adventures of Æneas after the destruction of Troy.

The Gaedhlic text of this great book, which belongs to the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, would make about 2,500 pages of the "Annals of the Four Masters."

As I have in a former lecture given a free analysis of the MS.

commonly called the "Leabhar Breac" (or "Speckled Book"), an ancient vellum MS. preserved in the same library, I have only to add here that the Gaedhlic text of that most important volume would make above 2,000 pages of the "Annals of the Four Masters."

The next great book which merits our attention is that which has been lately discovered to be in great part the "Leabhar Buidhe Lecain" (or the "Yellow Book of Lecain"), one of the ponderous compilations of the truly learned and industrious family of the Mac Firbises of that ancient seat of learning. It is preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, where it is classed H, 2, 16.

This volume, notwithstanding many losses, consists of about 500 pages of large quarto vellum, equal to about 2,000 pages of Gaedhlic text printed like O'Donovan's "Annals of the Four Masters"; and, with the exception of a few small tracts in other and somewhat later hands, it is all finely written by Donnoch and *Gilla Isa* Mac Firbis, in the year 1390.

The "Yellow Book of Lecain," in its original form, would appear to have been a collection of ancient historical pieces, civil and ecclesiastical, in prose and verse. In its present condition it begins with a collection of family and political poems, relating chiefly to the families of O'Kelly and O'Connor of Connacht, and the O'Donnells of Donegall. This tract made no part of the original book. These pieces are followed by some monastic rules in verse, and some poems on ancient Tara, with another fine copy of the plan and explanation of its *Teach Midhchuarta*, or Banqueting Hall, the same which has been published by Dr. Petrie in his "Essay on the History and Antiquities of Tara." After this an account of the creation, with the formation and fall of man, translated evidently from the book of Genesis. This biblical piece is followed by the "Feast of Dun na n-Gedh" and the "Battle of Magh Bath" (two important tracts published from this copy by the Irish Archæological Society); then a most curious and valuable account, though a little tinged with fable, of the reign and death of *Meuirchertach Mac Erca*, Monarch of Ireland, at the palace of *Cleitech*, on the banks of the River Boyne, in the year of our Lord 527; an imperfect copy of the "Tain Bo Chuailgné," or "Great Cattle Spoil of Cuailgné," in Louth, with several of the minor cattle spoils that grew out of it; after which is a fine copy of the *Bruighean Da Dearga*, and death of the monarch *Conaire Mor;* the tale of the wanderings of *Meal-*

duin's ship (for more than three years) in the Atlantic; some most interesting tracts concerning the banishment of an ancient tribe from East Meath, and an account of the wanderings of some Irish ecclesiastics in the Northern Ocean, where they found the exiles; an abstract of the battle of Dunbolg, in Wicklow, where the monarch *Aedh Mac Ainmire* was slain, in the year 594; the battle of *Magh Bath* (in the present county of Down) in which Congal Claen, prince of Ulidia, was slain, in the year 634 (published by the Irish Archæological Society); and the battle of *Almhaim* (now Allen, in the present county of Kildare), where the monarch *Ferghal* was killed, in the year 718. A variety of curious pieces follow relating to *Conor Mac Nessa; Curoi Mac Daire* (pronounced nearly "Cooree Mac Darry"); *Labhraidh Loingseach* ("*Lovra Lingsha*"), King of Leinster; Niall of the Nine Hostages, and his poet Torna, together with many other valuable tracts and scraps which I can do no more than allude to at present; and the volume ends with a fine copy (imperfect at the beginning) of the law tract I have already mentioned when speaking of the "Book of Ballymote." This volume would make about 2,000 pages of the "Annals of the Four Masters."

The next of the great books to which I would desire your attention is the volume so well known as the "Book of Lecain." This book was compiled in the year 1416 by *Gilla Isa Mór Mac Firbis*, of *Lecain Mic Fhirbisigh*, in the county of Sligo, one of the great school of teachers of that celebrated locality, and the direct ancestor of the learned *Dubhaltach* (or Duald) Mac Firbis already mentioned. This book, which belongs to the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, contains over 600 pages, equal to 2,400 pages of the Gaedhlic text of the "Annals of the Four Masters." It is beautifully and accurately written on vellum of small folio size, chiefly in the hand of *Gilla Isa Mac Firbis*, though there are some small parts of it written, respectively, in the hands of *Adam O'Cuirnin* (the historian of *Breifne*, or Briefney) and Morogh *Riabhac O'Cuindhs.*

The first nine folios of the "Book of Lecain" were lost until discovered by me, a few years ago, bound up in a volume of the Seabright Collection, in the library of Trinity College.

The "Book of Lecain" differs but little in the arrangements and general contents from the "Book of Ballymote." It contains two copies of the "Book of Invasions," an imperfect one at the begin-

ning, but a perfect one, with the succession of the kings, and the tract on the Boromean Tribute, at the end. It contains fine copies of the ancient historical, synchronological, chronological, and genealogical poems already spoken of as comprised in the "Book of Ballymote," as well as some that are not contained in that volume. These are followed by the family history and genealogies and of the Milesians, with considerable and important additions to those found in the "Book of Ballymote." Among the additions is a very valuable tract, in prose and verse, by Mac Firbis himself, on the families and subdivisions of the territory of *Tir Fiachrach*, in the present county of Sligo, a tract which has been published by the Irish Archæological Society under the title of "The Tribes and Customs of *Hy-Fiachrach*."

The other ancient vellum books of importance preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, may be described as follows:

A folio volume of ancient laws, of 120 pages, on vellum, written about the year 1400 (classed E, 3, 5). This forms part of the collection shortly to be published by the Brehon Law Commission, and would make about 400 pages of the "Annals of the Four Masters."

A small folio volume of 430 pages, on vellum (classed H, 2, 7), consisting chiefly of Irish pedigrees, together with some historical poems on the O'Kellys and O'Maddens, and some fragments of ancient historic tracts of great value, the titles of which, however, are missing. It contains also some translations from ancient Anglo-Saxon writers of romance, and a fragment of an ancient translation of Giraldus Cambrensis' "History of the Conquest of Erinn." The handwriting appears to be of the sixteenth century, and the contents of the volume would make about 900 pages of the "Annals of the Four Masters."

A large folio volume of 238 pages (classed H, 2, 15), part on vellum and part on paper, consisting of a fragment of Brehon Laws on vellum, transcribed about the year 1300; two copies of "Cormac's Glossary," on paper (one of them by Duald Mac Firbis); another ancient "Derivative Glossary" in the same hand; and some fragments of the early history of Erinn, on vellum. This volume would make about 500 pages of the "Annals of the Four Masters."

A large folio volume of 400 pages (classed H, 2, 17), part on paper and part on vellum, consisting chiefly of fragments of various old books or tracts, and among others a fragment of a curious ancient medical treatise. This volume likewise contains a fragment

of the "Táin Bó Chuailgné," and among merely literary tales it includes that of the "Reign of Saturn," an imperfect Eastern story, as well as an account of the Argonautic expedition (imperfect) and of the destruction of Troy (also imperfect). With this volume are bound up nine leaves belonging to the "Book of Lecain," containing amongst other things the "Dialogue of the Two Sages," the "Royal Precepts of King Cormac Mac Art," a fragment of the "Danish Wars," short biographical sketches of some of the Irish saints, and many other interesting historic pieces. The Gaedhlic text of this volume would make altogether about 1,400 pages of the "Annals of the Four Masters."

A large vellum quarto (classed H, 3, 3) containing a fine but much decayed copy of the "Dinnseanchus." It would make about 100 pages.

A small quarto volume of 870 pages, on vellum, written in the sixteenth century (classed H, 3, 17). The contents up to the 617th page consist of ancient laws, and from that to the end the contents are of the most miscellaneous character. They consist chiefly of short pieces such as "Brierin's Feast," an ancient tale of the Ultonians (imperfect), an account of the expulsion of the *Déise* (Decies or Deasys) from Bregia, a list of the wonders of Erinn, the tract on the ancient pagan cemeteries of Erinn, the account of the division of Erinn among the *Aitheach* Tuatha (called by English writers the Attacots), the discovery of Cashel and story of the two Druids, together with the genealogies of the O'Briens and the succession of the monarchs of Ireland of the line of Eber. In the same volume will be found, too, the curious account of the revelation of the Crucifixion to Conor Mac Ness, a King of Ulster, by his Druid, on the day upon which it occurred, and of the death of Conor in consequence; the story of the elopement of Ere, daughter of the King of Albain (or Scotland), with the Irish prince, Muiredhach, grandson of Niall of the Nine Hostages; a tract on omens from the croaking of ravens, etc.; the translation of the "History of the Britons," by Nunnius; the story of the courtship of Finn Mac Cumhaill (pronounced "Finn MacCoole") and Ailehe (pronounced Alveh), the daughter of King Cormac Mac Art, together with many other short but valuable pieces. This volume would make 1,700 pages of Gaedhlic text like those of the "Annals of the Four Masters."

A small quarto volume of 665 pages of vellum and 194 pages

paper, written in the sixteenth century (classed H, 3, 18). The first 500 pages contain various tracts and fragments of ancient laws. The remainder to the end consists of several independent glossaries and glosses of ancient poems and prose tracts, together with the ancient historical tales of *Bruighean Da Chogzdh* (pronounced "Breean da Cugga"); a story of Cathal Mac Finghuine, King of Munster in the middle of the eighth century; stories of Ronan Mac Aedha (pronounced "MacEa or MacHugh"), King of Leinster, and the story of the poetess Liadian of Kerry. This volume contains also the account of the revolution of the Aitheach Tuatha (or Attacots), and the murder by them of the kings and nobles of Erinn, Tundal's vision, poems on the O'Neills and on the MacDonnells of Antrim, John O'Mulchouroy's celebrated poem on *Brian-na* Murtha O'Rourke, together with a great number of short articles on a variety of historic subjects bearing on all parts of Erinn, and some pedigrees of the chief families of Ulster, Connacht, and Leinster. This volume would make about 1,800 pages of the "Annals of the Four Masters."

A small quarto volume of 230 pages (classed H, 4, 22), seventy of which contain fragments of ancient laws. The remainder of the book contains a great variety of tracts and poems, and among others a large and important tract on the first settlement of the Milesians in Erinn, a fragment of the tale called "Brierinn's Feast," several ancient poems on the families of the O'Neills, the O'Donnells, the Mac Revalds, etc., together with various small poems and prose of some value. This volume appears to be made up of fragments of two books. The writing of the first seventy pages seems to be of the sixteenth century, but the remaining part appears to be at least a century older. The entire volume has suffered much from neglect and from exposure to smoke and damp. The Gaedhlic text of it would make about 500 pages of the "Annals of the Four Masters."

To these books I may add (as being preserved in the same library) the "Annals of Ulster" and those of *Loch Cé*, already spoken of both, by vellum, and the text of which would make about 900 pages of the "Annals of the Four Masters."

Besides the vellum MSS. of law and history, the Trinity College library contains a large collection of paper MSS. of great value, being transcripts of ancient vellum books made chiefly in the first half of the last century. To enumerate, and even partially to analyze, these paper MSS. would carry me far beyond the limits to which

the present lecture must necessarily be confined, but among the most important of them I may mention a volume written about the year 1690 by Owen O'Donnelly (an excellent Gaedhlic scholar), some large volumes by the O'Neachtans (John and Tadhg or Tiege) between the years 1716 and 1740, a copy of the "Wars of Thomond" made by Andrew MacCurtin in 1716, and several large volumes transcribed by Hugh O'Daly, for Doctor Francis O'Sullivan of Trinity College, in and about the year 1750, the originals of which are not now known.

In this catalogue of books I have not particularized, nor in some instances at all included, the large body of ecclesiastical writings preserved in the Trinity College library, consisting of ancient lives of Irish saints, and other religious pieces in prose and verse. Neither have I included in my analysis of the collection the fac-simile copies made by myself for the library of the "Book of Lecain" (on vellum), of the so-called "Leabhar Breac" (on paper), of the "Danish Wars," of Mac Firbis's Glossaries, and of a volume of ancient Irish deeds (on paper).

The library of the Royal Irish Academy, besides its fine treasures of ancient vellum MSS., contains also a very large number of important paper MSS.; but as they amount to some hundreds, it would be totally out of my power and beyond the scope of this lecture to enumerate them, or to give the most meagre analysis of their varied contents.

There are, however, a few among them to which I feel called upon particularly to allude, although in terms more brief than with more time and space I should have been disposed to devote to them.

The first of these volumes that I wish to bring under your notice is a fragment of the book well known as the "Book of Lismore." This is a MS. on paper of the largest folio size and best quality. It is a fac-simile copy made by me from the original in the year 1839 for the Royal Irish Academy. This transcript is an exact copy, page for page, line for line, word for word, and contraction for contraction, and was carefully and attentively read over and collated with the original by Dr. John O'Donovan and myself. And, indeed, I think I may safely say that I have recovered as much of the text of the original as it was possible to bring out without the application of acids or other chemical preparations, which I was not at liberty to use.

Of the history of the original MS., which is finely written on

vellum of the largest size, we know nothing previous to the year 1814. In that year the late Duke of Devonshire commenced the work of repairing the ancient castle of Lismore, in the county of Waterford, his property, and in the progress of the work, the workmen having occasion to reopen a doorway that had been closed up with masonry, in the interior of the castle, they found a wooden box enclosed in the centre of it, which, on being taken out, was found to contain this MS., as well as a superb old crosier. The MS. had suffered much from damp, and the back, front, and top margin had been gnawed in several places by rats or mice; but worse than that, it was said that the workmen by whom the precious box was found carried off several loose leaves, and even whole staves, of the book. Whether this be the case or not, it is, I regret to say, true that the greater number of the tracts contained in it are defective, and, as I believe, that whole tracts have disappeared from it altogether since the time of its discovery. The book was preserved for some time with great care by the late Colonel Curry, the Duke of Devonshire's agent, who, however, in 1815 lent it to Denis O'Flinn, a professed but a very indifferent Irish scholar, living then in Mallow Lane in the city of Cork.

O'Flinn bound it in wooden boards, and disfigured several parts of it by writing on the MS. While in O'Flinn's hands it was copied in whole or in part by Michael O'Longan, of Carrignavar, near Cork. It was O'Flinn who gave it the name of the "Book of Lismore," merely because it was found at that place. After having made such use of the book as he thought proper, O'Flinn returned it, bound as I have already stated, to Colonel Curry some time between the years 1816 and 1820, and so the venerable old relic remained unquestioned, and I believe unopened, until it was borrowed by the Royal Irish Academy, to be copied for them by me, in the year 1839.

The facilities for close examination which the slow progress of a fac-simile transcript afforded me enabled me to clearly discover this at least: that not only was the abstraction of portions of the old book of recent date, but that the dishonest act had been deliberately perpetrated by a skilful hand and for a double purpose. For it was not only that whole staves had been pilfered, but particular subjects were mutilated, so as to leave the part that was returned to Lismore almost valueless without the abstracted parts, the offending parties having first, of course, copied all or the most part of the mutilated pieces.

After my transcript had been finished and the old fragments of the original returned to Lismore by the Academy, I instituted on my own account a close enquiry in Cork, with the view of discovering, if possible, whether any part of the "Book of Lismore" still remained there. Some seven or eight years passed over, however, without my gaining any information on the subject, when I happened to meet by accident in Dublin a literary gentleman from the town of Middleton, ten miles from the city of Cork; and as I never missed an opportunity of prosecuting my enquiries, I lost no time in communicating to him my suspicions, and the circumstances on which they were grounded, that part of the "Book of Lismore" must be still remaining in Cork. To my joy and surprise, the gentleman told me that he had certain knowledge of the fact of a large portion of the original MS. being in the hands of another party, but that he did not knew the owner, nor how or when he became possessed of it. In a short time after this the late Sir William Betham's collection of MSS. passed by purchase into the library of the Royal Irish Academy; and as I knew that the greater part of this collection had been obtained from Cork, I lost no time in examining them closely for any copies of pieces from the "Book of Lismore." Nor was I disappointed, for I found among the books copies of the lives of St. Brendan, St. Ciaran of Clonmacnois, St. Mochna of Balla, in Mayo, and St. Finnchu of Brigobhann, in the county of Cork, besides several legends and minor pieces, all copied by Michael O'Longan from the "Book of Lismore" in the house of Denis Ban O'Flinn, in Cork, in the year 1816. And not only does O'Longan state at the end of one of these lives that he copied these from the book which Denis O'Flinn had borrowed from Lismore, but he gives the weight of it and the number of leaves or folios which the book in its integrity contained. As a further piece of presumptive evidence of the "Book of Lismore" having been mutilated in Cork about this time, allow me to read for you the following memorandum in pencil in an unknown hand which has come into my possession:

"Mr. Denis O'Flyn, of Mallow Lane, Cork, has brought a book from Lismore lately, written on vellum about 900 years ago by Miles O'Kelly for Florence McCarthy. It contains the lives of some principal Irish saints, with other historical facts, such as the wars of the Danes. 31st October, 1815."

To this I may add here the following extract of a letter written

by Mr. Joseph Long, of Cork, to the late William Ellicott Hudson, of Dublin, Esq., dated February the 10th, 1848:

"HONORED SIR: I have taken the liberty of bringing this MS. to your honor. It contains various pieces copied from the 'Book of Lismore' and other old Irish MSS. They are pieces whose contents are 'Forbuis Droma Damhghoire,' a historic legend describing the invasion of Munster by Cormac Mac Art, the wonderful actions of the Druids, Druidish incantations, and so forth; 'Air an da Fearmaighe,' a topography of the two Fermoys, together with an account of its chieftains, tribes, or families, and so forth; 'Sael Fiachna mic Reataich,' a legend of *Loch En* in Connaught; 'Riaghail do Righthibh,' a rule for kings composed by *Dubh Mac Turth*; 'Scel air Chairbre Cinn cait,' the murder of the royal chieftains of Erinn by their slaves, the descendants of the *Firbolgs*, and so forth—'Book of Lismore.'"

With all these evidences before me of a part of the "Book of Lismore" having been detained in Cork, in the year 1853 I prevailed on a friend of mine in that city to endeavor to ascertain in whose hands it was, what might be the nature of its contents, whether it would be sold, and at what price. All this my friend kindly performed. He procured me what purported to be a catalogue of the contents of the Cork part of the "Book of Lismore," and he ascertained that the fragment consisted of 66 folios, or 132 pages, and that it would be sold for fifty pounds.

I immediately offered, on the part of the Rev. Drs. Todd and Graves, then the secretaries of the Royal Irish Academy, the sum named for the book, but some new conditions with which I had no power to comply were afterwards added, and the negociation broke off at this point. The book shortly after passed by purchase into the possession of Thomas Hewitt, Esq., of Summerhill House, near Cork, and in January, 1855, a memoir of it was read before the Cuverian Society of Cork by John Windele, Esq., of Blair's Castle, in which he makes the following statement:

"The work, it was supposed, may have been a portion of the 'Book of Lismore,' so well known to our literary antiquarians, but it is now satisfactorily ascertained to have been transcribed in the latter half of the fifteenth century for Fineen McCarthy Reagh, Lord of Carbery, and his wife Catherine, the daughter of Thomas, eighth Earl of Desmond. Unfortunately," he adds, "the volume has suffered some mutilation by the loss of several folios. The 'Life

of Finnchen' and the 'Forbuis' are partly defective in consequence, but we possess among our local MS. collections entire copies of these pieces."

To be sure, they have in Cork entire copies of these pieces, but they are copies by Michael O'Longan from the "Book of Lismore" before its mutilation among them, or else copies made from his copies by his sons.

That Mr. Windele believed what he wrote about the Cork fragment there can, of course, be no doubt; still, it is equally indubitable that this same fragment is part and parcel of the "Book of Lismore," and that it became detached from it while in the hands of Denis O'Flinn, of Cork, some time in the year 1816. And it is, therefore, equally certain that the book which Mr. Hewitt purchased, perhaps as an original *bonâ-fide* volume, with some slight losses, is nothing more than a fragment consisting of about one-third part of the "Book of Lismore," and that this part was fraudulently abstracted in Cork at the time above indicated. The two pieces which Mr. Windele particularizes as being defective in the Cork part are also defective in the Lismore part. The "Life of Saint Finnchn" wants but about one page in the latter, while in Cork they cannot have more of it than one page or folio; and of the "Forbuis," something about the first half is at Lismore, while no more than the second half can be in Cork. And although I have never seen any part of the Cork fragment, I feel bold enough to say that should both parts be brought together in presence of competent judges, they will be pronounced to be parts of the same original volume, and that several of the defects in either will be exactly supplied by the other.

My transcript of the Lismore fragment of this valuable book consists of 131 folios, or 262 pages. The chief items of the contents are ancient lives of St. Patrick, St. Colum Cille, St. Brigid of Kildare, St. Lenan (of Scattery Island in the Lower Shannon), St. Finnen of Clonard, and St. Finnchn of *Brigoblan*, in the county of Cork, all written in *Gaedhlic* of great purity and antiquity; the conquests of Charlemagne, translated from the celebrated romance of the middle ages ascribed to Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims; the conversion of the Pantheon at Rome into a Christian church; the story of Petronilla, the daughter of St. Peter; the discovery of the Sibylline oracle in a stone coffin at Rome; the history of the Lombards (imperfect); an account of St. Gregory the Great; the

heresy of the Empress Justina; of some modification of certain minor ceremonies of the Mass on account of the successors of Charlemagne; of the correspondence between Archbishop Lanfranc and the clergy at Rome; extracts from the travels of Marco Polo; an account of the battles of the celebrated Cællachan, King of Cashel, with the Danes of Erinn in the tenth century; of the battle of Crinna between Cormac Mac Art, King of Ireland, and the Ulstermen; and of the siege of *Drom Damhghaire* (now called Knocklong, in the county of Limerick) by King Cormac Mac Art against the men of Munster. This last, though a strictly historic tale in its leading facts, is full of wild incident, in which *Mogh Ruith*, the great Munster Druid, and *Cithruadh* and *Colpatha*, the Druids of the monarch Cormac, bear a most conspicuous and curious part.

The last piece in the book is one of very great interest. It is in the form of a dialogue between St. Patrick and the two surviving warriors of the band of heroes led by the celebrated *Finn Mac Cumhaill Caoilte*, the son of Ronan, and *Oisin*, the warrior poet, son of *Finn* himself. It describes the situation of several of the hills, mountains, rivers, caverns, rills, etc., in Ireland, with the derivation of their names. It is as much to be regretted that this very curious tract is imperfect. But for these defects we should probably have found in it notices of almost every monument of note in ancient Ireland, and even in its mutilated state it cannot but be regarded as preserving many of the most ancient traditions to which we can now have access—traditions which were committed to writing at a period when the ancient customs of the people were unbroken and undisturbed.

I regret that space does not allow me to analyze a few more of the important paper books in the Academy's library, but I think I have already done enough to enable you to form some intelligible general estimate of the value and extent of the old *Gaedhlic* books in Dublin, and I shall only add that the paper books in Trinity College and the Academy are above 600 in number, and may be estimated to contain about 30,000 pages of *Gaedhlic* text if printed at length in the form to which I have so often referred as a specimen—that of O'Donovan's "Annals." There is, however, one collection—rather, I may say, one class of MSS. monuments of Irish history—which I cannot pass by without at least alluding to it, though it would be perhaps improper for me at the present moment to enter upon any detailed account of it, I mean the great body of

the laws of ancient Erinn, commonly called by the English the Brehon Laws. This collection is so immense in extent, and the subjects dealt with throughout the whole of it in the utmost detail are so numerous and so fully illustrated by exact definitions and minute descriptions, that to enable us to fill up the outline supplied by the annals and genealogies these books of laws alone would almost be found sufficient in competent hands. Indeed, if it were permitted me to enlarge upon their contents, even to the extent to which I have spoken upon the subject of the various annals I have described to you, I should be forced to devote many lectures to this subject alone. But these ancient laws, as you are all aware, are now, and have been for the last three years, in progress of transcription and preparation for publication under the direction of a commission of Irish noblemen and gentlemen appointed by royal warrant, and it would not be for me to anticipate their regular publication.

The quantity of transcript already made (and there is still a part to be made) amounts to over 5,000 close quarto pages, which on average would be equal to near 8,000 pages of the text of O'Donovan's "Annals." This quantity, of course, contains many duplicate pieces, and it will rest with the commissioners whether to publish the whole mass or only a fair and full text compiled from a collation of all the duplicate copies. Any one who has examined the body of Welsh Laws, now some years before the world, will at once be able to form a fair opinion of the interest and value in a historical and social point of view of this far larger, this immense and hitherto unexplored, mass of legal institutes. And these were the laws and institutes which regulated the political and social system of a people the most remarkable in Europe from a period almost lost in the dark mazes of antiquity down to within about two hundred years, or seven generations, of our own time, and whose spirit and traditions, I may add, influence the feelings and actions of the native Irish even to this day. To these laws may we, indeed, justly apply the expressive remark of the poet Moore on the old MSS. in the Royal Irish Academy, that they "were not written by a foolish people, nor for any foolish purpose." Into the particulars and arrangements of this mass of laws I shall not enter here, since they are, as I have already stated, in the hands of a commission on whose prerogatives I have no disposition to trench. I may, however, be permitted to observe that, copious though the records in

which the actions and everyday life of our remote ancestors have come down to us through the various documents of which I have been speaking, still without these laws our history would be necessarily barren, deficient, and uncertain in one of its most interesting and important essentials. For what can be more essential for the historian's purpose than to have the means of seeing clearly what the laws and customs were precisely, which governed and regulated the general and relative action of the monarch and the provincial kings, of the provincial kings and the hereditary princes and chiefs of these in turn, and of what may be called the hereditary proprietors, the *Flaiths* (pronounced "Flahs") or landlords, and below these again of their farmers and tenants of all grades and conditions, native and stranger; and what is even more interesting, if possible, the conditions on which these various parties held their lands, and the local customs which regulated their agrarian and social policy, as well as in general the sumptuary and economical laws and the several customs which distinguished all these classes one from another, compliance with which was absolutely necessary to maintain them in their proper ranks and respective privileges? There are thousands of allusions to the men and women of those days, as well as to various circumstances, manners, customs, and habits to be met with in our historic writings, otherwise inexplicable, which find a clear and natural solution in these venerable institutes. And there are besides, too, a vast number of facts, personal and historical, recorded in the course of the laws (often stated by the commentator or scribe as examples or precedents of the application of the particular law under discussion) which must be carefully gleaned from before that history which is yet to be framed out of the materials I have described to you can ever be satisfactorily completed.

Yours very truly,
Thos. Davy Lee.

THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE.

"One of the most gifted men of this age."—"POPULAR HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES."

"No one, not even Davis, seems to have infused the spirit of Irish history so thoroughly into his mind and heart as McGee."—THE DUBLIN "NATION."

"It has been said, and I think with truth, that McGee was, even more than Moore, entitled to be called *the Bard of Erin*, for that his genius was more distinctively Irish, and his inspiration more directly and more exclusively from Ireland and her ancient race."—MRS. J. SADLIER.

THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE was born in the little town of Carlingford, county of Louth, Ireland, on the 13th of April, 1825. On both his father's and mother's side he belonged to Catholic and patriotic Irish families. His mother was the highly-educated daughter of a Dublin bookseller, a woman of extraordinary elevation of mind, an enthusiastic lover of her country, its music, its legends, and its wealth of ancient lore.[1] Is it necessary to describe the influence of such a mother on the tender mind of her gifted son? Mothers are soul-moulders.

"Born and nurtured," writes his friend, Mrs. J. Sadlier, "amid the grand and lovely scenery of the Rosstrevor coast, his early childhood fleeted by in a region of wild, romantic beauty, which impressed itself for evermore on his heart and mind, and tended not a little, as we may well suppose, to foster, if not create, that poetic fancy which made the charm of his life, and infused itself into all he wrote and all he said."[2]

Thomas was eight years old when the family removed to the town of Wexford. Here, year after year, his wonderful genius developed, without other aids than the advantage of a day-school. He studied hard, and was a great reader of history and poetry. But, after his seventeenth year, McGee was his own professor, the world was his university, and experience his diploma.

Coming to the United States in 1842, he soon distinguished him-

[1] Mrs. J. Sadlier, "Biographical Sketch of McGee." [2] Ibid.

self, and when only nineteen years of age he filled—and ably filled—the editorial chair of the Boston *Pilot*. The Native-American excitement was then at its height, and Philadelphia and other cities were disgraced by riots, burnings, and mob-rule.[3] On all sides the Irish Catholics were attacked and vilified. "Few were then their defenders in the press of America, but of those few stood foremost in the van Thomas D'Arcy McGee, a host in himself. With all the might of his precocious genius, and all the fire of his fervid eloquence, he advocated the cause of his countrymen and co-religionists, and so scathing were his fiery denunciations of the Native Americans, as the hostile party were styled, that all New England rang with their unwelcome echo."[4]

The gifted young Irishman's fame crossed the Atlantic, and he was invited by the proprietor of the leading daily journal in Dublin to become its editor. But he soon joined the Dublin *Nation*, the organ of the "Young Ireland Party." Davis, Duffy, Mitchel, McGee, and other bright young minds of Ireland made it, for a time, one of the most remarkable journals in Europe. This is not the place to describe McGee's bold and stirring career as one of the Irish leaders in '48. Through the efforts of the patriotic Bishop Maginn he succeeded, disguised as a priest, in escaping to America, and landed at Philadelphia in October, 1848.

He began the New York *Nation* the same month; and, some time later, his devoted young wife from Ireland joined him. In 1850 McGee removed to Boston and commenced the publication of the *American Celt*. His subsequent career as a leading journalist, patriot, statesman, poet, orator, and historian is not unknown to the reading public. *Ireland* and the *Catholic Church* were his watchwords.

In 1857 his countrymen of Montreal invited him to come amongst them, an invitation which he accepted, as he removed to Canada the same year. His career in Canada was distinguished. He soon entered the legislative halls north of the St. Lawrence, and all were obliged to recognize him as a man of marked ability. He was for years the chosen leader and eloquent spokesman of the Irish in Canada.

It is now about twelve or thirteen years since the present writer,

[3] See the "Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States," book ii., chap. v.

[4] Mrs. J. Sadlier, "Biographical Sketch of McGee."

then a mere lad, whose highest ambition was to be able to read fluently, parse a difficult sentence, and write a fair composition on a broomstick, or some other equally profound subject, was introduced to Mr. McGee. He was then in the height of his fame. The introduction was purely accidental. Some expressions, few but very kind, came from the lips of the eminent orator, author, and legislator. It was the *first* and the *last* time we ever saw him; and little did the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, or any one else, imagine that the timid, bashful boy to whom he then spoke so affectionately, would one day carefully collect together some of his choice pieces in verse and prose, and endeavor to perpetuate his bright and worthy name in the pages of history and literature.

McGee fell by the hand of a vile assassin in the capital of Canada. Nor was he the first great and good man who met such a melancholy death. On the morning of April 7, 1867, passed from earth, in his forty-second year, the most gifted Irishman in America, and one of the richest and most splendid intellects of the nineteenth century.

McGee contributed to nearly every department of literature, and it can be as truly said of him as of Goldsmith that "he touched no subject which he did not adorn." He was the *first* to work up the crude materials of our Church history in his "Catholic History of North America"; and in his "Irish Settlers in America" he was the *first* to point out what this Republic owes to old Ireland. "O'Connell and his Friends," "The Irish Writers of the Seventeenth Century," the "Life of Bishop Maginn," "Attempts to Establish the Protestant Reformation in Ireland," "A Popular History of Ireland," and "Poems," edited by his friend, Mrs. J. Sadlier, complete, we believe, the list of his works, and show the wide field in which his solid and brilliant Catholic mind exerted itself. Among the foregoing, the "History of Ireland" holds the first place. It is, we think, the best brief work on that subject in the English language; and if accuracy, sound judgment, philosophic grasp of thought, and a style pure, clear, and terse be merits in a writer of history, then McGee must ever hold a high rank as an historian. As a poet, he ranks with the first; as an orator, journalist, and statesman, he has had, in our day and country, few equals and no superiors.

Mr. McGee never sings so sweetly, nor do his pages ever glow so

warmly, as when he treats of his native isle, and of the glory and beauty and grandeur of the Catholic Church.[5]

THE DYING CELT TO HIS AMERICAN SON.

My son, a darkness falleth,
Not of night, upon my eyes;
And in my ears there calleth
A voice as from the skies;
I feel that I am dying,
I feel my day is done;
Bid the women hush their crying
And hear to me, my son!

When Time my garland gathers,
O my son! I charge you hold
By the standard of your fathers
In the battle-fields of old!
In blood they wrote their story
Across its field, my boy;
On earth it was their glory,
In Heaven it is their joy.

By St. Patrick's hand 'twas planted
On Erin's sea-beat shore,
And it spread its folds, undaunted,
Through the drift and the uproar.
Of all its vain assaulters,
Who could ever say he saw
The last of Ireland's altars,
Or the last of Patrick's law?

Through the Western ocean driven,
By the tyrant's scorpion whips,
Behold! the hand of Heaven
Bore our standard o'er the ships

[5] John O'Kane Murray, "Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States." For a very excellent and detailed sketch of Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, see the "Biographical Sketch" by Mrs. J. Sadlier in McGee's "Poems."

In the forest's far recesses,
When the moon shines in at night,
The Celtic cross now blesses
The weary wanderer's sight!

My son, my son! there falleth
Deeper darkness on my eyes;
And the Guardian Angel calleth
Me by name from out the skies.
Dear, my son, I charge thee cherish
Christ's holy cross o'er all;
Let whatever else may perish,
Let whatever else may fall!

THE CELTIC CROSS.

THROUGH storm and fire and gloom I see it stand,
Firm, broad, and tall—
The Celtic Cross that marks our fatherland,
Amid them all!
Druids and Danes and Saxons vainly rage
Around its base;
It standeth shock on shock and age on age,
Star of our scattered race.

O holy Cross! dear symbol of the dread
Death of our Lord,
Around thee long have slept our martyr-dead,
Sward over sward!
A hundred bishops I myself can count
Among the slain;
Chiefs, captains, rank and file, a shining mount
Of God's ripe grain.

The recreant's hate, the Puritan's claymore,
Smote thee not down;
On headland steep, on mountain summit hoar,
In mart and town;

In Glendalough, in Ara, in Tyrone,
We find thee still,
Thy open arms still stretching to thine own,
O'er town, and lough, and hill.

And they would tear thee out of Irish soil,
The guilty fools!
How Time must mock their antiquated toil
And broken tools!
Cranmer and Cromwell from thy grasp retired,
Baffled and thrown;
William and Anne to sap thy site conspired—
The rest is known!

Holy Saint Patrick, Father of our Faith,
Beloved of God!
Shield thy dear Church from the impending scaith;
Or, if the rod
Must scourge it yet again, inspire and raise
To emprise high
Men like the heroic of other days,
Who joyed to die!

Fear! Wherefore should the Celtic people fear
Their Church's fate?
The day is not—the day was never near—
Could desolate
The Destined Island, all whose seedy clay
Is holy ground;
Its cross shall stand till that predestined day
When Erin's self is drowned!

A SMALL CATECHISM.

WHY are children's eyes so bright?
Tell me why?
'Tis because the infinite
Which they've left is still in sight,
And they know no earthly blight—
Therefore 'tis their eyes are bright.

Why do children laugh so gay?
Tell me why?
'Tis because their hearts have play
In their bosoms every day,
Free from sin and sorrow's sway—
Therefore 'tis they laugh so gay.

Why do children speak so free?
Tell me why?
'Tis because from fallacy,
Cant, and seeming they are free;
Hearts, not lips, their organs be—
Therefore 'tis they speak so free.

Why do children love so true?
Tell me why?
'Tis because they cleave unto
A familiar, favorite few,
Without art or self in view—
Therefore children love so true.

THE SHANTY.

This is our castle! enter in,
Sit down, and be at home, sir;
Your city friend will do, I hope,
As travellers do in Rome, sir.
'Tis plain the roof is somewhat low,
The sleeping-room but scanty,
Yet to the settler's eye, you know,
His castle is his shanty.

The famine fear we saw of old
Is, like a nightmare, over;
That wolf will never break our fold
Nor round the doorway hover.
Our swine in droves tread down the brake,
Our sheep-bells carol canty,
Last night yon salmon swam the lake
That now adorns our shanty.

That bread we break, it is our own,
It grew around our feet, sir,
It pays no tax to squire or crown,
Which makes it double sweet, sir!
A woodman leads a toilsome life,
And a lonely one, I grant ye;
Still, with his children, friend, and wife,
How happy is his shanty!

No feudal lord o'erawes us here,
Save the ever-bless'd Eternal;
To him is due the fruitful year,
Both autumnal and vernal.
We've rear'd to him, down in the dell,
A temple, neat though scanty,
And we can hear its blessed bell
On Sunday in our shanty.

This is our castle! enter in,
Sit down, and be at home, sir;
Your city friend will do, I hope,
As travellers do in Rome, sir.
'Tis plain the roof is somewhat low,
The sleeping-room but scanty,
Yet to the settler's eye, you know,
His castle is his shanty.

TO MISS M. SADLIER.

These humorous lines were placed in a little Indian basket presented by Mr. McGee to the young daughter of the late Mr. James Sadlier, Montreal.

In a dream of the night I this casket received
From the ghost of the late Hiawatha deceased,
And these were the words he spoke in my ear:
"Mr. D'Arcy *New Era*,[6] attention and hear.
You know Minnehaha, the young Laughing-Water,
Mr. Sadlier of Montreal's dear eldest daughter;
To her bring this trifle, and say that I ask it,
She'll treasure for my sake the light little casket."

[6] At that time Mr. McGee was publishing in Montreal a journal called the *New Era*.

This said, in his own solemn Longfellow way,
With a bow of his plumed head, he vanish'd away.
As I hope to be spared all such ghostly commands,
I now place the said Indian toy in your hands.

AUGUST 15, 1857.

DEATH OF THE HOMEWARD-BOUND.

PALER and thinner the morning moon grew,
Colder and sterner the rising wind blew,
The pole-star had set in a forest of cloud,
And the icicles crackled on spar and on shroud,
When a voice from below we feebly heard cry:
"Let me see, let me see my own land ere I die.

"Ah! dear sailor, say, have we sighted Cape Clear?
Can you see any sign? Is the morning light near?
You are young, my brave boy; thanks, thanks for your hand;
Help me up till I get a last glimpse of the land.
Thank God! 'tis the sun that now reddens the sky;
I shall see, I shall see my own land ere I die.

"Let me lean on your strength; I am feeble and old,
And one half of my heart is already stone cold.
Forty years work a change; when I first crossed this sea;
There were few on the deck that could grapple with me.
But my youth and my prime in Ohio went by,
And I'm come back to see the old spot ere I die."

'Twas a feeble old man, and he stood on the deck,
His arm around a kindly young mariner's neck,
His ghastly gaze fixed on the tints of the east,
As a starveling might stare at the sound of a feast.
The morn quickly rose, and revealed to the eye
The land he had prayed to behold and then die.

Green, green was the shore, though the year was near done,
High and haughty the capes the white surf dashed upon;
A gray, ruined convent was down by the strand,
And the sheep fed afar on the hills of the land.
"God be with you, dear Ireland!" he gasped with a sigh;
"I lived to behold you—I'm ready to die."

He sank by the hour, and his pulse 'gan to fail
As we swept by the headland of storied Kinsale.
Off Ardigna Bay it came slower and slower,
And his corpse was clay-cold when we sighted Tramore.
At Passage we waked him, and now he doth lie
In the lap of the land he beheld but to die.

JACQUES CARTIER.[7]

In the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away,
In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their knees,
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier
Filled manly hearts with sorrow and gentle hearts with fear.

A year passed o'er St. Malo; again came round the day
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away,
But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;
And manly hearts were filled with gloom, and gentle hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

But the earth is as the future, it hath its hidden side,
And the captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in his pride.
In the forests of the North, while his townsmen mourned his loss,
He was rearing on Mount Royal the fleur-de-lis and cross;
And when two months were over and added to the year,
St. Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound, and cold,
Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold;
Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship.
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrilled with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better cheer.

[7] The famous Catholic discoverer of Canada. It was he who conferred upon the most beautiful and majestic river in the world the name of *St. Lawrence*.

But when he changed the strain, he told how soon is cast
In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;
How the winter causeway, broken, is drifted out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free;
How the magic wand of summer clad the landscapes, to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just when they wake in Paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin braves, the hunters of the wild;
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;
Of how, poor souls! they fancy in every living thing
A spirit, good or evil, that claims their worshipping;[8]
Of how they brought their sick and maimed for him to breathe upon,
And of the wonders wrought for them through the Gospel of St. John.

He told them of the river[9] whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height,
And of the fortress cliff[10] that keeps of Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils o'er the sea.

THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S KNIGHT.

A Ballad of the Crusades.

BENEATH the stars in Palestine seven knights discoursing stood,
But not of warlike work to come, nor former fields of blood,
Nor of the joy the pilgrims feel, prostrated far, who see
The hill where Christ's atoning blood poured down the penal tree.
Their theme was old, their theme was new, 'twas sweet and yet 'twas bitter;
Of noble ladies left behind spoke cavalier and ritter,
And eyes grew bright and sighs arose from every iron breast
For a dear wife or plighted maid far in the widowed West.

[8] For an account of Indian belief and superstition see "Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States," by John O'Kane Murray, chap. i., p. 43.

[9] The St. Lawrence.

[10] Quebec.

Toward the knights came Constantine, thrice noble by his birth,
And ten times nobler than his blood his high out-shining worth.
His step was slow, his lips were moved, though not a word he spoke,
Till a gallant lord of Lombardy his spell of silence broke.
"What aileth thee, O Constantine! that solitude you seek?
If counsel or if aid you need, we pray thee but to speak;
Or dost thou mourn, like other *frères*, thy ladylove afar,
Whose image shineth nightly through yon European star?"

Then answered courteous Constantine: "Good sir, in simple truth,
I chose a gracious lady in the heyday of my youth;
I wear her image on my heart, and when that heart is cold
The secret must be rifled thence, but never must be told.
For her I love and worship well by light of morn or even;
I ne'er shall see my mistress dear until we meet in heaven;
But this believe, brave cavaliers, there never was but *one*
Such lady as my ladylove beneath the blessed sun."

He ceased, and passed with solemn step on to an olive grove,
And kneeling there he prayed a prayer to the lady of his love;
And many a cavalier whose lance had still maintained his own
Beloved to reign without a peer, all earth's unequalled one,
Looked tenderly on Constantine in camp and in the fight;
With wonder and with generous pride they marked the lightning light
Of his fearless sword careering through the unbeliever's ranks,
As angry Rhone sweeps off the vines that thicken on his banks.

"He fears not death, come when it will; he longeth for his love,
And fain would find some sudden path to where she dwells above.
How should he fear for dying when his mistress dear is dead?"
Thus often of Sir Constantine his watchful comrades said;
Until it chanced from Zion wall the fatal arrow flew
That pierced the outworn armor of his faithful bosom through;
And never was such mourning made for knight in Palestine
As thy loyal comrades made for thee, beloved Constantine!

Beneath the royal tent the bier was guarded night and day,
Where, with a halo round his head, the Christian champion lay,
That talisman upon his breast, what marvel may that be
Which kept his ardent soul through life from every error free?

Approach! behold! nay, worship there the image of his love,
The heavenly Queen who reigneth all the sacred hosts above;
Nor wonder that around his bier there lingers such a light,
For the spotless one that sleepeth was THE BLESSED VIRGIN'S KNIGHT!

IT IS EASY TO DIE.

IT is easy to die
When one's work is done,
To pass from the earth
Like a harvest day's sun,
After opening the flowers and ripening the grain
Round the homes and the scenes where our friends remain.

It is easy to die
When one's work is done,
Like Simeon, the priest,
Who saw God's Son;
In the fulness of years, and the fulness of faith,
It is easy to sleep on the clay couch of death.

But it is hard to die
While one's native land
Has scarce strength to cry
'Neath the spoiler's hand.
O merciful God! vouchsafe that I
May see Ireland free; then let me die!

I LOVE THEE, MARY!

I MAY reveal it to the night,
Where lurks around no tattling fairy,
With only stars and streams in sight—
I love, I love thee, Mary!

Your smile is like the dawn
New breaking on the traveller weary;
My heart is, bird-like, to it drawn—
I love, I love thee, Mary!

Your voice is like the August wind,
That of rich perfume is not chary,
But leaves its sweetness long behind,
As thou dost, lovely Mary!

Your step is like the sweet, sweet spring,
That treads the flowers with feet so airy,
And makes its green, enchanted ring,
As thou dost, where thou comest, Mary!

AM I REMEMBERED IN ERIN?

Am I remembered in Erin?
I charge you speak me true;
Has my name a sound, a meaning
In the scenes my boyhood knew?
Does the heart of the mother ever
Recall her exile's name?
For to be forgot in Erin
And on earth is all the same.

O Mother, Mother Erin!
Many sons your age has seen—
Many gifted, constant lovers
Since your mantle first was green.
Then how may I hope to cherish
The dream that I could be
In your crowded memory numbered
With that palm-crown'd companie?

Yet faint and far, my mother,
As the hope shines on my sight,
I cannot choose but watch it
Till my eyes have lost their light;
For never among your brightest,
And never among your best,
Was heart more true to Erin
Than beats within my breast.

REBUKE TO THE IGNORANT KNOW-NOTHINGS.

[From "Lectures on the Catholic History of North America."]

You make the term *foreigner* a reproach to us. Who are you? Children or grandchildren of *foreigners*. And we, who are we? The parentage of native generations, destined to rule this continent in conjunction with your children's children. In one sense we are all foreigners to America; European civilization is foreign to it; white complexions are foreign to it; the Christian religion is foreign to it.

The term conveys no stigma to the well-informed mind. The man of reading and reflection knows that at one time or other it was true of all humanity; true of the first man, as it may be of the last. The history of our race is a history of emigration. In Asia Eden was, but without Eden lay the world. The first emigrants were that sad pair who travelled into the outer darkness, lighted by the glare of the fiery sword threatening at their backs. When their ears no longer caught the rustling of the trees of Paradise, or the flow of its living waters, they felt themselves truly emigrants.

> "Some natural tears they shed, but dried them soon ·
> The world was all before them, where to choose
> A place of rest, and Providence their guide."

Upon what consolation did our first parents rest? Upon labor and upon hope—"Go forth and fill the earth and subdue it," and the promised Messiah. Since then the story of their posterity has been the same. Westward with the sun they travelled from the first, keeping on earth an apparent parallel to his apparent course.

The cities of Enoch—Babylon, Nineveh, Tyre, Thebes, Carthage, Rome—what are they? Landmarks and tidemarks of the endless emigration. In the days before history, in the mountain mists of tradition, we see the dim forms of pioneers and leaders carrying their tribes from old homes to new homes over mountains and across straits and through the labyrinth of the primeval wilderness. All mythology is a story about emigrants, and the tale did not end when Hercules set up his pillars at the Strait of Gades,[11] and forbade his descendants to tempt the exterior ocean. The fearless Phœnician came, and swept by without slacking sail or heeding Hercules. He went and came and went, disenchanting mankind of their fears. The Romans talked of having reached the earth's *ul-*

[11] Now the Straits of Gibraltar.

tima, and so Europe rested for ages, in the full belief of the Roman geography. At last Columbus rose, that inspired sailor who, dedicating his ship and himself to the protection of the Blessed Virgin, launched fearlessly into the undiscovered sea, and introduced the new world to the acquaintance of the old. After Columbus we came, borne onward by the destiny of humanity in obedience to the primitive charter of our race—"Go forth and fill the earth and subdue it; and in the sweat of your brow you shall earn your bread."

The Irish emigrant stands on this high ground, and, so standing, he can look the past fearlessly in the face. He has no cause to be ashamed of his predecessors here. If they founded no exclusive *New Ireland*, the blood of no extermined Indian tribe rises in judgment against them; if they were sole proprietors of no province, neither have they to answer for enslaving the African. They were here subordinates in power, but principals in labor. They could say—and we may say for them—that in no department of American development have the Irish mind and the Irish arm been unfelt.

We have given the Union, in this nineteenth century, its greatest speculative and its greatest practical statesmen—John C. Calhoun and Andrew Jackson. We have given the Union two Vice-Presidents, nine signers of the Declaration of Independence, six authors of the Constitution, ten major-generals to its army, and six commodores to its navy.[12] In science, in authorship, in oratory, we have been represented as well as in digging, delving, and carrying the hod. We can look history in the face, and, putting our hands upon any part of the fabric of the state, we can say as a people: "*This* was *partly* our work."

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

[From "Lectures on the Catholic History of North America."]

LOOKING at it merely as a social agent, the Catholic Church in America is of the utmost importance. To her appertains the science of theology—the soul that originally in-formed the framework of our civilization. Her doctrine is a system within which the grandest intellects have ample range; her spirit is one of true progress and real conservatism; one which looks to truth, and not to popularity; to all time, and not to the passion or fashion of the hour. As a mistress of philosophy, as a bulwark of order, as a stay of law, the

[12] This lecture was delivered in 1854.

Catholic Church is, socially, the most important of all religious institutions to the peace and harmony of this confederation. Its silent power attracts to it all studious minds, and, by attraction or repulsion, its presence is felt in every pulse and at every pore of American society.

To us Catholics it is much more than a great social institution. It is the pillar and the ground of truth; it is the work of God, and partakes of the attributes of its Author. Its decrees are justice itself; its mercy is inexhaustible; its love is inexpressible; its glory is incomprehensible. All other institutions which exist on earth the soul of man can fathom without fear; but this divine foundation is rooted in the eternal tides, and he who seeks with his paltry plummet to fathom them seeks confusion and his own shame. The Catholic Church partakes, even in space, of the magnificence of its Maker. The morning sun, as he steps forth out of his chamber in the east, salutes it first of earthly objects, and the noonday sun looks down and cries: "Lo! it is here also!" and the evening sun, as he passes away into the furthest west, lingers awhile upon its turrets, and pays a parting visit to its altars.

To us it is the Church of our fathers, the Church of our exile, the Church of our children. It is poetry, it is history, it is art, it is society, it is truth itself. No wonder, then, that every attack upon it sounds in our ears as a profanation; no wonder we should prefer to hear every wrong the passions of the mob can plan or execute rather than for one moment to doubt or deny that Holy Church.

The Irish Catholics in America have been chiefly instrumental in bringing their faith into this country. They stand here in their highest relation to the destiny of America as church-builders. They have paid back the money of the Puritan by acclimating the cross in the atmosphere of the Puritan. They have made it known that the twenty-fifth of December is Christmas-day, and that God is to be honored in his saints. They have practically brought to the American mind the idea that marriage is a holy sacrament, not a civil contract. In their small catechism they have introduced the profoundest system of Christian philosophy. All this they have done out of their poverty, but not without exciting derision, scorn, envy, jealousy, and fear—the whole tribe of the meaner passions of human nature. A tree of that size does not lift itself aloft without catching the gale, nor strike its strong roots around it without disturbing the earth.

MOST REV. JOHN MACHALE, D.D.,

ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

"The Lion of the Fold of Judah."—O'CONNELL.

"Noble old man! thy steadfast fifty years,
Mitred with honor, yet with many woes,
Have seen hope's sunshine follow bitter tears,
Though Erin's friends oft spoke like Erin's foes!
No parchment makes thy glory, nor hath man
A part in aught which doth to thee belong;
Thy title to our love hath ever ran
In battle for the RIGHT, *in hating* WRONG!"

"He stands yet, calm and majestic as the grand old mountains of his native Connemara, ruling his flock in wisdom and power, and heeding but little the angry assaults of those who cannot reach his altitude."—NUN OF KENMARE.

"THE mysterious hand which governs the universe," says the profound Balmes, "seems to hold an extraordinary man in reserve for every great crisis of society." It is in this light that we view Archbishop MacHale and his illustrious career.

John MacHale was born in the year 1791, at Tobarnavian, a village situated at the foot of Mount Nephin in the beautiful and historic valley of Nephin, the most romantic district in the county of Mayo. He belongs to an ancient and honorable Irish family, which nobly sacrificed its grandeur in this world that it might preserve it in the next.

"The Archbishop of Tuam," writes the Nun of Kenmare, "is directly descended from Bishop Mac Caile, who received the profession of St. Bridget. His family lived for centuries in the valley where Amalgaid, then king of that county, met St. Patrick, near the wood of Fochut." [1]

The spot of his nativity, encircled with scenery grand and romantic, with hills, lakes, and woods, and enriched with classic legends, proud historic recollections, and the glories of ancient Celtic poetry and valor, was well calculated to inspire the child of genius with

[1] "Life of Daniel O'Connell," p. 520, note.

high aspirations, generous thoughts, lofty aims, and, above all, and before all, with a deep and lasting love of faith and fatherland.[2]

From the parish school young MacHale passed to an institution in the town of Castlebar, where he completed his classical studies.

In 1807 he entered Maynooth College. An earnest and successful student, he carried off the highest honors of his famous *Alma Mater*. He devoted great attention to modern languages and literature, making himself familiar with French, Spanish, Italian, and German. He read English literature extensively. Shakspeare and Edmund Burke, it is said, were his favorite authors.

In 1819, but a few years after his ordination, Father MacHale was appointed to the high and very responsible position of Professor of Dogmatic Theology in Maynooth. He was elevated to the episcopate on the 5th of June, 1825, being consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of Killala, his native diocese, with the title of Bishop of Maronia *in partibus*, by the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin. Bishop MacHale visited the Continent in 1831. On reaching Rome Pope Gregory XVI. received him with marked kindness, and just before leaving the Eternal City, the Holy Father presented him with a gold chalice of exquisite workmanship. It was during this memorable journey that Dr. MacHale visited the spots made dear and venerable by Irish sanctity or Irish valor. "The paths of our countrymen," he wrote, "you can track by the streaks of glory that still linger on the lands which they traversed, and in the sanctuaries of their most magnificent cathedrals, as well as in the hearts of their present inhabitants, their ashes or their memories are devoutly enshrined."[3]

In 1834 Dr. MacHale was raised to the Metropolitan see of Tuam. At the Council of the Vatican he was the senior archbishop of the world and sat next to the patriarchs. In June, 1875, the great old man celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his episcopate.

Here we make no attempt to write the life of Archbishop MacHale. We merely glance at it, noting a few dates and events. The story of his bright career would be the history of RIGHT against WRONG, in Ireland, for over half a century.

The greatest of living Irishmen, he holds, and justly holds, the *first* place in the affections of the Irish race the world over.

[2] See the venerable Archbishop's graphic description of his birthplace in his letter, p. 681.

[3] "Letters" of Archbishop MacHale.

One evening, during his attendance at the Synod of Thurles in 1850, Dr. MacHale and a brother prelate went to take an evening walk in the suburbs of the town. They had not proceeded far when a stalwart Tipperary peasant reverently approached, and, kneeling before one of the prelates, asked his blessing. After a moment's silence, however, the man raised his head, fixed his eyes on the bishop's face, and asked: "Are you Archbishop MacHale?" "No," replied the bishop; "this is the person," pointing to his companion. "Well, my Lord," said the brave peasant firmly and calmly, "I want no blessing but that of Archbishop MacHale," and immediately kneeling at the archbishop's feet he received the blessing of the great Irish patriarch, and went his way rejoicing.[4]

"He is," says an able writer, "truly the uncrowned monarch of that faithful, chivalrous, and warm-hearted people, no matter in what quarter of the globe their lot may be cast. Their friends have been his friends, and their enemies his enemies. True as the needle to the pole to the ennobling traditions of his heroic and martyred ancestors, he has, for nearly sixty years, advocated the rights of his countrymen with unpurchasable fidelity and unconquerable courage. With a voice loud as that of the tempest, loud as the angry ocean, loud as that which pealed from Sinai, he has denounced their wrongs before earth and high heaven; branded their hereditary foes with infamy; resisted every open attack, and exposed every covert assault on the rights and freedom of his episcopal brethren. Like the seraph Abdiel, he has kept his loyalty, his love, his zeal. No opposition could shake for a moment his unbending courage; no tempting offer could seduce him from the path of patriotism; no threats could terrify him. No wily English statesman could ever overreach him, ever mislead him; yet English policy and intrigue sometimes deceived Grattan, deluded O'Connell, and made dupes and victims of other distinguished Irishmen. It is a remarkable fact that Archbishop MacHale has never made one political mistake during his long and glorious career!"[5]

Dr. MacHale's pen has been a power for the last *fifty-seven years*. In 1820 he came out as a public writer of marked ability under the *nom de plume* of "Heriophilos." His letters attracted wide attention. He afterwards wrote under his various official names—John,

[4] *The Catholic Record* for June, 1875.
[5] *Ibid.*

Bishop of Maronia; John, Bishop of Killala; and, finally, John, Archbishop of Tuam. His select public letters, edited by himself, and extending from 1820 to 1846, were published in one large volume in 1847. These letters rank with those of Junius and Dr. Doyle.

Dr. MacHale's "Evidences and Doctrines of the Catholic Church," published in 1827, is a masterly production. It has been translated into the French, German, and Italian languages. But the venerable archbishop is not only an illustrious prelate, patriot, and prose writer, he is also an eminent poet. He has translated the greater portion of Homer's "Iliad" into heroic Irish metre; and, greater than all, he has enriched the ancient and noble literature of Ireland by translating over eighty of Moore's Irish melodies into the Irish language in the same metres which Moore himself employed. Irish is the first language that Dr. MacHale spoke, and, without any doubt, he is the greatest living master of that language. His style, like himself, is marked by rare strength and dignity. He is one of the very few writers in the history of the world who has enriched two languages with the rich productions of his golden pen—masterpieces of English, masterpieces of Irish.

We conclude this imperfect sketch with a few stanzas written on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the archbishop's episcopate:

"Thou greatest bishop at St. Peter's throne,
Bent with the weight of honored years of toil,
Like a round-tower standing gray, alone,
Upon thy native Erin's sacred soil—
This day, which seals thy fifty glorious years
With holy benediction and loud praise,
Salutes thee first among thy mitred peers,
Crowned with the laurel-wreath of fruitful days.

"Noble old man! thy steadfast fifty years,
Mitred with honor, yet with many woes,
Have seen hope's sunshine follow bitter tears,
Though Erin's friends oft spoke like Erin's foes!

No parchment makes thy glory, nor hath man
A part in aught which doth to thee belong;
Thy title to our love hath ever ran
In battle for the right, in hating wrong!

"Thou wert no whining hound at Saxon feet,
Begging with expectation, faint and sick,
Such countenance as to a dog were meet,
That equal boon—a halfpenny or kick!
Thou heldst too high the glory of the Gael
To wear dishonor's badge—a foeman's smile!
Thou heart so true to ancient Granu Wail!
Thou strong right hand of Erin's holy isle!

"Others might fall, but thou wert ever true,
Undaunted patriot, freedom's pioneer!
First of the honest, great, immortal few
Who live in Ireland's heart, for ever dear!
Thy monument shall need no epitaph,
Cold as the marble it is writ upon;
Millions shall wash with tears the paragraph
Which in God's time shall cry: 'The saint is gone!'

"The heart of Erin everywhere to-day
Throbs with the magic of a mighty love;
'God bless his life and death,' the millions pray,
'And crown him with celestial light above!'
Ay, take him to your hearts, ye exiled band;
For who more worthy of the love of Gael
Than he whose name is blest in every land,
True patriot-priest, immortal John MacHale!"

Ní b-fuil ansa g-cruinne aon ċuman, nó gleann.[6]

Fonn—Sean ceann Donaċa.

I.

Ní b-fuil anra g-cruinne aon ċuman, no gleann,
Man an laz a b-fuil có-fnuċ na dír' abann ann;
Jr luaiċe béidear éalaiżċe uaim m' annann, 'r mo bníż,
'Na ċníonfar an gleann glar údún ar mo ċnoidhe.

II.

Ní hé an t-amanċ bneaż, aoibinn bí rzanċa ain zaċ taob,
Ní hé lonnain an ċniortail, na úin-blaċ na g-craob,
Ní hé comżan na fnuċa man euz-ċeól mna-ríże,
Acċ nid éizin nír dílre ta a n-doimneaċt an ċnoidhe:

III.

Slad mo ċainde, do ċeanzail mo ċumann 'r mo ċlaon,
Do rcar ain zaċ níd ann, rzéim fárta na mían;
Óin ní'l aon níd d'a áille nać méadaiżeann a blaċ,
D'a feicrinn cne fúilib ain a m-bídeann azainn znad.

IV.

A żleann aoibinn ċaċ-aibna, bud fuaimneaċ mo fuan
Faoi farzad do ċabaín lé mo ċana fíor-buan,
'Jr áit a m-béidmaid ó na ríontaib faoi didean zo raim
'S an g-cnoidċe man do ċúin-fnuċa cóimearzċa lé dain

LETTER FROM ROME.

Rome, March 27, 1832.

The first of my visits to manifest the homage of my dutiful reverence to the Holy Father[7] was a few days after my arrival. It was, to a Catholic bishop from Ireland, a visit fraught with consolation. Notwithstanding all the efforts which an impious policy had recourse to to sever our connection with the chair of Peter—efforts far more ingenious in their cruelty than those of the earlier persecutions that

[6] This is Dr. MacHale's Irish translation of Moore's beautiful melody, "The Meeting of the Waters." For the original in English, see page 509.

[7] Gregory XVI.

hunted the Christians into the catacombs—it was a gladsome introduction to be presented to the good Father of the Faithful, and to receive at his feet the apostolical benediction. He is worthy of the elevation to which he has been raised. Benevolence! it is too weak a word; affectionate charity beams in every feature of the good pontiff, nor is there wanting that visible indication of a stern and unbending intrepidity of character which will not fail whenever it may be necessary to vindicate the dearest interests of religion.

The interval between Christmas and Easter was occupied in visiting the most conspicuous churches, galleries, colleges, and libraries of Rome, together with occasional excursions to the remarkable places in the vicinity which history and fable have so much associated with the early fortunes of Rome. On the feast of the Epiphany it was a rare and interesting spectacle to see priests from the different Eastern churches, Armenians, Greeks, and Maronites, celebrating Mass in their own peculiar rites and in their own respective tongues. The Sunday within its octave witnessed one of the most gratifying exhibitions which any country could exhibit, the young students, to the number of about fifty, delivering compositions before the assembled dignitaries of Rome, in the varied languages of their respective countries. It was a scene which bore attestation to the Catholics of the faith of Rome, as well as to the union which links its most distant members, to see a number of young men brought up in adverse national prejudices, and speaking from their infancy different languages, now assembled together and moulded into one intellectual mass, animated by one spirit, and, like their predecessors of old, in the day of Pentecost, all understanding through their different dialects the voice and faith of Peter, conveyed in one single language, is a continuance of the gift of tongues still perpetuated in the Church, and which cannot fail to make its impression on a reflecting and religious mind. In the evening a large and selected society of some of the most distinguished strangers in Rome, as well as the natives, enjoyed the elegant and princely hospitality of the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda. On that occasion Monsignore Mezophanti[8] addressed a large number of the guests in their respective European or Oriental dialects with ease, if not with elegance. His acquirements as a linguist are rare and extraordinary. Crassus and others acquired great celebrity for their ready talent in conversing with strangers in

[8] Afterwards a cardinal. The name is sometimes written *Mezzofanti*.

their own language; it is not, I am sure, any exaggerated praise to assert that in variety of languages, or readiness in speaking them, they could not have reached the excellence of Mezophanti.

Among the numerous and richly-assorted libraries with which Rome abounds, the Vatican is far the first in the number and variety of its volumes. It may be, therefore, easily inferred that far beyond competition it is the first in the world. Its majestic entrance is worthy of such a library, as well as of the celebrated pope, Sixtus Quintus, who contributed so much to its literary treasures as well as to the embellishment of its architecture. A magnificent picture, seen as you enter, exhibits Fontana, the architect, unfolding his plan to the pontiff; then you behold on one side a series of the most celebrated libraries in the world, and on the other a succession of the General Councils by which the faith of the Catholic Church was illustrated. This library has been generally entrusted to men of vast erudition, who were able to profit of its treasures, and again to return them with interest, enriching them with valuable productions of their own. Such was Assemani, whose Oriental researches conferred additional celebrity on the library of the Vatican. And such is the Monsignore Mai, the present librarian, distinguished for his valuable literary labors in restoring manuscripts which were thought to have been lost. His courtesy and kindness in affording the easiest access to this treasury of science and of literature I feel much pleasure in acknowledging, for it earned a claim to my gratitude.

But, indeed, courtesy has been the characteristic quality of all the librarians in Rome in affording to visitors every facility of study and research. Such I experienced at the great libraries of Ara Cœli and the Minerva, and such too at St. Isidore's and the Barberini library, in which documents and manuscripts connected with Irish history abound. To that of St. Isidore my visits were frequent, as I found there a number of Irish manuscripts. Besides, I loved to contemplate the portraits of celebrated Irishmen which decorate its walls, especially those of two of the most illustrious men of their age and nation—Luke Wadding, the learned author of the "Annals of the Franciscans," and Florence O'Mul Conry, Archbishop of Tuam, to whose zeal and labors we are indebted for the foundation of Louvain, and the education of many eminent men who conferred honor on their country. When one thinks of the dark and difficult times in which those men lived, and the

mighty things they achieved for their country and their religion, he feels confirmed still more in his holy faith, since they must have been endued with more than human fortitude in achieving such great enterprises. I met but one solitary exception to this general disposition to accommodate in the keepers of the literary establishments in the Eternal City. This exception was in the archives of the Vatican, a department quite distinct from its library. It is an immense collection of documentary papers and instruments, bulls, letters, and rescripts from the earlier ages to the present time. I was anxious to look for some documents that would throw light upon our ecclesiastical history, and enable me to fill up some chasms in the succession of our bishops during the persecutions. To my great surprise, delay succeeded to delay in such manner as to make it evident that the keeper wished to deny me all access to the records which I sought. On animadverting on conduct which appeared to me so unaccountable, I found that the reverend gentleman was a pensioner of the British Government, employed to send them such extracts of state papers as would elucidate the public transactions connected with the history of England. Here, in this solitary instance, I found the perverse influence of British money, and drew my conclusion on the misfortune that would come over Ireland if ever the Government should succeed in pensioning the Catholic hierarchy. This man's sympathies, duties, feelings, seemed to be all absorbed by his gratitude for British money. To our oppressors, as far as he was concerned, the archives were open; to the Catholic victims of their persecution alone they were inaccessible. However, a gentle hint that I would look for redress from the pontifical Government—nay, that his conduct should be reported to the House of Commons, who might take this reverend pensioner to task, wrought in him a kinder tone of feeling, and procured for me a sullen and reluctant admittance. Amidst the huge mass of documents I could not succeed in the object of my search. However, I lighted on many rare and curious letters that well recompensed me for my loss. Among others, I was shown one of Mary Queen of Scots, written to the pope in her own hand, on the day preceding her execution. It was a precious relic, which had the appearance of being discolored by tears. It is no wonder; such a letter could not be written or read without deep emotion. It led to a long train of thought on the checquered life and tragic death of a woman of whom her age was not worthy. Nay, the bitter prejudices of her

time seem to have descended to posterity. There was no chivalry then in justice to guard her life, nor chivalry in history to vindicate her fame. But time will avenge her wrongs, and I could cheerfully encounter more of the sullenness of the pensioned Marini to have the gratification of reading such an autograph belonging to this illustrious and ill-used queen, whose misfortunes created a sympathy which the misdeeds of the perfidious monarchs of her race were not able to obliterate.

Not far from the Vatican, on the Janiculum, the southern brow of the same hill, is a monument which will fail not to tell the Irish travellers of what their ancestors suffered from the offspring of Mary Stuart. The small Church of St. Peter, designed by Bramante, and which reminds you of the Temple of Vesta, on the banks of the Tiber, or of the Arno, at Tivoli, contains this melancholy monument. A slab of marble in the middle of the floor, with the names of O'Neil and O'Donnell, recalls to memory the flight of those noble chieftains on a pretended conspiracy, set on foot to enable the ungrateful James to partition among a horde of English and Scottish Calvinists their hereditary domains, together with six counties of the province of Ulster. Few, whatever may be their opinions or feelings on the justice of those ancient quarrels, or the policy that dictated such cruel confiscations, could refuse a sigh or a tear to the memory of the gallant Tyrone, the hero of Bealanathbuide, who had sustained so long and so bravely the sinking fortunes of his country against the combined armies of Elizabeth. It was difficult to resist the rush of feeling which was called forth by the contemplation of the close of his career, as well as by the ingratitude of his own degenerate countrymen. Here, bowed down by misfortune and blind through age and infirmity, this gallant warrior closed his life like another Belisarius, outlawed and attainted even by the suffrages of those Catholics whom he saved from utter ruin, without their interposing one solitary vote for his protection. It is well that Christendom has a home for the fallen and the broken-hearted. It is well that there should be some healing asylum where one can find refuge from the ingratitude and perfidy of the world. That home has been, and shall ever be found, in the city of the successors of St. Peter, and I closed this sad and soothing train of reflections by offering up a heartfelt prayer for the devoted patriot, who, I trust, has found that lasting home "where sorrow and grief shall be no more."

My excursions through Ostia, Albani, Frescati, and Tivoli, etc., during which I sojourned chiefly in the convents that are scattered throughout those districts, afforded much of instructive and agreeable relaxation. The curiosities of those classic territories are as familiar as the territories themselves are far famed, nor shall I occupy the reader's time by their repetition. The lives of the solitary anchorets of Camaldoli would appear too tame a narrative to some who might relish better more varied and stirring scenes. Yet among those monks and such other recluses is to be found a cheerfulness and lightness of heart to which the world is an utter stranger, and which it can never imagine to be the inhabitant of such abodes. There was one convent in particular which I felt peculiar gratification in visiting—that of St. Benedict, at Subiaco. Here, near the brink of the Arno, and under a line of frowning rocks, parallel to the stream, is situated the monastery of the holy and celebrated founder of the Benedictines. Near is another, dedicated to his sister, St. Scholastica. I spent some days in this holy retreat, enjoying the kind hospitality of the good abbot. In the chapel—partly formed out of the cave in which the saint lay concealed for three years, fed by an intimate friend—I offered up the sacrifice of the Mass. A beautiful marble statue of the saint under the rock, together with the leaves bearing the impress of the serpent by which he was so tempted that he rolled himself amidst the thorns to extinguish the flames of concupiscence, still recall the memory of his early combats and his early triumphs.

I returned to Rome before Palm Sunday, remaining there during the ceremonies of Holy Week. It was a week that embodied more of the impressive lessons and practice of religion than many other weeks put together. Many visit Rome from afar, though unable to remain longer than during those few days, and well do they find their toil and piety rewarded. The solemn tones of the Miserere in the Sixtine Chapel make them forget all their cares and fatigues, and transport the soul to heaven. The kind and charitable attention paid to the pilgrims in the establishment set apart for that purpose makes such an impression on strangers, that I have heard young Americans exclaim with wonder and delight that if there was true religion in the world, it was to be found in the charity of Rome. The washing of the feet by the Holy Father is another tender and affecting office, which fails not to exhibit in the minds of the astonished spectators the connection between him and the Founder

of the Church, whose humility and charity he thus imitates. In my observations on Christmas day I have already given some faint idea of the Pontifical Mass. The Pontifical Mass of Easter Sunday brings an additional ceremony of most imposing solemnity—the benediction from the balcony of St. Peter's. One cannot witness a more touching or magnificent ceremony. The Holy Father, accompanied by the cardinals, bishops, prelates, and other ecclesiastics, who formed the procession, ascended to the centre of the balcony. The vast square was thronged with the moving multitudes below. Doubtless there were among them foreigners who differed in faith from the vast body of the people. The pontiff lifted his arm, waved his hand in the form of a cross; no sooner did he pronounce the blessing than all knelt, and, as if under the influence of the same mysterious spirit that subdued St. Paul, I think there was not one that was not prostrate to receive, through the person of his Vicar upon earth, the benediction of the Redeemer of the world.

✠ JOHN, BISHOP OF MARONIA.

LETTER FROM THE PLACE OF HIS BIRTH.

TOBARNAVIAN, July 4, 1834.

"Graiorum cedant rivuli, cedant Romolidum fontes,
En ibi salubrior longe, scaturiens unda;
Quæ Uvam sanitare superans, nomen indidit agro
Ex quo eam hausere inclyti Fianorum Heroes."

"Air shriuf na Roimhe 'gus na n-Greug,
Bheir Tobar na bh-fian, sior bhar go h-eug;
Bhians de fhior-uiige 'g-coghnaid lann,
'S ta map shu caora-fiona, slann,
Do thug don bhaille anim 's cail
O d' ól as Fiana Innis Fail."

INDEPENDENTLY of the beautiful scenery by which it is encompassed, the spot from which I now write possesses for me those peculiar charms which are ever found associated with the place of our birth. It is, I think, St. John Chrysostom remarks, contrasting the correct and truthful simplicity of youth with the false and fastidious refinement of after-life, that if you present to a child his mother and a queen, he hesitates not in his preference of the one, however homely her costume, to the other, though arrayed in the

richest attire of royalty. It is a feeling akin to that filial reverence which the Almighty has planted in our breasts towards our parents that extends also to the place where we first drew our being, and hallows all its early associations. This religious feeling is the germ of true patriotism, radiating from the centre home, and taking in gradually all that is around, until it embraces the entire of our country. It is this mysterious sentiment, common alike to the rude and the civilized, that gives his country the first place in each man's estimation, and makes him regard the most refined or the most prosperous as only second to his own. I should not value the stoicism that would be indifferent to such a sentiment, and if it be a weakness, it is one that is as old as the times of the Patriarchs, and which some of the best and wisest men in the Catholic Church have consecrated by their example.

To him who wishes to explore the ancient history of Ireland, its topography is singularly instructive. Many of its valuable records have been doomed to destruction, but there is a great deal of important information written on its soil. Unlike the topography of other countries, the names of places in Ireland, from its largest to its most minute denominations, are all significant, and expressive of some natural qualities or historical recollections. If the Irish language were to perish as a living language, the topography of Ireland, if understood, would be a lasting monument of its significance, its copiousness, its flexibility, and its force. A vast number of its names is traceable to the influence of Christianity. Such are all those commencing with *cill*, of which the number is evidence how thickly its churches were scattered over the land. The same may be said of *teampul* and *tearmuin*, but, being derived from the Latin language, they are more rare than the word *cill*, a genuine Celtic word. The words commencing with *lios* and *rath* are supposed to ascend to the time of the incursions of the Danes; but whatever be the period of their introduction, they and *dun* are expressive of military operations. Other denominations imply a territory, either integral or in parts, such as *tir*, *baille*, *leath*, *trian*, *ceathradh*, *cuigadh*, etc., and mean the country, the village, half, third, fourth, or fifth of such a district. It is from *cuigad*, or a fifth portion, our provinces were so called; and though now but four provinces are generally named, the corresponding word in Irish signifies a fifth, as *cuig chuighaide Eirean*, or the five provinces of Ireland. Hence, if a stone were not to be found to mark the ruins

of the magnificence of Tara, the Irish name of a province will remain an enduring attestation of the ancient monarchy of Meath.

The name of *rus*, or Ros, so frequently characterizing some of our Irish townlands, always signifies a peninsula or promontory, or, for a similar reason, an inland spot surrounded by moor or water. The words commencing with *magh*, or Moy, signify extensive plains, and assume the appellation of *cluan* when comparatively retired. The highlands, from the mountain to the sloping knoll, are well known by *sliabh*, *chnoc*, *tullagh*, or Tully, and *learg*, while *glean*, *lág*, called in English Glyn and Lag, denominate the lowlands and the valleys. It is not to be supposed that the numberless lakes and streams that cover the plains or descend from its hills had not a large influence in giving their names to a great portion of the country. Accordingly we find *loch*, *tobar*, *abhain*, *seadan*, forming the commencement of the names of several townlands and villages. The qualities by which these several names are modified are as various as the properties of the soil and the traditional records of each locality.

Tobarnavian has, like other ancient names, employed and divided skilful etymologists and antiquarians. Some have derived the name from the excellent quality of its waters, not inferior to the juice of the grape, whilst others, with more strict regard to the just rules of etymology, as well as the truth of history, have traced it to the old legends of the Fenian Heroes. *Tobar an fhioin* would be its correct name according to the first derivation, whereas *Tobar na b-fian* is its exact and grammatical appellation as connected with the historical and poetical legends of the followers of the great leader of the ancient Irish chivalry. Its situation, as well as the tales connected with the scenery by which it is surrounded, gives additional force to this etymology. It is situated at the base of Nephin, the second among all the mountains of Connaught in elevation, and inferior but to few in Ireland. The south view is bounded by a portion of the Ox Mountains, stretching from the Atlantic, in the form of an amphitheatre. They are called the *Barna-na-gaoith* Mountains from a narrow and precipitous defile where the storm rules supreme, and rendered famous by the passage of the French in 1798, on their way to Castlebar.[9] Round the

[9] As exciting events take a strong hold of the youthful mind, the age of seven years at the time—the interval between 1791 and 1793—enables me vividly to recollect the distressing incidents of that period.

base of this circuitous range of hills is seen, as if to sleep, the peaceful surface of the beautiful Lake of Lavalla, bordering on the woods of Massbrook. Directly to the east, the large Lake of Con stretches from the Pontoon, to the northwest the lofty hill of *Chnoc Nania* intercepting the view of its surface, and again revealing to the eye, on the north side of the hill, another portion of the same sheet of waters. Beyond the extremity of the lake you can contemplate some of the most cultivated and picturesque portions of Tyrawley, stretching along in the distance as far as the hill of Lacken, of which the view is animated by a fanciful tower of modern construction.

Such is the view that presents itself from this elevated spot, forming the summit level of the district, from the sea to the Ox Mountains. In this remote district, secluded by its encircling woods, hills, and lakes, the olden legends and traditions of the land were preserved with a fond and religious fidelity. When the other provinces of Ireland and a large portion of Connaught were overrun and parcelled out among strangers, the territories of Tyrawley were inherited by the descendants of the ancient septs until its fair fields were at length invaded and violated by the ruthless followers of Cromwell. For its long immunity from the scourge of the despoiler it paid at length the forfeit in the increased oppression to which its inhabitants were doomed ; and whilst the descendants of the ancient settlers were mingled in a community of blood and interest with those of the Celtic race in other parts of Ireland, the Catholics of Tyrawley, like those of Tipperary, were doomed to be treated by those more recent taskmasters as aliens in country, in language, and in creed.

The retired position of Glyn-Nephin afforded a secure asylum to the songs and traditions of the olden times, and the indignities to which the inhabitants were subjected by the Covenanters who were planted among them served but to endear every relic of story or of minstrelsy which time had transmitted. Itwas here Bunting [10] collected some of the most tender and pathetic of those ancient airs to which Moore has since associated his exquisite poetry. It was here, too, on the banks of Loch Con,[11] that Mr. Hardiman took down some of the sweetest specimens to be found in his collection of Irish minstrelsy. It was no wonder. The name of Carolan, who

[10] See his "Ancient Music of Ireland," Index.

[11] See Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," vol. i., page 341.

frequented the district, was yet familiar with the older natives of the valley of Nephin, and in no portion of Ireland did his soul-inspiriting airs find more tuneful voices than were there heard artlessly pouring them forth amidst the solitude of the listening mountains.

Of the legends of Ireland, both oral and written, the people were not less retentive than of the songs of their bards. I knew myself some who, though they could not at all read English, read compositions in the Irish language with great fluency, and even of those who were not instructed to read, many could recite the Ossianic poems with amazing accuracy. While Macpherson was exhausting his ingenuity in breaking up those ancient poems and constructing an elaborate system of literary fraud out of their fragments, there were thousands in Ireland, and especially in Glyn-Nephin, who possessed those ancient Irish treasures of Ossian in all their genuine integrity, and whose depositions, could their depositions be heard, would have unveiled the huge imposture. There is scarcely a mountain, or rock, or river in Ireland that is not in some way associated with the name of Fion and his followers. On the highest peak of Nephin is still visible an immense cairne of large and loose stones called "*Leact Fionn*," or Fion's monument. Some fanciful etymologists are disposed to trace the name of Nephin, or Nefin, to the chief of the Fiana, insisting that it means *Neamh-Fionn*, as Olympus was the seat of the pagan divinities. But though the monument just alluded to may give weight to this opinion, the authority of Duald Mac Firbis is opposed to them, *Aemhthin* being, according to this learned antiquarian, its pure and primitive orthography. The circumstance of *Gol*, one of the most celebrated of those military champions belonging to this province, may well account for their intimate connection with our scenery; and as the Fiana were supposed to have been frequent and familiar visitors in those regions, it is no wonder that their superior quality would have drawn their attention to the waters of this fountain. The Latin and Irish lines with which I have prefaced this letter are inscribed on a stone slab, an appropriate and significant ornament of this ancient fountain, from which are continually gushing its classic or legendary waters.

From the disastrous period of the wars of Cromwell few or none of the Bishops of Killala, to the time of my two immediate predecessors, had a permanent residence in the diocese. Doctor Waldron,

my lamented predecessor of pious memory, and Doctor Bellew filled up near the last half century of that dreary interval.[12] The notices of the lives of the bishops of the preceding portion are but scanty—nay, it would be difficult to supply some considerable chasms with their very names. This has been a misfortune not peculiar to the diocese of Killala. The churches of Ireland shared in the same calamity. It is to be hoped, however, that, whilst the material edifices which they erected have been destroyed or effaced, their names are written in the more valuable records of the Book of Life. Even of the bishops antecedent to that period the catalogue is imperfect. Duald Mac Firbis, whom I have already quoted, has preserved the names of seven bishops of the Mac Ceics,[13] who flourished between the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. To such annalists as the Four Masters and the authors of the "Book of Lecan," etc., we are indebted for such fragments of ecclesiastical history as survived the wreck of violence and of time. I indulged a hope, when first I went to the Eternal City, to be able to trace back the unbroken stem of our episcopal succession, and, through it, many subordinate ecclesiastical branches. But even there the task became difficult, if not hopeless. It is some consolation that this diocese has supplied some of those who have been most successful in illustrating the annals of Ireland. The "Book of Lecan" is prized by every scholar as one of the most valuable of our records, and the name of Mac Firbis ranks among those great benefactors who, in times of difficulty and darkness, cast a gleam of splendor over the declining literature of their country.

✠ John, Bishop of Killala.

LETTER TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

St. Jarlath's, Tuam, August 21, 1846.

My Lord: The brief interval that has elapsed since I found it my duty to address your Lordship on the frightful prospects of the potato crop has, I am sorry to say, more than realized our worst and most desponding anticipations. The failure—nay, the utter,

[12] The names of their immediate predecessors were, Erwin, Skerret, Philips, Mac Donnell, of whom the last, or most remote in the series, is here still recollected by some of the old and patriarchal natives.

[13] See the "Hi Fiana," one of the last volumes published by the Archæological Society. The learned translator, Mr. John O'Donovan, does great justice to the memory of Duald Mac Firbis, who earned the encomiums of O'Flagherty and Charles O'Connor.

the general, and undeniable destruction of that crop, the only support of millions of human beings—is now a subject of irrefutable notoriety, and the only subject of doubt or speculation is, what may be the short period within which the celerity of the potato-rot will work its entire annihilation. This is a tremendous crisis to contemplate. It has had already the effect of unnerving the courage of the people. Something akin to a feeling of despair has fallen on them, and, like mariners becalmed in the midst of the ocean, whose provisions are gone, whilst they are many days' voyage from any shore, they look forward through the terrible period of an entire year without hope from the ordinary resources of an abundant harvest. It is a prospect at which humanity sickens to see the people's hopes thus entirely frustrated, and the period which generally consoled them for the privations of the preceding summer turned into a season of sorrow and despair.

It is, no doubt, a chastisement of the Almighty, and it is the duty of us all to bow in submission to the chastening dispensations of a just God, and acknowledge the divine power by which we are stricken. Yet, far from sinking into apathy, we are all bound to redoubled exertion, and our guilt will be only aggravated if we fail to administer relief to a perishing nation. I am rejoiced to find that the report of the late Parliamentary debate regarding the approaching famine furnishes some faint hope to the people. It is, however, but a faint hope, for if the measures for our relief were to be restricted to the votes already passed, they would prove utterly powerless in averting the threatened calamity. I will not for the present dwell on the delays and embarrassments which must render a portion of the projected relief utterly unavailing. I merely content myself with acknowledging that those votes, such as they were, proved the awful truth of the approaching famine as well as a certain degree of sympathy for those who are its threatened victims.

But allow me respectfully to impress on your Lordship that hunger and starvation are already at the doors of hundreds of thousands, and that an enemy like this will not be subdued by distant and doubtful measures of relief. The British Empire boasts, and with justice, of its measureless resources. Now is an opportunity of exhibiting as well the extent of its humanity as of its resources. And what is the available sum that has been voted by the munificence of Parliament to avert the starvation of millions? Fifty thousand pounds! Ten placemen partition between them a larger

portion of the public money. Let it not be said that they are as valuable in the scale of humanity, or even of policy, as three millions of industrious inhabitants. Fifty thousand pounds for a starving people! It is not many years ago since four times the sum was squandered on the pageant of a king's coronation. Fifty thousand pounds! It is still fresh in our memory when a few persons were allowed twenty times that amount—a million of money—from the public purse to sustain an artificial status in society, and yet but the twentieth portion given to that body to keep up their rank is to be doled out to keep multitudes who are the sinews of society from perishing. Your Lordship does not forget when twenty millions were heaped out from the public treasury to give liberty to the negroes of the West Indies, a liberty which your political opponents accuse you of jeopardizing by your recent measures regarding sugar. And are the lives of the people of Ireland so much depreciated in value below the liberties of the negro Indians that but fifty thousand pounds—the four-hundredth part of the sum allotted to the redemption of the former from slavery—is to be given for rescuing the latter from certain death? One hundred thousand pounds are voted for infidel colleges condemned by the bishops, priests, and people of Ireland; and while a double sum is wasted on an object that will only poison the minds of the people, and subsidize apostate professors to do the work, will half the sum be deemed sufficient for saving an entire people from starvation?

I have not time, nor have I any inclination—it is too melancholy a topic—to expose the heartlessness of the sordid and unfeeling economists who complain that Irish misery is to be relieved out of the English exchequer. No; we only demand that Irish misery should be relieved out of the Irish resources that are profusely and unfeelingly squandered in England. If there be a real union between England and Ireland, it should have the reciprocal conditions of all such covenants—mutual benefits and mutual burdens. We want, then, no English money. We want but a fair share of the other portion of our produce, I mean the wheaten one, with which Ireland teems in abundance. Had we our Parliament at this moment, it is certain we should be free from the apprehensions of starvation. It would infallibly supply us with plenty out of an Irish exchequer. We have, then, a right to demand, on the score of the Union, without being beholden to England, that support in our destitution which our own Parliament, if not merged in that of

Great Britain, would not fail to grant. If, then, those economists persist in a course of political casuistry as wrong in principle as it is inhuman in practice, let them, even now at the eleventh hour, vote back our Parliament, and we will dispense with their votes of money. There is no evasion from either alternative; the lives of millions are not to be sacrificed to the sordid speculations of a few political economists.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

✠ JOHN, ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

MRS. J. SADLIER.

"Among Irish ladies, there is in America one whom all true Irishmen delight to honor."—T. D. McGee.

"A lady whose name is a household word in Catholic families."—"Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States."

MARY A. SADLIER was born on the last day of the year 1820 in Cootehill, a considerable town of the county of Cavan, Ireland, situated about half a mile from the banks of the silvery Erne, where that river divides the counties of Cavan and Monaghan. Her father, Francis Madden, was widely known and much respected as an energetic and intelligent trader, whose mercantile transactions were long attended with marked success; but a series of losses in a time of severe financial depression reduced the family to a state of comparative indigence, and the husband and father soon sank under the pecuniary difficulties that pressed upon him, all the more galling to him inasmuch as he was a man of the strictest integrity, endowed with the highest sense of honor, and, at the same time, with keen susceptibility.

In August, 1844, a few weeks after Mr. Madden's death, his eldest daughter, the subject of this sketch, emigrated to Canada with a brother some years younger than herself. In Montreal she made the acquaintance of Mr. James Sadlier, the junior partner of the well-known firm of D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Catholic publishers, and in November, 1846, Miss Mary Anne Madden became his wife.

James Sadlier was then the manager of the Montreal branch of the business of the firm, and in that city he and his wife continued to reside till May, 1860, when, with their children, they removed to New York. In September, 1869, Mr. James Sadlier died, leaving his widow the care of a large family, to whom she has since, with virtuous and motherly affection, sedulously devoted herself, gradually withdrawing, as far as the duties of her state will allow, from general society into the quiet shades of domestic life.

Mrs. Sadlier is one of the most gifted, industrious, and successful writers of this nineteenth century. Mighty has been her pen in the

cause of truth, and faith, and virtue. She was no more than eighteen years of age when she began her long literary career as an occasional contributor to *La Belle Assemblée*, a London magazine. In Canada she contributed both before and after her marriage to the *Literary Garland*, issued monthly at Montreal. During the years intervening between 1847 and 1874, Mrs. Sadlier was connected in one way or another with several prominent Catholic journals, especially the New York *Tablet*, New York *Freeman's Journal*, Boston *Pilot*, and Montreal *True Witness*.

During this time, and simultaneously with her labors as a Catholic journalist, Mrs. Sadlier wrote and translated from the French numerous works on various subjects, most of them, especially the translations, being of a religious character.

Her original works, nearly all of fiction, form a class peculiar to themselves, having each a special object in view, bearing on the moral and religious well-being of her fellow-Catholics, especially those of the Irish race, to which it is this gifted and virtuous lady's pride to belong by sympathy as well as by blood.[1]

In the dedication of his "History of Ireland" to Mrs. Sadlier, the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee truly says:

"With the latest chapter in point of time of our history—the chapter of the exodus—your name must be for ever associated. No one has known how to paint to the new age and the New World the household virtues, the religious graces, the manly and womanly characteristics of this ancient people like you, my friend."

Of "The Blakes and Flanagans," the venerable Dr. de Charbonnel, then Bishop of Toronto, said "that it was written with a pen of gold"; and from the pulpit, the same noble prelate declared that "he hoped to see the book circulated by the hundred thousand." Indeed, all Mrs. Sadlier's works are worthy of the highest praise. The "Confederate Chieftains" is, perhaps, her masterpiece. It is a vivid picture of one of the most stirring periods in Irish history, and exhibits Mrs. Sadlier as a writer of rich imagination, great power, and extensive erudition. She is the author of over fifty volumes, original and translated. The following are the dates of publication of her chief original works: "Willy Burke" (about 1850); "Alice Riordan" (about 1852); "New Lights; or, Life in Galway" (1853); "The Blakes and Flanagans" (1855); "The

[1] The foregoing sketch, with some slight alterations, is taken from our "Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States."

Confederate Chieftains" (1859); "Confessions of an Apostate" (1859); "Bessy Conway" (1861); "Old and New; or, Taste *versus* Fashion" (1861); "The Hermit of the Rock" (1863); "Con O'Regan" (1864); "Old House by the Boyne" (1865); "Aunt Honor's Keepsake" (1866); "The Heiress of Kilorgan" (1867); "MacCarthy More" (1868); "Maureen Dhu, a Tale of the Claddagh" (1869).

SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF MRS. SADLIER.

IRELAND BY MOONLIGHT.

'Tis night in far-off Ireland, the land I love the best,
The golden sun has vanish'd from the highest mountain-crest,
The lady-moon is rising o'er hill and tower and town,
And the stars, like peeping angels, from heaven's dome look down.

The lone isle sleeps in beauty beneath the mellow ray,
Her lovely features fairer far than in the blaze of day;
Yet 'tis not on the beauty of wood or vale or stream
That mem'ry dwells the fondest in yonder silvery beam.

Those scenes of beauty change not, they death and time defy,
We see them as our fathers saw in ages long gone by;
The valleys are as smiling, the mountains are as grand
As when Milesius landed with his brave Biscayan band.

Not so the glorious works of art that gem the island o'er,
From far Dunlure on Antrim's coast to Beara's classic shore;
From old Dungiven's abbey-walls[2] to Cashel's sacred fane,
From Devenish to Clonmacnoise, from Arran to Loch Lene.[3]

The moonbeam rests so lovingly on wrecks of human art,
As tho' the radiant queen of night throbbed with a human heart;
She spreads her mantle o'er them thro' the watches of the night,
And gilds their desolation with more than earthly light

[2] Built by the O'Kanes in the year 1100.

[3] The ancient name of the Lakes of Killarney. *Loch Lene* in the Irish tongue means *the lake of learning*, no less than three abbeys being located on its banks; of these Irrelagh was quite famous, but not so famous as Mucruss on the little isle of Innisfallen.

And the cold bright stars look brighter o'er the empire of decay,
The monuments of ages gone and races pass'd away;
The walls uprear'd in ancient times when earth was in her prime,
Those stern mementoes of the past and trophies of old Time.

A mystic scroll is spread to-night beneath that Irish sky,
A record of the ages as they roll'd in grandeur by;
The weird magician, Time, hath traced in earth and wood and stone
The prints of rites and races on earth no longer known.

The barrow and the cairn, the lone sepulchral heap,
Where the Firbolg and the Danaan in pagan darkness sleep,
The cromleach where the Druid offer'd sacrifice of old,
And the spectral pillar-tower, lone watcher of the wold!

The *bawn* of patriarchal times, the *keep* of after days,
And the stately battlemented pile which artists love to praise,
Lismore's proud halls, and Trim's dark towers, and the Castle by the Nore,[4]
Where belted earl and stately chief and proud dame dwelt of yore.

The castles of our chieftains on every beetling steep;
The abbeys which they founded and beneath whose walls they sleep;
The temples which they raised to God, where erst they knelt and pray'd
When buckling on their armor to draw the vengeful blade

Speak softly in the moonlight of bloody feuds and scars,
Where knight and noble rest in peace beneath those glittering stars—
Fitzgeralds and McCarthys, O'Neills, and Butlers, too,
All sleep far down in Irish earth beneath yon heaven of blue.

If fair Mucruss and Holy Cross and Cashel of the Kings
Were built by Irish princes as monumental things,
The Normans left us Mellifont, Athenry, Adare,
Youghal and Howth and many a fane as classic and as fair.

[4] Kilkenny Castle, the principal residence of the Marquis of Ormond.

But far in Western Ireland, a region famed in song,
One lonely pile arrests the eye—the royal walls of Cong;
There at this solemn midnight hour a spirit sits and weeps
Where RODERICK, last of Irish kings, in dull oblivion sleeps.

O Isle of Fate! O storied isle! O isle of ancient fame!
Old ocean wears no nobler gaud, earth hath no nobler name;
Thy mournful beauty, ever young, still wakes the poet's dream,
Thou fairest isle that gems the wave or woos the midnight beam!

NEW YORK, December, 1861.

HOME MEMORIES.

WHEN the sunshine is lost in the mists of the gloaming,
And night-shadows darken on mountain and lea,
Then the lone heart takes wings and away it goes roaming
To regions far over the billowy sea.
The present is lost, and the past is before me
All vivid and bright in the radiance of morn,
And fancy brings back the soft spell that hung o'er me
When youth's brilliant hopes of life's freshness were born.

In that hour I am back where my gay childhood fleeted,
When life's cares and life's sorrows were scarce seen in dreams,
When hope's dulcet tones, by the echoes repeated,
Illumed passing hours in fancy's bright beams.
The scenes that I love and the friends fondly cherish'd
Arise in their warm hues to gladden my sight;
The scenes that are far and the friends that have perish'd
Are near and around me all life-like and bright.

The blue changeful sky of dear Erin is o'er me,
The green hills of Cavan rise fair on my view,
The Erne is winding in brightness before me,
And Cootehill's "shady arbors" their verdure renew.
The hills and the dales famed in song and in story,
Where Breffny's proud banner was flung to the gale,
Where O'Reilly's bold borderers won wreaths of glory
In guarding the North from the raids of the Pale.

The rath where the fairies kept house in all weather,
The ring where they danced in the yellow moon's ray,
The lone bush on the hill-side among the green heather,
By "fairy-folk" guarded by night and by day.
The deep hazel woods where *shillelaghs* grew strongest,
(To teach "the boys" logic at market and fair,)
Where the lark and the linnet sang loudest and longest,
And the cuckoo's blithe solo rang clear thro' the air.

The chapel[5] I see where my childhood was nourished
In the faith of my fathers, the old and the true,
Where religion was honor'd and piety flourished,
Where virtues were many and vices were few;
And kneeling around me are friends, the true-hearted,
And faces familiar, though now but a dream,
For many among them have long since departed,
To dwell in the light of eternity's beam.

O visions of home! why so fair and so fleeting—
Why break like the stars on the darkness of night,
Then fly like the mist from the red dawn retreating,
And leave the dull day-life no beam of your light?
The vision is gone—not a trace is remaining—
The stern voice of *duty* is heard at the door,
The *real* objects to the *unreal* chaining
The spirit whose wing must soar upward no more.

New York, November 27, 1861.

SCENE IN A GALWAY SCHOOL-ROOM.

[From "New Lights; or, Life in Galway."]

Just at this moment the carriage stopped in front of the school-house, and out came the long, thin visage of Jenkinson at the door, then his whole gaunt frame sidled out after it, and with many a bow and many a grave smile he welcomed his distinguished visitors. He was stepping forward to offer his hand to Eleanor, but Sir James sprang lightly from his horse, and saying "Excuse me, sir," he

[5] Some of our readers may not be aware that, in the North of Ireland (especially) the word *church* is only applied to the places of worship appertaining to the "church (formerly) by law established."

gracefully assisted the ladies to alight. Jenkinson was half inclined to resent the stranger's interference, but when he cast a cursory glance over his tall, commanding figure, and marked the dignity of his demeanor, he shrank back into himself, muttering, "Second thoughts are best."

"Will you be good enough to lead the way into your school-room, Mr. Jenkinson?" said Mrs. Ousely. "Of course, you are prepared to admit us?"

"Oh! certainly, ma'am, certainly; will you condescend to walk this way?"

"So this is the potentate who holds dominion here?" said the baronet to Eleanor in a low voice as they walked in side by side.

"Yea, verily, this is the righteous, and evangelical, and Popery-hating, and Bible-loving instructor of youth, placed here as a light amid darkness," said Eleanor, imitating Jenkinson's own prolix *verbiage*. "You stare," she added, laughingly, "but you will soon cease to wonder at the superfluity of words wherewith I do eulogize our excellent pedagogue. Be silent now, good sir, that you may hear, for of a surety Jenkinson is about to hold forth."

"Mr. Dalton," said he to his usher, a pale, effeminate-looking young man—"Mr. Dalton, the boys have not yet recited their Scripture lesson?"

"No, sir; they are just preparing it."

"Very good, Mr. Dalton; let us have it now. Ladies, will you condescend to sit down? Sir," to Sir James, "will you be pleased to take a seat?"

The visitors being duly settled in their respective places, the master took his station near Mrs. Ousely, and the pale-faced usher stepped up on a sort of dais and commanded the boys to close their books. The order was instantly obeyed, some of the poor, starved-looking urchins taking a last peep before they closed their Testaments.

"Now, con[illegible]" [illegible] Dalton. "The fourteenth chapter and first verse of John. Peter O'Malley, you say the first verse."

Peter did say his verse, and the others followed in turn, until the whole of that mysterious chapter was said, some few of the boys making sad work of it, but in general they said their verses correctly. When the lesson was ended, Jenkinson turned to his visitors with the air of a man who expected a compliment. Mrs. Ousely was delighted, and told Mr. Jenkinson that he was doing more to

overthrow Popery than the whole Bible Society and Tract Society put together.

"You are very good to say so, Mrs. Ousely," said Jenkinson, putting on a very modest air. "What do you think, sir? I am at a loss, ma'am, for this gentleman's name."

"Sir James Trelawney."

Jenkinson bowed very low.

"I hope you are pleased with the boys, Sir James?"

"They have said their lesson well," replied the baronet, somewhat drily.

"Oh! but you must hear them examined in order to judge of the progress they have made. Lawrence O'Sullivan."

"Well, sir," said a little chubby-faced boy, about eight years old, as he raised himself to a standing posture.

"What is Popery, Larry?"

"Popery, sir?" Larry scratched his head, and kept looking at the boy next him, who said something in a low voice.

"Popery's the great delu—"—another look at his neighbor—"the great delusion, sir!"

Larry looked much relieved when the last syllable was out.

"Very well answered," said Jenkinson. "Now, tell us what *is* the great delusion—you, Terence Landrigan?"

"It's Popery, sir!" Eleanor and the baronet exchanged smiles.

"Very good, indeed. Now, Terence, when you've done so well, just tell us who is Antichrist!"

"The pope, sir!"

"Right again! and can you tell me who was Luther?"

"Luther, sir? Luther was—" Terence's memory was evidently at fault.

"Go on, you blockhead; who was Luther?"

"The—the—the man of sin, sir!"

"Sit down, sir!" cried Jenkinson, angrily. "That's the pope you mean." Eleanor pretended to use her handkerchief, and Sir James maliciously said to Mrs. Ousely: "What a smart lad he is! wonderfully wise for his age!"

"Miles O'Callaghan, stand up there." Miles was a tall, thin lad of some ten or twelve years old. "What was the Inquisition, Miles?"

"A place where good men and women were tortured and put to death for their religion."

"Very good indeed, Miles. And who were these good people?"

"Protestants, sir."

"Many of them Jews," said Eleanor in a low voice to Sir James, who nodded assent.

"Right, Miles, right. And who put them to death and burned them up?"

"Priests and monks, sir."

"Right again, Miles. Well, now can you tell me what is confession?"

"Yes, sir! it is an humble accusation of one's self—" began Miles.

"What are you saying, you stupid fellow?"

"Why, that's what's in the catechism, sir!"

"Yes, in the priest's catechism," said Jenkinson; then, raising his voice higher, "can't you tell me what confession is?"

"Why, sir, I *was* tellin' you, an' you wouldn't let me."

"Sit down. John McSweeny!"

"Sir!"

"Who was Queen Elizabeth?"

"Ould Harry's daughter, sir."

"Henry the Eighth, you mean," said Jenkinson sternly.

"Yes, sir."

"What did she do, John?"

"She ripped open the priests and cut the heads off o' them, sir, an' hunted them out o' the country, sir."

"Hush, John!" said Dalton eagerly; "that's not the answer, you're wrong."

"Why, that's what I heard my father readin' out of a book about her," said John boldly.

"Put him down to the foot!" cried Jenkinson, his face purple with rage. "It is a hard and a never-ending and an arduous task," he added, turning to the visitors, "to get these Romish children to learn anything."

"I do not at all doubt it," replied Eleanor, repressing a smile.

"Will you allow me to ask the boys a few questions, Mr. Jenkinson?" said Sir James.

"Certainly, sir," returned the schoolmaster, though he and his subordinate exchanged looks that showed their minds ill at ease. "Stand up all of you, children!"

The baronet cast a searching glance over the long lines of anxious

little faces before he spoke, and then, selecting those who seemed most intelligent, he put a few leading questions on the great truths of religion. Alas! he could get no satisfactory answer, except now and then when memory brought back to some of the older boys the almost forgotten teaching of the priest. Thus Sir James had asked several boys the question, "For what end were we created?" and when, at last, the answer came, "To know, love, and serve God, and to be happy with him for ever," the boy concluded with, "That's what our own catechism says, sir."

"And it says right, my boy," said Sir James, patting him on the head. "That will do, Mr. Jenkinson; we are but trespassing on your time."

THE BATTLE OF BENBURB, 1646.[6]

[From "The Confederate Chieftains."]

As Owen Roe O'Neill rode slowly along the line, he was joined by Bishop McMahon, who had been surveying the ground and the different arrangements with the eye of a veteran soldier. "Owen," said he, "our position here is every way admirable, but how shall we manage the sun yonder, shining full in our eyes?"

"I have thought of that, my Lord," said the general with an anxious glance at the too brilliant luminary; "would the enemy but keep quiet for a few hours, all were well; but an they *will* attack us, we must e'en keep them in play till the sun begins to descend. How now, Rory?" He was passing the Fermanagh men at the moment, and the young chief stepped forward, indicating by a sign that he wished to speak.

"I fear for my poor uncle," said Rory; "he hath made up his mind that he is to die this day, but not till he hath worked out some conceit of his own, the which I take to be so perilous that it *may* well end as he forebodes. Could you not send him to keep guard in the wood yonder?"

"An he did, too," said Lorcan at his elbow, "I would not go. Others can keep guard in the wood as well as I, and I might there-

[6] The Irish in this battle numbered 5,000 infantry and 500 cavalry, and were commanded by the celebrated General Owen Roe O Neill. The Scotch and English, commanded by General Monroe, numbered 7,000 infantry and 800 cavalry.—See MacGeoghegan's "History of Ireland."

by lose my chance of revenge. For shame, Rory, plotting against your old uncle!"

"But, uncle, you do not know—"

"Lorcan, it were a post of honor, an' you knew but all."

"Small thanks to either of you," said the old man snappishly; "I know enough to take care of my *own* honor. In the van I'll be, I tell you that; it wasn't to hide myself in the wood that I got the sight I did this morning."

"Steady, men, steady!" cried Owen O'Neill, "they are advancing rapidly. Keep your ground; obey your officers, they know my plans."

"The cavalry! the cavalry! oh! the hell-hounds, a warm welcome to them!"

On they went, Lord Ardes at their head, their terrible claymores flashing in the sun. Heaven help the Irish kern, with only their barradhs and glib-locks to protect their heads! Yet firm as a rock they stand, with their pikes and bayonets firmly clasped, prepared to resist the shock. But on and still on they come, Monroe's bloody troopers. Hurrah! midway on their course they are greeted by a scathing fire from the bushes on either side; they reel; they attempt to rally; Lord Ardes waves his sabre and urges them on; thick and fast comes the deadly volley from the brushwood; down go the Scots one after one, man and horse rolling over down the hill-side. A panic seized the troopers, and their officers losing all command of them, they hastily made their retreat to the sheltering columns of the army. Loud and long was the laugh that pealed after them, and Owen Roe, riding once more to the front, cried out:

"Bravely done, my faithful Rapparees! I knew it was in you!"

"Methinks Lord Ardes will scarcely try it again, Owen," said Phelim, coming forward at a gallop. "Who may we thank for that?"

"Captain Donogh and his brave comrades," said Owen, "they are the boys for the scrogs and bushes! But back—back, Phelim; as I live they're opening a cannonade! Heavens! what a peal! Spare, O Lord! spare our brave fellows! Ha! our Lady shields us well."

Again the shout of mirthful mockery burst from the Irish ranks as shot after shot boomed in quick succession from the enemy's guns without so much as harming a single man.[7]

[7] Rinuccini and other good authorities state that in this first cannonade of the Scotch but one man of the Irish was slain, owing to the admirable disposition of the army by the skill and foresight of Owen Roe.

"Oh! the darling were you, Owen Roe!" "The Lord be praised! isn't he the wonderful man?" "See that, now!"

Amid these exulting shouts and cries of admiration, and the dull roar of the heavy cannonade, a cry of anguish was heard so loud and shrill and piercing that every eye was turned in the direction of the altar whence the sound appeared to proceed. Few could see what was going on there, but those that did found it hard to keep their places in the ranks in obedience to the stern voice of the general calling out at the moment:

"Stir not a man of you, on pain of death!"

But the cry went round, "Poor Malachy na Soggarth!" and soon it reached the McMahons, and the bishop himself was quickly on his knees beside the bleeding body of his humble friend, for Malachy indeed it was. The poor fellow, in making some new arrangement about the altar preparatory to the grand celebration of thanksgiving to which he looked forward, had incautiously ascended the steps, and, thus exposed, became a mark for some deadly shot, the Puritans, doubtless, taking him for a priest. Fitting death surely for *Malachy na Soggarth!*

Judith and Emmeline were already on the spot, supporting the inanimate form between them and endeavoring to stanch the blood that flowed profusely from the breast.

"My poor, poor Malachy!" said the bishop in a choking voice as he leaned over him; "is there life in him, think you?" Laying his hand on the poor fellow's heart, he shook his head mournfully. "Alas! alas! Malachy," he murmured, while the tears streamed from his eyes, "it will never beat again! God rest your soul in peace! Let us lay him here on the steps, my daughters, till we see how the battle goes. *Your* lives are not safe here, and *I* must away where duty calls."

"But can we do nothing for *him*, my lord?" said Judith anxiously.

"Nothing, nothing! my poor Malachy is beyond mortal succor!"

"For heaven's sake, Judith, let us go!" said the more timid Emmeline, shrinking with terror as a cannon-ball raked up the ground within a few feet and went bounding away towards the wood.

"She is right," said the bishop; "haste away, I implore—I command you!" and then tenderly he laid the body of his late

sacristan on the lowest step of the altar, saying: "Rest you there, Malachy, till I return, if return I do or may."

By this time Angus and some others of the Rapparees were hurrying the ladies back to the wood, and seeing Malachy's body, they would have taken it too, but hearing that the bishop had placed it where it was, they reluctantly left it behind.

"Poor Malachy na Soggarth! are you the first?" sighed Angus. "God knows who will be the last; you'll be well revenged, anyhow, before night!"

Back to the post of danger flew the bishop, and he found the Clan McMahon busily engaged in a skirmish with the enemy, whilst Owen Roe himself and young Rory Maguire were charging with well-feigned impetuosity; indeed, all along the line the Irish forces were more or less in action, now advancing, now retiring, yet still maintaining their ground with all the disadvantages of a strong sun shining full in their faces, and the wind blowing the smoke of the Scottish guns right against them. Still, they had the counter advantage of position, posted as they were between two hills with the wood on their rear, whereas the Puritans were hemmed in between the river and a wide-spreading bog. Little recked they, in their pride, that the saffron-coated kern held the hill-sides above them; were they not delivered unto them? yea, even the elements lent their aid against them, and the sun himself struck them, as it were, with blindness. Verily, God's judgments were upon those idolaters, and their strength must wither like grass before the wrathful eyes of the elect.

With this impression on their minds, the Puritan generals made charge after charge on the Irish columns, now with horse, now with foot, and again with both. Somehow the "idolaters" were not quite so easily overcome as they in their fanatical faith had believed. It is true they seemed to fight rather shy, as though fearing to come in too close contact with the swords of the righteous, but with the agility of mountain-goats and the cunning of foxes they managed to elude the furious onslaught of the Puritans. Truly was Owen Roe styled the Fabius of his country, for such generalship has rarely been displayed in any age, such consummate skill and prudence, as the field of Benburb witnessed that day.

It was a strange and curious sight to see the way in which Owen kept Monroe and his legions in play for full four hours on the bright June day, until the patience of his own people was all but

worn out, and the Scotch, who had been fighting with all their might, well-nigh exhausted and frenzied with disappointment.

Monroe's shrill voice was heard full often urging on his officers, and O'Neill's made, as it were, a mocking echo. It was "Cunningham forward on the right," "McMahon to the front," "Hamilton advance," "O'Reilly forward."

Much grumbling was heard amongst the O'Rourkes on finding that the O'Reillys, not they, were in front of the Hamiltons, and Sir Phelim O'Neill could hardly restrain his indignation that he was left out of the count and reduced to a state of inactivity, which he deemed a grievous wrong. Owen Roe smiled as he heard these complaints, and told them all to have patience. "Wait till you can see them," said he, "and then, men of Erin, you may, perchance, have your way."

It was fortunate that the army had such boundless confidence in the wisdom of its general, for there lived not the man on Irish ground, save Owen himself, that could have kept the clans back so long, and to rush headlong on the Scotch, with the dazzling sun and the drifting smoke striking full upon them, would have been certain destruction.

Old Lorcan Maguire was on thorns. Although perfectly comprehending the cause of Owen's holding back, he still could not restrain his impatience, and many an angry glance he gave through his closed eyelids at the provokingly bright sun that would not let him see what most he wished to see.

"Rory," said he at last to his nephew, "your eyes are younger and stronger than mine, can you tell me whereabouts Blayney is; they say he's with the cavalry."

"Why, to be sure, uncle! there he is with his troop on the left flank, close by Hamilton's dragoons. I have my eye on him, never fear."

"That's well, my boy, that's well; God bless you, Rory!" A ball whizzed past the old man's ear at the moment, but so wrapped was he in his own thoughts that he heeded it not, although it drew from his nephew an exclamation of alarm. A very short time after that a stir was perceptible amongst the Irish. The sun was at length behind them, and the wind suddenly changing, the smoke of all the artillery was blown in the faces of the Scotch, stunning them with the effect of a hard blow.

By some rapid evolutions, made at the moment by the orders of

Owen Roe, Hamilton of Leitrim found himself faced by his neighbors, the O'Rourkes, amongst whom were conspicuous the square-built, athletic figure of Manus, and the stately form of his chief. Blayney was likewise confronted by his old acquaintances, the Mc-Mahons of Uriel, headed by their own chief, whilst Sir Robert Stewart and his bloody troopers stood face to face with the stern O'Kanes of the mountains. All these changes were effected with the quickness almost of thought, and then Owen Roe, surveying with that piercing eye of his the confusion prevailing amongst the Scotch, cast another glance along his own line to see that all was to his liking. He smiled, and murmured softly to himself: "Now may Christ and his Blessed Mother be our stay!"

Ay! the moment is come at last; the Scotch are confused and bewildered; they cannot fight, it would seem, as the Irish did, through sun and smoke. Their generals see the danger, they see the ominous movements going on amongst the Confederates, they use every effort to restore order in their own ranks, and in part they succeed. With oaths and curses Hamilton forces his men into line; Monroe conjures, commands his stern Scottish veterans to stand fast for the dear sake of the Covenant, and smite the reprobate with the strong arm of righteousness.

But the Irish—how eagerly they watch their general's eye! how bitterly they laugh as the blasphemous exhortations of the Scottish generals reach their ears!

> "A hundred years of wrong shall make their vengeance strong!
> A hundred years of outrage, and blasphemy, and broil,
> Since the spirit of Unrest sent forth on her behest
> The apostate and the Puritan to do their work of spoil."

By a sudden impulse, as it were, Owen Roe threw himself into the midst of his army, and, pointing to the enemy, he cried:

"Soldiers! you have your way. They have sun and wind against them now, as we had before. They waver already, though Monroe is trying to rally for another charge. Strike home now for God and country, for martyred priests and slaughtered kin, for your women's nameless wrongs! The Hamiltons are *there*. Remember Tiernan O'Rourke and the sacred martyr of Sligo! Remember all—*all*, my brothers—remember all the past! Think of the future that awaits your country if you are beaten here to-day! But beaten you cannot be. You have purified your souls in the laver of penance, you

have received the blessing sent you from the Vicegerent of Christ; you are strong, your cause is holy, you must and shall conquer! On, then—on, to death or victory! I myself will lead the way, and let him that fails to follow remember that he abandons his general!"

"Cursed be he who does!" cried Sir Phelim; "I'll take care it shan't be me!"

He threw himself from Brien's back as he spoke, and flung the bridle to Shamus, who was close by his side. Every colonel of the army instantly followed his example, amid the applauding cheers of the men, and then, waving their broadswords on high, down they dashed on the astonished Puritans, their men bounding after and around them with the terrible force of the cataract. Once more the cry of "Lamh dearg aboo!"[8] awoke the echoes of the woods, striking terror to the hearts of the murderous crew who had so long revelled in the blood of the Irish. In vain did Monroe, seeing the approaching avalanche, order Lord Ardes with a squadron of horse to clear a way through the Irish foot. In vain! in vain his cavalry met the rushing wartide, and the pikes of the kern, piercing the breasts of the horses, drove them back, maddened and affrighted, on the ranks of their own infantry, whose bayonets met them in the rear. Death! death! death and fury! where is that haughty squadron now? Annihilated, save a few officers who were taken prisoners, Lord Ardes himself amongst the number. Now, Hamilton and Blayney, Stewart and Montgomery, look to it—look to the doom that is on you! Strong, fierce, and powerful this day are those whom so long you have hunted as beasts. The O'Rourkes are in your midst, with their terrible pikes and battle-axes; the McGuires and McMahons are flaying you down as though each had the strength of a hundred men; the O'Kanes are drunk with joy as Stewart's men go down in heaps beneath their crushing blows, and the wild "aboo!" is ringing high over all the sounds of fight, as the clansmen follow their valiant chiefs on and on through the dread array, shouting as they go the words of doom. Oh! the might that was in Owen's arm as, first of all, he clove his way to the heart of the Scottish host, his plume of green and white passing on like a meteor through the battle-cloud! And close behind him followed Sir Phelim, dealing death on every side, and smiling grimly at the dull inertness of the Scotch; for it seemed as though a spell had fallen on them all, and

[8] "The Red Hand for ever!"

the strength had left their arms. Here and there, however, the generals were making an effort to rally them, reminding them that retreat was death. Once the savage Hamilton encountered the Knight of Kinnard, and, leaning forward in his saddle, aimed such a deadly thrust at his heart that stout Phelim's life were not worth a straw had not a pike at the moment pierced Hamilton's horse through the head, and he fell to the ground with his rider under. It was the faithful Shamus who had dealt the blow that saved his chieftain's life; but he well-nigh paid the penalty of his own, for some three or four of Hamilton's men, believing their leader slain, attacked the brave fellow with their ponderous axes.

"Come on, you hell-hounds; I'm ready for you!" cried Shamus, with a flourish of his trusty pike, while Sir Phelim, turning at the sound of his voice, clove the foremost of his assailants well-nigh to the belt. Alas! the tide of battle, rushing on, speedily carried away the knight, and left Shamus still wedged in with the wrathful followers of Hamilton. Forgotten as he thought himself by his friends, O'Hagan faced his enemies with the courage of a lion, and two of them fell beneath his stalwart arm, but the third, a gigantic fellow, maddened by the fate of his comrades, grasped his weapon with both hands and aimed such a blow at his opponent's head as would have shattered a bar of iron. Great God! what means that piercing scream? Who is it that rushes between, receives the impending stroke, and saves the life of Shamus? It is Angus Dhu whom Shamus catches in his arms with a cry of anguish, and, forgetful of his own danger, of all save the friend who has given his life for him, he makes his way with maniac force through the thick of the fight, brandishing his bloody pike in one hand, while the other arm clasps to his breast the bleeding form of the gallant young Rapparee, to all appearance dead. By the time he laid his sorrowful burden on the sward beside the altar, the gay green jacket, ever worn so jauntily, was wet with the life-blood from the faithful heart, yet the youth opened his eyes for a moment, and smiled as he saw Shamus. He murmured faintly:

"Aileen has got the ring, Shamus!—the Lady Judith will find it—next the heart—that loved you best—*she* will tell you—all——"

"Judith is here," said a soft voice close at hand. "But, merciful God! Angus—Aileen, my child! is it *you?* Oh! woe! woe! was it for this you left me?"

"What else would take me—dearest lady!—but to watch—over Shamus? I know it was wrong—to leave my post—ask the general's pardon for me—he'll not refuse it to *you*. Shamus! poor Shamus! don't look so wild—be pacified—I couldn't live for ever, and what death could be more welcome to me than this? We'll meet again—maybe soon—I'd wish to see Phelim—but there's no time—bid him farewell for me, and tell him I have done *my* share—in revenging—Island Magee! Pray—pray for poor Aileen—Lord Jesus! have mercy—mercy! Mary, Mother of Christians!—help me now—*now*——"

"Aileen! Aileen!" shouted Shamus, and he snatched the dying girl to his breast again—"Aileen! sure it isn't dying you'd be? sure you wouldn't leave me, after all this?" A bright smile beamed again on the pallid face, and there it rested—Aileen was with the dead!

It was hard to convince Shamus that all was over; but when once he *was* convinced, he sprang to his feet, and, imprinting a long kiss on the pale lips of his betrothed, he placed her gently in the arms of Emmeline, who sat weeping by, whilst Judith knelt to offer up a prayer for the departed spirit.

"I'll leave her here," said he, "for a start till I go back to my work. My work!—ha! ha! ha!—ay! my *work!* We must make an end of it this day, anyhow! O ladies! dear ladies! look at her—wasn't she the beauty? But, oh! oh! the trick she played on me! And she telling me that time when Phelim and me went to see her that I was never, never to go back next or nigh her—either me or Phelim—till the war would be over and the country free, and the Scotch murderers clean gone!—O Aileen! Aileen! But what am I standing here for when there's such good work to be done? Now, God direct me to Sir Phelim!"

Away he darted with the speed of a lapwing, nor stopped till he made his way again to the side of his chief, thanking God that *he*, at least, was still spared.

Just then old Lorcan Maguire was carried by bleeding profusely from a wound in the chest. The brave old man was near his last, yet he caught Sir Phelim's eye for a moment, and he smiled a grim smile.

"I'm done for, Phelim!" he hoarsely articulated; "but so is he too!—the villain that swore Connor's life away! I swore to do it this day, and I've kept my word! God, have mercy on *my* soul!" The seer of Fermanagh spoke never more.

It was true enough for Lorcan. Blayney was found amongst the slain. His fall struck terror into the hearts of the Scotch, but their misfortunes were not at the height. All that dreadful evening the work of death went on, the fanatics falling everywhere like grass beneath the scythe of the mower. Many hundreds had already perished when the Rapparees, breaking from the bushes and thickets around, rushed into the contest, fresh and vigorous, with the terrible cry :

"Island Magee—Death to the bloody Scots !"

Like a fiery torrent on they passed, young Donogh at their head, looking like one of the athletes of old, his slight figure dilated, it would seem, beyond its wonted proportions, his arm endowed with giant strength by the mightiness of his wrongs, though he knew not then that the last of his race had fallen beneath a Scottish axe but a little while before.

It was the day of awful retribution, the opportunity so long promised to the outraged clans of Ulster, and good use they made of it. The might of the oppressor was withered as grass, and the stoutest soldiers of the Covenant went down before the fiery clansmen of the north, and the legions of the tyrant were swept away like dry stubble in the flame, until the terrified survivors, as evening drew on, finding no other retreat open to them, began to precipitate themselves into the river, where many hundreds perished.[9] Monroe did not wait to see the end of it. He made his escape from that scene of carnage long before the set of sun, nor drew bridle, as was afterwards found, till he gained the protecting walls of Lisnagarvey, a feat quite in keeping with the man's character.

The strangest thing of all was that but seventy of the Irish were slain in that battle, whilst two thousand three hundred of the enemy were found dead on the field, exclusive of those who found a grave in the Blackwater.

[9] Protestant and Catholic historians all agree that the Battle of Benburb was one of the most complete victories ever gained by Irish valor. The admirable prudence and military skill displayed by Owen O'Neill are loudly extolled even by such writers as Warner, Wright, Leland, etc.

SISTER MARY FRANCIS CLARE,

THE "NUN OF KENMARE."

"I know of no writer in any age or country who has in the same time produced so many and such excellent works. She writes in hymn and history of saint and statesman, of heaven and Ireland."—HON. W. E. ROBINSON.

"Ireland may well be proud of this humble but celebrated inmate of the cloister, for she is Irish and Catholic in all her instincts, feelings, and aspirations. Her strong healthy spirit of nationality is the secret of her success in the world of letters."—THE "CATHOLIC RECORD."

"We congratulate you, beloved daughter in Christ, on having completed a long and difficult work,[1] which seemed to be above woman's strength, with a success that has justly earned the applause of the pious and the learned. We rejoice, not only because you have promoted by this learned and eloquent volume the glory of the illustrious apostle of Ireland, St. Patrick, but also because you have deserved well of the whole Church."—PIUS IX.

MISS MARY CUSACK was born in the historic city of Dublin in the year 1832. She belongs to a wealthy Irish family,[2] many of whom figure conspicuously on the pages of Ireland's eventful story. Her parents being Protestants, educated their daughter in the doctrines of the Church of England. In her sixteenth year Miss Cusack left an English boarding-school, having, to use an incorrect and much-abused phrase, "finished her education." "I had learned," she writes, "the usual amount of accomplishments, but one particle of solid instruction I had not. . . . When I left school I began to educate myself, and devoted many hours of the day to solid reading."[3]

Thus the fair and bright young genius became her own teacher, and wisely laid the solid foundation of her after greatness.

Filled with noble aspirations, and wishing to lead a higher and holier life, Miss Cusack joined a Protestant sisterhood in England. Five years of such a career convinced her rich mind that she had

[1] "The Life of St. Patrick."

[2] Sir Thomas Cusack was Lord Chancellor of Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth; and Miss Cusack's uncle, Sir Ralph Cusack, was President of the Royal College of Surgeons some years ago.

[3] "Protestant Sisterhoods and Catholic Convents."

not found what she sought, and with that rare courage which is inspired by profound conviction and lofty purpose, she became a Catholic, returned to her native land, and in 1861 joined the Order of Poor Clares, taking in religion the name of Sister Mary Francis Clare.

"Heedless of wealth,"[4] says Mr. Robinson, "and forgetting all pride of ancestry, she assumed the garb of poverty, embraced the religion which her distinguished ancestors had abandoned, flung her share of the wealth and honors which they had saved into the lap of charity, and dedicated herself through life to the cause of education and religion, of her country and her God. Well might we say of her:

> "'She once was a lady of honor and wealth,
> Bright glowed on her features the roses of health;
> Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
> And her motion shook perfume from every fold;
> Joy revelled around her, love shone at her side,
> And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride.'

"But now:

> "'Her down-bed a pallet, her trinkets a bead;
> Her lustre one taper that serves her to read;
> Her sculpture the crucifix, nailed by her bed;
> Her paintings one print of the thorn-crowned head
> Her cushion the pavement, that wearies her knees
> Her music the psalm, or the sigh of disease.
> The delicate lady lives mortified there,
> And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.'"

This remarkably-gifted Irish lady, now and for evermore to be known as *the Nun of Kenmare*,[5] is the author of about *forty* volumes, some historical, some biographical, some imaginative, and many entirely devoted to religion. She appears to think and write with the speed of the telegraph. Indeed, her chief productions have been published during the last ten years. Of these the principal are: "The Illustrated History of Ireland," "The Life of St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland," and "The Life of Daniel O'Connell"—all of them large volumes. Of the first, it is sufficient to say that no less an authority than John Mitchel considered it the best, most popular,

[4] Speech of March 13, 1872.

[5] From Kenmare Convent, county of Kerry, which was founded in 1861 by the Abbess Mary O'Hagan, sister of Lord O'Hagan. For a graphic sketch of this celebrated institution see the "Life of Mary O'Hagan, Abbess and Foundress," by Sister Mary Francis Clare.

and most gracefully-written work on Irish history. Her "Life of St. Patrick" is the *first* biography that gave a literary record in some way really worthy of the great apostle of Ireland. For this work the good and gifted sister received a flattering Brief[6] from his Holiness Pius IX. Her "Life of Daniel O'Connell" is an eloquent and elaborate work, not in any way inferior to her volume on St. Patrick. The Nun of Kenmare is now (1877) passing through the press what promises to be her greatest production on Ireland, "The History of the Irish Nation, Social, Ecclesiastical, Biographical, Industrial, and Antiquarian." It deals in detail with every subject of Irish history and Irish art.

Here, then, is a Catholic lady—and a cloistered nun at that—who has accomplished what no other woman of ancient or modern times has ever done before. *She has created an epoch in the history of Irish literature.* Her name is known and revered, and her influence is felt in both hemispheres. In the literary firmament she already shines a star of the first magnitude; and we can truly say of Sister Mary Francis Clare what was said of a great author[7] of the sixteenth century—she has written more books than other people have read!

We conclude by quoting the elegant stanzas of Denis Florence MacCarthy on her "Illustrated History of Ireland":

"Thou hast done well, thou gentle nun;
Thou, in thy narrow cell, hast done
Work that the manliest heart might shun—
The "History" of our land.

"'Twas love that winged that pen of thine,
'Twas truth that sanctified each line,
'Twas an ambition so divine
That nothing could withstand.

"So long as there are hearts to feel
For Ireland's woe, for Ireland's weal,
This glorious tribute of thy zeal
Will wake the grateful prayer.

[6] This Brief is said to be the *first* letter of congratulation and approval that *any* pope has ever sent to *any* lady on the completion of a book. It is gratifying to know that an *Irish* lady was the first thus honored.

[7] Erasmus.

"Henceforth be sung with loud acclaim,
Be writ upon the scrolls of fame,
The last and dearest Irish name
Of MARY FRANCIS CLARE!"

FATHER O'GRADY'S ADVENTURES.

[From the "Life of Daniel O'Connell."]

FATHER O'GRADY was then the chaplain of the O'Connell family, and prepared the boy[8] for the sacraments. A curious anecdote is told of this ecclesiastic. He resided at Louvain during the wars of Marlborough, and, from the troubled state of Flanders, he was reduced to the deepest distress. He begged his way to the coast, hoping to meet some vessel whose captain might take him for charity to Ireland. As he was trudging slowly and painfully along, he suddenly fell in with a band of robbers. One of the robbers was a Kerryman named Denis Mahony, who, moved to compassion by the penniless poverty of the priest, and charmed with the sound of his native tongue, gave him, out of his own share of plunder, the means of returning to Ireland.

"God be merciful to poor Denis Mahony," Father O'Grady was accustomed to say, when relating this adventure; "I found him a useful friend in need. But, for all that, he might prove a very disagreeable neighbor."

The Liberator, in after years, accounted for the appearance of a native of Kerry among a gang of Flemish robbers by supposing that he had served in Marlborough's army, and, deserting from ill-treatment, sought subsistence on the highway as a footpad.

But poor Father O'Grady only escaped from the perils of starvation and the sea to run the risk of hanging or imprisonment at home.

He was seized on his return to Ireland, and tried on the charge of being a "popish priest." A witness mounted the table and swore he had heard him "say" Mass.

"Pray, sir," said the judge, "how do you know he said Mass?"

"I heard him say it, my lord," replied the witness.

"Did he say it in Latin?" enquired his lordship.

"Yes, my lord."

[8] Daniel O'Connell.

"Then you understand Latin?"

"A little."

"What words did you hear him use?"

"Ave Maria."

"That is part of the Lord's Prayer, is it not?"

"Yes, my lord," was the fellow's answer.

"Here is a pretty witness to convict the prisoner," cried the judge. "He swears the Ave Maria is Latin for the Lord's Prayer." As the judge pronounced a favorable charge, the jury acquitted Father O'Grady.

THE DEATH OF ORR.

[From the "Illustrated History of Ireland."]

In the autumn of this year (1797) Mr. Orr, of Antrim, was tried and executed on a charge of administering the oath of the United Irishmen to a soldier. This gentleman was a person of high character and respectability. He solemnly protested his innocence. The soldier, stung with remorse, swore before a magistrate that the testimony he gave at the trial was false. Petitions were at once sent in praying for the release of the prisoner, but in vain. He was executed on the 14th of October, though no one doubted his innocence; and "Orr's fate" became a watchword of, and an incitement to, rebellion. Several of the jury made a solemn oath after the trial that when locked up for the night to "consider" their verdict they were supplied abundantly with intoxicating drinks, and informed, one and all, that if they did not give the required verdict of guilty, they should themselves be prosecuted as United Irishmen. Mr. Orr was offered his life and his liberty again and again if he would admit his guilt; his wife and four young children added their tears and entreaties to the persuasions of his friends; but he preferred truth and honor to life and freedom. His end was worthy of his resolution. On the scaffold he turned to his faithful attendant and asked him to remove his watch, as he should need it no more. Mr. Orr was a sincere Protestant; his servant was a Catholic. His last words are happily still on record. He showed the world how a Protestant patriot could die, and that the more sincere and deep his piety the less likely he would be to indulge in fanatical hatred of those who differed from him. "You, my friend," he said to his

weeping and devoted servant—"you, my friend, and I must now part. Our stations here on earth have been a little different, and our mode of worshipping the Almighty Being that we both adore. Before his presence we shall stand equal. Farewell! Remember Orr!"

CROMWELL'S FANATICISM AND BARBARITIES IN IRELAND.

[From the "Illustrated History of Ireland."]

CROMWELL had been made lieutenant-general of the English army in Ireland, but as yet he had been unable to take command in person. His position was precarious, and he wished to secure his influence still more firmly in his own country before he attempted the conquest of another. He had succeeded so far in the accomplishment of his plans that his departure and his journey to Bristol were undertaken in royal style. He left the metropolis early in June in a coach drawn by six gallant Flanders mares, and concluded his progress at Milford Haven, where he embarked, reaching Ireland on the 14th of August, 1649. He was attended by some of the most famous of the Parliamentary generals—his son Henry, the future lord-deputy, Monk, Blake, Ireton, Waller, Ludlow, and others. He brought with him for the propagation of the Gospel and the Commonwealth £200,000 in money, eight regiments of foot, six of horse, several troops of dragoons, a large supply of Bibles, and a corresponding provision of ammunition and scythes. The Bibles were to be distributed amongst his soldiers, and to be given to the poor unfortunate natives, who could not understand a word of their contents. The scythes and sickles were to deprive them of all means of living, and to preach a ghastly commentary on the conduct of the men who wished to convert them to the new Gospel, which certainly was not one of peace. Cromwell now issued two proclamations—one against intemperance, for he knew well the work that was before him, and he could not afford to have a single drunken soldier in his camp. The other proclamation prohibited plundering the country people; it was scarcely less prudent. His soldiers might any day become his masters if they were not kept under strict control, and there are few things which so effectually lessen military discipline as permission to plunder. He also wished to encourage the country people to bring in provisions. His arrangements all succeeded.

Ormonde had garrisoned Drogheda with 3,000 of his choicest troops. They were partly English, and were commanded by a brave loyalist, Sir Arthur Aston. This was really the most important town in Ireland, and Cromwell, whose skill as a military general cannot be disputed, at once determined to lay siege to it. He encamped before the devoted city on the 2d of September, and in a few days had his siege-guns posted on the hill still known as Cromwell's Fort. Two breaches were made on the 10th, and he sent in his storming parties about five o'clock in the evening. Earthworks had been thrown up inside, and the garrison resisted with undiminished bravery. The besieged at last wavered; quarter was promised to them, and they yielded; but the promise came from men who knew neither how to keep faith or to show mercy. The brave governor, Sir Arthur Aston, retired with his staff to an old mill on an eminence, but they were disarmed and slain in cold blood. The officers and soldiers were first exterminated, and then men, women, and children were put to the sword. The butchery occupied five entire days. Cromwell has himself described the scene, and glories in his cruelty. Another eye-witness, an officer in his army, has described it also, but with some faint touch of remorse. A number of the townspeople fled for safety to St. Peter's Church on the north side of the city, but every one of them was murdered, all defenceless and unarmed as they were; others took refuge in the church steeple, but it was of wood, and Cromwell himself gave orders that it should be set on fire, and those who attempted to escape the flames were piked. The principal ladies of the city had sheltered themselves in the crypts. It might have been supposed that this precaution should be unnecessary, or at least that English officers would respect their sex, but, alas! for common humanity, it was not so. When the slaughter had been accomplished above, it was continued below. Neither youth nor beauty was spared. Thomas Wood, who was one of these officers and brother to Anthony Wood, the Oxford historian, says he found in these vaults "the flower and choicest of the women and ladies belonging to the town, amongst whom a most handsome virgin, arrayed in costly and gorgeous apparel, kneeling down to him with tears and prayers to save her life." Touched by her beauty and her entreaties, he attempted to save her. A soldier thrust a sword into her body, and the officer, recovering from his momentary fit of compassion, "flung her down over the rocks," according to his own

account, but first took care to possess himself of her money and jewels. This officer also mentions that the soldiers were in the habit of taking up a child and using it as a buckler when they wished to ascend the lofts and galleries of the church, to save themselves from being shot or brained. It is an evidence that they knew their victims to be less cruel than themselves or the expedient would not have been found to answer.

Cromwell wrote an account of this massacre to the "Council of State." His letters, as his admiring editor [9] observes, "tell their own tale," and unquestionably that tale plainly intimates that whether the Republican general were hypocrite or fanatic—and it is probable he was a compound of both—he certainly, on his own showing, was little less than a demon of cruelty. Cromwell writes thus: "It hath pleased God to bless our endeavors at Drogheda. After battery, we stormed it. The enemy were about 3,000 strong in the town. They made a stout resistance. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of defendants. I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives. Those that did are in safe custody for the Barbadoes. This hath been a marvellous great mercy." In another letter he says that this "great thing" was done "by the Spirit of God."

[9] Carlyle.

FATHER THOMAS N. BURKE, O.P.,

THE IRISH LACORDAIRE.

"He is one of the most extraordinary men of this our nineteenth century."—ARCHBISHOP MACHALE.

"The name of Father Burke will be as famous in Irish annals as that of his illustrious countryman, the great Edmund Burke. If the latter was the oracle of the senate, the former is a prince of the pulpit."—THE "CATHOLIC RECORD."

WE began our sketches of Irish writers with a famous monk and missionary of the sixth century, and we bring them to a close with a famous monk and missionary of the nineteenth century. Surely glory and hope smile upon the wonderful land that can produce such men as St. Columbkille in the sixth century and Father Burke in the nineteenth century!

Thomas N. Burke was born in the good old city of Galway in the year 1830. Irish was the first language he spoke, and among the "things of beauty" which, it is said, he committed to memory in childhood were the most popular of Moore's "Melodies" as translated into Irish by Archbishop MacHale. The bright and hearty boy received his early education in his native city at the schools of Erasmus Smith. Though fond of play, he loved his books, and was a hard, earnest student.

In 1847 he entered the Order of St. Dominic, left his comfortable home and his dear Irish father and mother, and set out for Rome, where he completed his ecclesiastical studies. After five well-spent years in Italy, his superior sent him to England, where he was ordained priest. We have neither space nor ability to follow Father Burke in his labors, in his onward and upward steps in fame, virtue, and learning. Gloucestershire, England, was the scene of his arduous missionary labors for four years; then he was entrusted with the important task of founding a novitiate and house of studies for his Order in Ireland. His eloquence first attracted attention in Dublin, where he preached in the old church of St. Saviour, Denmark Street. A retreat which he conducted for the students of Maynooth College in 1859 established his fame as the most eloquent

preacher ever heard within the classic walls of that institution. In 1866 the scene of his labors was changed. He was recalled to Rome and appointed superior of St. Clement's, the oldest basilica within the City of the Seven Hills. There upon him was conferred the rare honor of delivering the Lenten sermons in English—an office which at various times had been filled by Archbishop MacHale, Cardinal Wiseman, and Cardinal Manning. "Immediately previous to the assembling of the Vatican Council," says a recent writer, "his voice was heard for the last time in the church of Santa Maria by as intellectual an audience as ever hung with rapture upon the accents of Bossuet and Bourdaloue."

In 1871 Father Burke was appointed Visitor of the Dominican Order in the United States, and in the autumn of that year he landed in New York. His career in this Republic was the greatest triumph of his life. In the words of the illustrious Archbishop MacHale, "It might be said of him as of Cæsar, *Veni, vidi, vici;* but how dissimilar were those conquests."

Clothed in the white habit of his Order, he spoke, and such was his eloquence that this whole Republic listened, all were delighted, and, for the time, even grim prejudice hung its head in shame, and falsehood slunk out of sight. In his hands old truths assumed new beauties. Whatever he touched he adorned. He spoke of the ancient glories of Ireland, the fidelity of the Irish race, and the holy grandeur of the Catholic Church, and at the very sound of his magic voice multitudes were charmed and elevated to enthusiasm. In vain do we search the history of this age for anything similar. On one occasion he preached at the dedication of a church in Massachusetts in the morning, and on the evening of the same day he addressed in the Coliseum of Boston 40,000 people—"the largest paying audience ever assembled to listen to one man."

Froude, the famous English historian, came to America and began to slander Ireland. The great Dominican was called on to reply. He did so in his own direct, manly, courteous style, and never was victory more complete. With reputation sadly lowered, and the word "libeller" written across his name, the pompous Englishman, renowned scholar of Oxford, and ardent admirer of Henry VIII., turned his back on the Republic, and took the shortest route home.

Father Burke is a ruler of thought and a master of simple, effective language. Like the plays of Shakspeare, new beauties can be

discovered in each of the matchless discourses of the eloquent Dominican. Referring to the sorrows of Pius IX., he says: "He is now on the road to Calvary, bending under the weight of his cross. Let every man be a Simon the Cyrenian; let every woman be a Veronica."

Again, he refers to the blood-stained career of Protestantism in Ireland, and in three sentences he writes its history: "The ground was dug as for a grave. The seedling of Protestantism was cast into the soil, and the blood of the Irish nation was poured in to warm it and bring it forth. It never grew; it never bloomed; it never came forth." His pages sparkle with humor. "An effort," he remarks, "to excite an Irishman to dislike England is about as necessary as to encourage a cat to take a mouse." This is word painting not, perhaps, surpassed by any writer of the English language.

Father Burke's Lectures, in our opinion, entitle him to rank with the best authors of this age. Live they will. The subjects are well chosen, and treated in a popular style and with unrivalled skill. But they will live not on account of the subjects, nor even of the style of treatment. They are rich in words that move and thoughts that burn. They possess that *soul*, that vital element, which in writing is proof against decay. In the following lecture we present the reader with a masterpiece of eloquence, history, and philosophy.

THE IRISH PEOPLE IN THEIR RELATION TO CATHOLICITY.

[A Lecture delivered in New York City June 6, 1872.]

My Friends: The subject on which I have the honor to address you this evening is one of the most interesting that can occupy your attention or mine. It is: Christianity; or, The Christian Religion as reflected in the National Character of the Irish Race. I say this subject is interesting, for nothing that can offer itself to the consideration of the thoughtful mind, or to the philosopher, can possibly be more interesting than the study of the character and the genius of a people. It is the grandest question of a human sort that could occupy the attention of man. The whole race comes under a mental review; the history of that race is to be ascertained; the antecedents of that people have to be studied in order to account for the national character, as it represents itself

to-day among the nations of the earth. Every nation, every people under heaven has its own peculiar national character. The nation, the race is made up of thousands and millions of individual men and women. Whatever the individual is, that the nation is found to be in the aggregate. Whatever influences the individual was subjected to in forming his character, establishing a certain tone of thought, certain sympathies, antipathies, likings or dislikings—whatever, I say, forms the individual character in all these particulars, the same forms the nation and the race, because the nation is but an assemblage of individuals.

Now, I ask you, among all the influences that can be brought to bear upon the individual man, to form his character, to make him either good or bad, to give tone to his thoughts, to string his soul and to tune it, to make him fly to God, to produce all this which is called character—is it not perfectly true that the most powerful influence of all is that man's religion? It is not so much his education; for men may be equally educated—one just as well as the other—yet they may be different from each other as day from night. It is not so much his associations, for men may be in the same walk of life, men may be surrounded by the same circumstances of family, of antecedents, of wealth or poverty, as the case may be, yet may be as different as day and night. But when religion comes in and fills the mind with a certain knowledge, fills the soul with certain principles, elevates the man to a recognition and acknowledgment of certain truths, imposes upon him certain truths and in the nature of the most sacred of all obligations—namely, the obligation of eternal salvation—when this principle comes in it immediately forms the man's character, determines what manner of man he shall be, gives a moral tone to the man's whole life. And so it is with nations.

Among the influences that form a nation's character, that give to a people the stamp of their national and original individuality, the most potent of all is THE NATION'S RELIGION. If that religion be gloomy, if it be a fatalistic doctrine, telling every man he was created to be damned, you at once induce upon the people or the nation that profess it a hang-dog, miserable, melancholy feeling that makes them go through life like some of our New England Calvinists, sniffling and sighing and lifting up their eyes, telling everybody that if they look crooked, looking either to the right or the left, they will go to hell. You know the propensity of some

people to be always damning one another. If, on the other hand, the religion be bright; if it open a glimpse of heaven, founded upon an intellectual principle; if it springs up a man's hopes, tells him in all his adversities and his misfortunes to look up, gives him a glimpse that the God that made him is waiting to crown him with glory, you will have a bright, cheerful, brave, and courageous people.

Now, such a religion is the Christianity that Christ founded upon this earth. I assert that if that religion of Christ be a true religion—as we know it to be—that there is not upon this earth a race whose national character has been so thoroughly moulded and formed by that divine religion as the Irish race, to which I belong. It is easy, my friends, to make assertions; it is not so easy to prove them. I am not come here to-night to flatter you or to make crude assertions; but I am come here to lay down the principle which is just enunciated, and to prove it.

What is the Christian character? What character does Christianity form in a man? What does it make of a man? Men are born into this world more or less alike. It is true that the Chinaman has no bridge to his nose, and that his eyes turn up, both occupied watching where the bridge ought to be; but that is an immaterial thing. Intellectually, and even morally, all men are mostly born alike. The world takes them in hand and turns out a certain class of men equal to its own requirements, and tries to make him everything that the world wants him to be. God also takes him in hand. God makes him to be not only what the world expects of him, but also what God and Heaven expect of him. That is the difference between the two classes of men. The man whose character is mostly worldly—who is not a Christian—and the man whose character is formed by the divine religion of Christ. What does the world expect and try to make of the child? Well, it will try to make him an honest man. And this is a good thing; the world says it is "the noblest work of God." Without going so far as to say this, I say that an honest man is *very nearly* the noblest work of God. The man who is equal to all his engagements, the man who is not a thief or a robber (the world does not like that), the man who is commercially honest and fair in his dealings with his fellow-men—that is a valuable virtue. The world expects him to be an industrious man, a man who minds his business, and tries, as we say in Ireland, "to make a penny of money." That is a very good thing.

I hope you will all attend to it. I will be gladdened and delighted—if ever I should come to America again—I will be overjoyed, to hear if any one comes to me and says in truth : "Why, Father Burke, all these Irishmen you saw in New York when you were here before have become wealthy, and are at the top of the wheel." Nothing could give me more cheer. The world expects a man to be industrious and temperate; because if a man is not industrious, is not temperate, he never goes ahead ; he does no good for his God, his country, or anybody. Therefore, this is also a good thing.

But when the world has made a truth-telling man an honest man, an industrious and a temperate man, the world is satisfied. The world says: "I have done enough ; that is all I want." The man makes a fortune, the man establishes a name, and the world at once —society around him—offer him the incense of their praise. They say: "There was a splendid man. He left his mark upon society." And they come together and put in a subscription to erect a statue for him in the Central Park. But they have not made a Christian. All those are human virtues, excellent and necessary. Don't imagine that I want to say a word against them. They are necessary virtues. No man can be a true Christian unless he have them. But the Christian has a great deal more. He is perfectly distinctive in his character from the honest, truth-telling, thrifty, and temperate man that the world makes. The Christian character is founded upon all these human virtues, for it supposes them all, and then, when it has laid the foundation of all this—the foundation of nature—it follows up with the magnificent super-edifice of grace, and the Christian character is founded in man by the three virtues—faith, hope, and love. Therefore, St. Paul, speaking to the early Christians, said to them: "Now, my friends and brethren, you are honest, you are sober, you are industrious, you have all these virtues and I praise you for them ; I tell you now there remain unto you faith, hope, and charity—these three." For these three are the formation of the Christian character. Let us examine what these three virtues mean. First of all, my friends, these three virtues are distinguished from all the human virtues in this : that the human virtues —honesty, sobriety, temperance, truthfulness, fidelity, and so on—establish a man in his proper relations to his fellow-men and to himself. They have nothing to say of God directly nor indirectly. If I am an honest man, it means that I pay my debts. To whom do I pay these debts ? To the people I owe money to—to my butcher,

my baker, my tailor, etc.; I meet their bills and pay them. I owe no man anything, and people say I am an honest man. That means that I have done my duty to my fellow-men. It is no direct homage to God. It is only homage to God when that truth springs from the supernatural and divine motive of faith. If I am a temperate man, it means, especially to the Irishman, that I am a loving father, a good husband, a good son. An Irishman is all this as long as he is temperate; but remember that the wife, the child, the father, and the mother are not God. Temperance makes him all right in relation to himself and his family around him. If I am a truth-telling man, the meaning is, I am "on the square," as they say, with my neighbors; but my neighbors are not God. But the moment I am actuated by faith, hope, and charity, that moment I am elevated towards God. My faith tells me there is a God. If that God has spoken to me, that God has told me things which I cannot understand, and yet I am bound to believe. Faith is the virtue that realizes Almighty God and all the things of God as they are known by divine revelation.

There are two worlds, the visible and the invisible—the world that we see and the world we do not see. The world that we see is our native country, our families, our friends, our churches, our Sunday for amusement, our pleasant evenings, and so on. All these things make up the visible world that we see. But there is another world that "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive," and that world is the world revealed to us by faith. It is far more real, far more lasting, far more substantial than the visible world. We say in the creed, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Creator of all things visible and invisible." Now, in that invisible world first of all is the God that created and redeemed us. We have not seen him, yet we know that he exists. In that invisible world are the angels and saints. We have not seen them, yet we know they exist. In that invisible world are all the friends that we loved who have been taken from us by the hand of death, those the very sound of whose name brings the tear to our eyes and the prayer of supplication to our lips. We see them no longer, but we know that they still live in that invisible world that "eye hath not seen." Now, the virtue of faith in the Christian character is the power that God gives by divine grace to a man to realize that invisible world—to realize it so that he makes it more substantial to him than the world around

him; that he realizes more about it, and is more interested in it, and almost knows more about it, than the world around him. The virtue of faith is that power of God by which a man is enabled to realize the invisible, for the object of faith is invisible. Our Lord says to Thomas, the apostle, "Because thou hast seen thou believest; blessed are they that have not seen and have believed."

This is the first feature of the Christian character—the power of realizing the unseen, the power of knowing it, the power of feeling it, the power of substantiating it to the soul and to the mind, until out of that substantiation of the invisible comes the engrossing, ardent desire to make that invisible surround him. This is faith. Consequently the man of faith, in addition to being honest, industrious, temperate, truthful, and having all the human virtues, is a firm believer. It costs him no effort to believe in that mystery, because he cannot comprehend it, because he has never seen it. He knows it is true; he admits that truth; he stakes his own life upon the issue of that divine truth which he has apprehended by the act of the intelligence and not by the senses.

The next great feature of the Christian character is the virtue of hope. The Christian man is confident in his hope. God has made certain promises. God has said that neither in this world nor in the world to come will he abandon the just man. He may try him with poverty; he may try him with sickness; he may demand whatever sacrifice he will; but he never will abandon him. Thus saith the Lord. Now, the virtue of hope is that which enables the Christian man to rest with perfect security—with unfailing, undying confidence in every promise of God, as long as the man himself fulfils the conditions of these promises. The consequence is that the Christian man, by virtue of this hope that is in him, is lifted up beyond all the miseries and sorrows of this world, and he looks upon them all in their true light. If poverty comes upon him, he remembers the poverty of Jesus Christ, and he says in his hope, "Well, the Lord passed through the ways of poverty into the rest of his glory; so shall I rest as he did. I hope for it." If sickness or sorrow come upon him, he looks upon the trials and sorrows of our God. If difficulties rise in his path, he never despairs in himself, for he has the promise of God that these difficulties are only trials sent by God, and, sooner or later, he will triumph over them—perhaps in time, but certainly in eternity.

Finally, the third great feature of the Christian character is the

virtue of love. It is the active virtue that is in a man, forcing him to love his God, to be faithful to his God, to love his religion, to be faithful to that religion, to love his neighbor as he loves himself, especially to love those who have the first claim upon him—the father and mother that love him, to whom he is bound to give honor as well as love; then the wife of his bosom, and the children that God has given him, to whom he is bound to give support and sustenance as well as love; his very enemies, he must have no enemy, no personal desire for revenge at all; but if there be a good cause, he must defend that cause, even though he smite his enemy, the enemy not of him personally, but of his cause; but always be ready to show mercy and to exhibit love, even to his enemies. This is the Christian man; how different from the mere man of the world! The Christian man's faith acknowledges the claims of God; his hope strains after God; his love lays hold of God; he makes God his own.

Now, my friends, this being the Christian character, I ask you to consider the second part of my proposition—namely, that the Irish people have received especial grace from God; that no people upon the face of the earth have been so thoroughly formed into their national character as the Irish by the divine principles of the Holy Catholic religion of Jesus Christ.

How are we to know the national character? Well, my friends, we have two great clues or means of knowing. First of all, we have the past history of our race, and the tale that it tells us. Secondly, we have the men of to-day (wherever the Irishman exists), wherever they assemble together and form society, and the tale that that society tells us to-day.

Let us first consider briefly the past of our nation, of our race, and then we will consider the Irishman of to-day. Let us consider the past of our history as a race, as a nation, the history of faith, hope, and love for God. Is it pre-eminently such a history? Is it such a history of Christianity, faith, hope, and love that no other nation on the face of the earth can equal it? If so, I have proved my proposition. Now, exactly one thousand and sixty years before America was discovered by Columbus, Patrick the apostle landed in Ireland. The nation to which he came was a most ancient race, derived from one of the primeval races that peopled the earth—from the great Phœnician family of the East. They landed in the remote mists of prehistoric times upon a green isle

in the western ocean. They peopled it; they colonized it; they established laws; they opened schools; they had their philosophy, their learning, their science and art, equal to that of any other civilization of the day. They were a people well known, in their pagan days, to the ancient Egyptians and the ancient Greeks. The name of the island—the name by which we call it to-day—Erin, was only a name that came after the more ancient name. For by the Greeks and the people of old, hundreds of years before the birth of Christ, our Ireland was called by the name of *Oggia*, or "the most ancient land." It was spoken of by the most remote authors of antiquity; the most ancient Greek writers, and other authors now extant, spoke of Ireland as the far distant ocean; spoke of it as a place of wonderful beauty, as a place of ineffable charm; spoke of it as something like that high Elysium of the poet's dream: "An island rising out of the sea, the fairest and most beautiful of all the sea's productions."

We know that our ancestors at a most remote period received another colony from Spain. We know that the Milesians landed on an island they called Innisfail, their "land of destiny." We know that they came from the fair southern sunny land, bringing with them high valor, mighty hope, generous aspirations, and an advanced degree of civilization; and the original inhabitants of Ireland intermingled their race with the Milesians. In that intermingling was formed the Celtic constitution which divided Ireland into four kingdoms, all united under a high monarch and supreme king (Ard-righ)—the high-king of Ireland. The palace of Ireland's king, as fitting, was built almost in the centre of the island, two miles from the fatal Boyne. The traveller comes through a beautiful undulating land towards the hill-top, rich in verdure, abundant and fruitful, crowned with lovely wood on every side. It is the plain of "royal Meath." He arrives at the foot of the hill. The summit of that hill for centuries was crowned with the palace of Ireland's kings. It was called in the language of the people "Tara"—the palace of the kings. There, on Easter Sunday morning, in the year 432, early in the fifth century of the Christian era, a most singular sight presented itself. Ireland's monarch sat upon his throne in high council; around him were the sovereign kings and chieftains of the nation; around him again in their ranks were the pagan priests—the Druids of the old fire-worship; around him again, on either side, on thrones as if they were monarchs, sat the

magnificent ancient minstrels of Ireland, with snow-white flowing beards, their harps upon their knees, filling the air with the glorious melody of Ireland's music, while they poured out upon the wings of song the time-honored story of Ireland's heroes and their glorious kings.

Suddenly a shadow fell upon the threshold; a man appeared, with mitre on head, cope on shoulders, and a crosier in his hand, with the cross of Christ upon it. And this was Patrick, who came from Rome to preach Christianity to the Irish kings, chieftains, and people. They received him as became a civilized and enlightened people. They did not stand, like other nations, in a wild hubbub of barbarism to denounce the truth as soon as they heard it, and put the truth-teller and the messenger to death; but they sat down, these kings, these minstrels, these judges of the land, these most learned philosophers; they disputed with Patrick; they brought the keen weapons of human wisdom and of human intellect to bear against that sword which he wielded. Oh! it was the sword of the spirit, the word of God—the Lord Jesus Christ. And when at length that king and chieftains, all these Druids and bards, found that Patrick preached a reasonable religion, that Patrick tried to prove his religion and brought conviction unto their minds, up rose at length the head of all the bards and of Ireland's minstrels, the man next in authority to the king, the sainted Dubhac, the arch-minstrel of the royal monarch of Tara—up rose this man in the might of his intellect, in the glory of his voice and his presence, and lifting up his harp in his hand he said: "Hear me, O high-king and chieftains of the land! I now declare that this man who comes to us speaks from God—that he brings a message from God. I bow before Patrick's God. He is the true God, and as long as I live this harp of mine shall never sound again save to the praises of Christianity and its God." And the king and chieftains and bards and warriors and judges and people alike rose promptly; and never in the history of the world—never was there a people that so embraced the light and took it into their minds, took into their hearts and put into their blood the light of Christianity and its grace, as Ireland did in the day of her conversion. She did not ask him to shed one tear of sorrow. She rose up, put her hands in his like a friend, took the message from his lips, surrounded him with honor and the popular veneration of all the people; and before he died he received the singular grace—distinct from all other saints—that he

alone, among all the other apostles that ever preached the Gospel, found a people entirely pagan and left them entirely Christian.

And now began that wonderful agency of Christian faith, Christian hope, and Christian love which I claim to have formed the national character of my race as revealed in their history. They took the faith from Patrick; they rose at once into the full perfection of that divine faith. They became a nation of priests, bishops, monks, and nuns in the very day of the first dawning of their Christianity. The very men whom Patrick ordained priests, and whom he consecrated bishops, where the men whom he found pagans in the land to which he preached Christianity; the very women whom he consecrated to the divine service, putting veils upon their heads—the very women that rose at once under his hand to be the light and glory of Ireland, as Ireland's womanhood has been from that day to this—were the maidens and mothers of the Irish race who first heard the name of Jesus Christ from the lips of St. Patrick.

Well, I need not tell you the thrice-told tale how the epoch of our national history seems to run in cycles of 300 years. For 300 years after Patrick preached the Gospel, Ireland was the holiest, most learned, most enlightened, most glorious country in Christendom. From all the ends of the earth students came to study in those Irish schools; they came not by thousands, but by tens of thousands. They brought back to every nation in Europe the wondrous tale of Ireland's sanctity, of Ireland's glory, of Ireland's peace, of Ireland's melody, of the holiness of her people and the devotion of her priesthood, the immaculate purity and wonderful beauty of the womanhood of Ireland.

After these 300 years passed away began the first great effort which proved that Catholic faith was the true essence of the Irish character. The Danes invaded Ireland, and for 300 long years every year saw fresh arrivals, fresh armies poured in upon the land; and for 300 years Ireland was challenged to fight in defence of her faith, and to prove to the world that until the Irish race and the Irish character were utterly destroyed that this Catholic faith never would cease to exist in the land. The nation—for, thank God, in that day we were a nation!—the nation drew the nation's sword. Brightly it flashed from that scabbard when it had rested for 300 years in Christian peace and holiness. Brightly did it flash from that scabbard in the day that the Dane landed in Ireland, and the

Celt crossed swords with him for country, for fatherland, and, much more, for the altar, for religion, and for God. The fight went on. Every valley in the land tells its tale. There are many among us who, like myself, have been born and educated in the old country. What is more common, my friends, than to see what is called the old "rath," or mound, sometimes in the middle of the field, sometimes on the borders of a bog, sometimes on the hill-side—to see a great mound raised up? The people will tell you that is a "rath," and Ireland is full of them. Do you know what that means? When the day of the battle was over, when the Danes were conquered, and their bodies were strewn in thousands on the field, the Irish gathered them together and made a big hole into which they put them, and heaped them up into a great mound, covered them with dirt, and dug scraws, or sods, and covered them. In every quarter of the land are they found. What do they tell? They tell this: that until the day of judgment, until when all the sons of men shall be in the valley of Jehosaphat, no man will be able to tell of the thousands, and the tens of thousands, and the hundreds of thousands of Danish invaders that came to Ireland only to find a place in the grave—only to find a grave. Ah! gracious God, that we could say the same of every invader that ever polluted the virgin soil of Erin! Well did Brian Boru know how many inches of Irish land it took to make a grave for the Dane. Well did the heroic King of Meath—perhaps a greater character than even Brian himself, or O'Neill—Malachi the Second, of whom the poet says, he "wore the collar of gold which he won from the proud invader," a man who with his own hand slew three of the kings and leaders and warriors of the Danish army—well did he know how many inches of Irish soil it took to bury a Dane. For in the Valley of Glenamada, in Wicklow, on a June morning, he found them, and he poured down from the hill-tops with his Gaelic and Celtic army upon them. Before the sun set over the Western Ocean to America—then undiscovered—there were 6,000 Danes stretched dead in the valley.

Well, my friends, 300 years of war passed away. Do you know what it means? Can you realize it to yourselves? There is no nation upon the face of the earth that has not been ruined by war. You had only three years of war here in America, and you know how much evil it did. Just fancy, 300 years of war! War in every county, every province, every valley of the land, war everywhere for 300 years! The Irishman had to sleep with a drawn

sword under his pillow, the hilt ready to his hand, and ready to spring up at a moment's warning, for the honor of his wife, for the honor of his daughter, and the peace of his household and the sacred altar of Christ. And yet, at the end of 300 years, two things survived. Ireland's Catholic faith was as fresh as it ever was, and Ireland's music and minstrelsy was as luxuriant and flourishing in the land as if the whole time had been a time of peace. How grand a type is he of the faith and genius of our people, how magnificent a type of the Irish character—a man of eighty-three years of age, mounted on his noble horse, clad in his grand armor, with a battle-axe in one uplifted hand and the crucifix in the other—the heroic figure of Brian Boru, as he comes out on the pages of Irish history and stands before us, animating his Irish army at Clontarf, telling who it was that died for them, and who it was they were to fight for! Before the evening sun set, Ireland, like the man who shakes a reptile off his hand, shook from her Christian bosom that Danish army into the sea, and destroyed them. Yet Brian, the immortal Monarch and King of Ireland, was as skilled with the harp as he was with the battle-axe; and in the rush and heat of the battle no man stood before him and lived; that terrible mace came down upon him, and sent him either to Heaven or to Hell. In the halls of Kincora, upon the banks of the Shannon, when all the minstrels of Ireland gathered together to discuss the ancient melodies of the land, there was no hand that could bring out the thrill of the gold or silver chords with such skill as the aged hand of the man who was so terrible on the battle-field, a Christian warrior and minstrel. The very type of the Irish character was that man who, after 300 years of incessant war, led the Irish forces on the field of Clontarf, from which they swept the Danes into the sea.

Then came another 300 years of invasion, and Ireland again fights for her nationality until the sixteenth century, just 300 years ago, and then she was told that after fighting for nearly 400 years for her nationality she must begin and fight again, not only for that, but for her altar and her ancient faith. The Danes came back; they came to Ireland with the cry, "Down with the cross! Down with the altar!" Harry the Eighth came to Ireland with the same cry; but the cross and the altar are up to-day in Ireland, and Harry the Eighth, I am afraid, is—[Here Father Burke cast his eyes downwards].

Three hundred long years of incessant war, with 400 years before

of incessant war, making the Irish people 1,000 years engaged in actual warfare, 700 years with the Saxon and 300 years before that with the Danes! Where is the nation upon the face of the earth that has fought for 1,000 years? Why, one would imagine that they would all be swept away! How in the world did they stand it? We have been fighting a thousand years! the battle begun by our forefathers has been continued down—well, down to the year before last. The sword of Ireland that was drawn a thousand years ago, at the beginning of the ninth century, still remains out of the scabbard, and has not been sheathed down to the end of the nineteenth century. Did ever anybody hear the like? And yet here we are, glory be to God! Here we are as fresh and hearty as Brian Boru on the morning of Clontarf, or as Hugh O'Neill was at the Yellow Ford, or as Owen Roe O'Neill was at the field of Benburb, or as Patrick Sarsfield was in the trenches of Limerick, or as Robert Emmet in the dock at Green Street.

Now, my friends, let me ask you: What did the Irish people fight for during 600 years? For 300 years they fought with the Danes; for 300 years they fought with England. The Danes invaded and desolated the whole land; the English three times since Harry the Eighth—taking it down to the present—landed in Ireland and spread destruction and desolation upon it. This Irish people fought for 600 years. What did they fight for? They fought for 600 years for something they had never seen. They never saw Christ in the Blessed Eucharist, because it was hidden from them under the sacramental veils of bread and wine; they never saw the Mother of the God of Heaven; they never saw the saints and angels of heaven; they never saw the Saviour upon the cross; and yet for that Christ on the cross, for the Saviour in the Tabernacle, and for the Mother of Purity in Heaven, and the angels and saints, they fought these 600 years. They shed their blood until every acre of land in Ireland was red with the blood of the Irishman that was shed for his religion and for his God.

What does this prove? Does it not prove that, beyond all other races and nations, the Irish character was able to realize the unseen, and so to substantiate the things of faith as to make them of far greater importance than liberty, than property, than land, than education, than life? For any man who goes out and says: "I am ready to give up every inch of land I possess; I am ready to go into exile; I am ready to be sold as a slave in Barbadoes; I am ready to be

trampled under foot or to die for Jesus Christ, who is present now, though I never saw him"—that man is pre-eminently a man of faith. The Irish nation for 600 years answered the Saxon and Dane thus: "We will fight until we die for our God who is upon our altars." Now, I ask you to find among the nations of the earth any one nation that was ever asked to suffer confiscation and robbery and exile and death for their faith, and who did it, like one man, for 600 years! When you have found that nation, when you are able to say to me: "Such a people did that, and such another people did that," and prove it to me, I will give up what I have said—namely, that the Irish are the most formed in character and in their faith of any people in the world. As soon as you are able to prove to me that any other people ever stood so much for their faith, I stand corrected; but until you prove it, I hold that the Irish people and race are the most Catholic on the face of the earth.

Now, my friends, if I want any proof of the Irish faculty of realizing the unseen, why, my goodness! we are always at it. The Irish child, as soon as he arrives at the age of reason, has an innate faculty of realizing the unseen. When he comes out of the back door, and looks into the field, he imagines he sees a fairy in every bush. If he sees a butterfly upon a stalk in the field, he thinks it is a *Leprechawn*. I remember, when a boy, growing up, studying Latin, having made up my mind to be a priest. I was a grown lad, and yet there was a certain old archway in Bowling Green, in Galway, to which there was attached a tradition. I know there are some here that will remember it. It was near the place where Lynch, the mayor, hanged his son, hundreds of years ago; near the Protestant churchyard, and that gave it a bad name. At any rate, grown as I was, learning Latin, knowing everything about the catechism, and having made up my mind to be a priest, I was never able to pass under that arch after nightfall without running for dear life. This faith, if you will—this Irish superstition, is a faith. Remember that wherever superstition—especially of a spiritual character—exists there is proof that there is a character formed to realize the *Unseen*.

Now, my friends, consider the next great impress of the Christian character stamped upon the Irish people. The apostle says: "We are saved by hope." The principle of hope imposes confidence in the divine promises of God, in the certainty of their fulfilment—a

confidence never shaken, that never loses itself, that never loosens its hold upon God, that never for an instant yields to depression or despair. I ask you if that virtue is found stamped upon our Irish character? Tell me, first of all, as I wish to prove it, during this thousand years' fighting for Ireland was there ever a day in the history of our nation when Ireland lost courage and struck her flag? That flag was never pulled down. It has been defeated on many a field; it has been dragged in the dust—in the dust stained with the blood of Ireland's best and most faithful sons; it has been washed in the accursed waters of the Boyne; but never has the nation for a single hour hesitated to lift that prostrate banner and fling it out to the breeze of heaven, and proclaim that Ireland was still full of hope.

Scotland had as glorious a banner as ours. The Scotch banner was hauled down upon the plains of Culloden, and the Scots, chivalrous as their fathers were, never raised that flag to the mast-head again; it has disappeared. It is no longer "Ireland and Scotland and England," as it used to be; it is "Great Britain and Ireland." Why is it "Great Britain *and* Ireland"? Why is it not simply "Great Britain"? Why is the sovereign called the "Queen of Great Britain and Ireland"? Because Ireland refused to give up her hope, and Ireland never acknowledged that she was ever anything else except a nation. Well, my friends, it was that principle of hope that sustained our fathers during those thousand years they kept their faith. And the word of Scripture, as recorded in the book of Tobias, is this: when the Jews were banished into Babylonish captivity—when the people of every nation came to them and said, "Why should you be persecuted on account of your God? Give him up. Why do you refuse to conform to the laws and usages of the people around you? Give up your God. Don't be making fools of yourselves"—the Jews said: "Speak not so, for we are the children of the saints; we know and hope in our God. He never forsakes those who never change their faith in him." This is the inspired language of Scripture, and well the Irish knew it; and, therefore, as long as Irishmen kept their faith to their God and to their altar, so they wisely and very constantly refused to lay down their hope.

Christian character is made up of Hope as well as of Faith and of Love. If Ireland laid down her hope in despair, that high note of Christian character would never be in her. The Irish people never

knew they were beaten. Year after year, one day out and another day in, while the nations around were amazed at the bull-dog tenacity of that people with two ideas—namely, that they were Catholic and a nation—Ireland never lost sight of her hope. What followed from this? What was the consequence of this? Enshrined in the national heart, and in the national aims, there has been—wherever the Irishman exists there has been the glory upon his head of the man whose courage in the hour of danger could be relied upon. Every nation in Europe has had a taste of what Ireland's courage is. They fought in the armies of Germany, in those Austrian armies, where ten thousand Irishmen for thirty years were every day encamped in the field. They fought in the armies of Spain; ten thousand Irishmen encamped in the field. They fought in the armies, once so glorious, of France—thirty thousand Irishmen, with Patrick Sarsfield at their head. Did they ever turn their backs and run away? Never. At the battle of Ramillies, when the French were beaten, and they were flying before the English, the English in the heat of their pursuit met a division of the French army. Ah! that division was the Irish Brigade. They stopped them in the full tide of their victory, and they drove them back and took the colors out of their hands, and marched off after the French army. If any of you go to Europe, it will be worth your while to go to an old Flemish town called Ypres. In the cathedral you will find flags and banners lying about. If you will ask the sexton to explain these flags to you (perhaps you will have to give him a sixpence), he will come to one of these flags and say, "That was the banner that the Irish took from the English in the very hour of their victory at Ramillies." King Louis was going to turn and fly at the battle of Fontenoy, but Marshal Saxe told him to wait for five minutes until he should see more. "Your majesty, don't be in such a hurry; wait a minute; it will be time enough to run away when the Irish run." Calling out to Lord Clare, he said: "There are your men, and there are the Saxons." The next moment there was a hurra heard over the field. In the Irish language they cried out, "Remember Limerick, and down with the Sassenach!" That column of Englishmen melted before the charge of the Irish just as the snow melts in a ditch when the sun shines upon it. When a man loses hope he loses courage; he gives it up. "It is a bad job," he says; "there is no use going on any further." But as long as he can keep his courage up, with the lion in his heart, so long you may be sure there

is some grand principle of hope in him. Ours is a race that has almost "hoped against hope." I say that comes from our Catholic religion—the Catholic religion that tells us: "You are down to-day, don't be afraid; hold on; lean upon your God. You will be up to-morrow."

The third grand feature of the Christian is Love—a love both strong and tender; a love that first finds its vent in God, with all of the energies of the spirit and the heart and soul going straight to God, crushing aside whatever is in its path of the temptations for men, and in faith and hope and love making straight for God. Trampling upon his passions, the man of love goes straight towards God; and in that journey to God he will allow nothing to hinder him. No matter what sacrifice that God calls upon him to make, he is ready to make it; for the principle of sacrifice is divine love. Most assuredly, never did her God call upon Erin for a sacrifice that Erin did not make it.

God sent to Ireland the messenger of his wrath, the wretched Elizabeth. She called upon Ireland for Ireland's liberty and Ireland's land, and the people gave up both rather than forsake their God. God sent Ireland another curse in Oliver Cromwell, a man upon whom I would not lay an additional curse for any consideration, because for a man to lay an additional curse on Oliver Cromwell would be like throwing an additional drop of water on a drowned rat. Cromwell called upon the Irish people, and said: "Become Protestant and you will have your land; you will have your possessions, your wealth. Remain Catholic and take your choice—'Hell or Connaught.'" Ireland made the sacrifice, and on the 25th day of May, 1651, every Catholic supposed to be in Ireland crossed the Shannon, and went into the wild wastes of Connaught rather than give up his faith.

William of Orange came to Ireland, and he called upon the Irish to renounce their faith or submit to a new persecution—new penal laws. Ireland said: "I will fight against injustice as long as I can; but when the arm of the nation is paralyzed, and I can no longer wield the sword, one thing I will hold in spite of death and hell, and that is my glorious Catholic faith." If they had not loved God, would they have done this? Would they have suffered this? If they did not prize that faith, would they have preferred it to their liberty, their wealth, and their very lives? No, no! Patrick sent the love of God and the Virgin Mother deep into the hearts of the

Irish, and in our Irish spirit and in the blood of the nation it has remained to this day. Wherever an Irishman true to his country, true to his religion, exists, there do you find a lover of Jesus Christ and of Mary.

More than this, their love for their neighbor shows this in two magnificent ways—the fidelity of the Irish husband to the Irish wife, the Irish son to the Irish father and mother, and of the Irish father to his children. Where is there a nation in whom those traits are more magnificently brought out? England told Ireland, a few years ago, that the Irish husbands might divorce their Irish wives. Nothing was heard from one end of the land to the other but a loud shout of a laugh. "Oh! listen to that. So a man can separate from his wife. The curse of Cromwell on you!"

England told the fathers of Ireland that it was a felony to send their children to school. And yet never did the Irish fathers neglect that sacred duty of education. When, actually, it was found that a man was sending his children to school, he was liable to a fine and imprisonment. In spite of the imprisonment and the fine of their people, the Irish people, who never have been serfs, refused to be the servants of ignorance, and Ireland was always an educated nation. In the worst day of our persecution—in the worst day of our misery—there was one man that was always respected in the land next to the priest, and that was the "poor scholar," with a few books under his arm, with perhaps three halfpence worth of clothes upon him, going from one farm-house to the other, with a "God save all here!" He got the best in the house, the best bed, the cosiest place in the straw chair. And the children were all called in from the neighboring houses and from the village. He could spend a week from one house to another. Every house in Ireland was turned into a shool-house at one time or another. Hence I have known men, old men of my own family, who remembered 1782. I have seen them, when a child, in their old age, and these men brought up in those days of penal persecution and misery, with its enforced ignorance, were first-class controversialists. They knew how to read and write; they knew Dr. Gallagher's sermons by heart. There was no Protestant bishop or Protestant minister in Ireland that could hold his ground five minutes before them; and the probability was that after having convinced his reason and opened his eyes to the truth, they were equally prepared to blacken both his eyes!

The nation's love, the people's love for that which was next to

their God, the very next, is the love of a man for his country. Is there any land so loved as Ireland by its people? Sarsfield, dying, upon the plains of Landen, is only a fair type of the ordinary Irishman. There was many a good man, as heroic a man, in the ranks of the Irish Brigade that fell that day as Sarsfield, who, in full career of victory, at the head of Lord Clare's Dragoons, following the British army as they fled from him, William of Orange in their ranks flying and showing the broad of his back to Sarsfield, as, sword in hand, gleaming like the sword of God's justice, the Irish hero was in full chase, when a musket-ball struck him to the heart, and he fell dying from his horse. The blood was welling out hot from his very heart; he took the full of his hand of his heart's blood, and, raising his eyes to heaven, he cried: "Oh! that this was shed for Ireland." A true Irishman! Where was the nation that was ever so loved? In the three hundred years of persecution, take the "Bhreathair," the old Irish friar, the Dominicans and Franciscans, who were of the first families of the land—the O'Neills, the Maguires, the McDonnells, the McDermotts, down in Galway; the Frenches, the Lynches, the Blakes, and the Burkes. These fair youths used to be actually smuggled out by night and sent off the coast of Ireland to Rome, to France, and to Spain, to study there. Enjoying all the delicious climates of those lovely countries, surrounded by honor, leading easy lives, filling the time with the study and intellectual pleasures of the priesthood, every man felt uneasy. To use the old familiar phrase, "They were like a hen on a hot griddle," as long as they were away from Ireland, although they knew that in Ireland they were liable to be thrown into prison or be subjected to death. During Cromwell's persecution, if one fell in the ranks, another stepped into his place. Of six hundred Dominicans in Ireland at the time of Queen Elizabeth, there were only four remained after she passed her mild hand over them. Where did they come from? From out of the love of Ireland and the heart and blood of her best sons. They would not be satisfied with honors and dignities in other lands. No. Their hearts were hungry until they caught sight of the green soil and stood among the shamrocks once more.

And now I say to you, and all the history of our nation proves it—I say that the Irish race to-day is not one bit unlike the race of two or three hundred years ago. We are the same people; and why should we not be? We have their blood; we have their names,

their faith, their traditions, their love. I ask you, Is not the Irishman of to-day a man of faith, hope, and love? Who built this beautiful church? Who erected this magnificent altar? Who made the place for Father Mooney's [1] voice, pleasantly tinged with the old Irish roll and brogue? He has a little touch of it, and he is not ashamed of it. I remember once when a lady in England said to me: "The moment you spoke to me, Father, I at once perceived you were an Irishman; you have got what they call the brogue." "Yes, madam," said I, "my father had it, and my mother had it; but my grandfather and my grandmother did not have it; because they did not speak the English at all." "Yes," I said, "I have the brogue; and I am full of hope that when my soul comes to heaven's gate, and I ask St. Peter to admit me, I think when he hears the touch of the brogue on my tongue he will let me in." But I ask who has built this church? who has covered America with our glorious Catholic churches? All credit and honor to every Catholic race. All honor and credit to the Catholic Frenchman and to the Catholic German. The Germans of this country, those brave men, those sons of Catholics, those descendants of the great Roman emperors that upheld for so many centuries the sceptre in defence of the altar—they have done great things in this country; but, my friends, it is Ireland, after all, that has done the lion's share of it. What brought the Irishman to America, so bright, so cheerful, so full of hope? The undying hope that was in him; the confidence that, wherever he went, as long as he was a true Catholic, and faithful to the traditions of the Church to which he belongs, and to the nation from which he sprang, that the hand of God would help him and bring him up to the surface, sooner or later. And the Irishman of to-day, like his nation, is as hopeful as any man in the past time.

Have we not a proof of their love? Ah! my friends, who is it that remembers the old father and mother at home? Who, among the emigrants and strangers coming to this land, whose eye fills with the ready tear as soon as he hears the familiar voice reminding us of those long in their graves, as soon as their names are mentioned? Who is it that is only waiting to earn his first ten dollars in order to send five home to his aged father and mother? Who is it that would as soon think of cutting out his tongue from the roots or to take the eyes out of his head as abandon the wife of his

[1] The pastor of St. Bridget's Church, New York, in which this lecture was delivered.

bosom? The true Catholic Irishman. These things are matters of observation and experience, just as the past is a matter of history. And therefore I say that you and I are not ashamed of the men that are in their graves, even though they lie in martyr graves. As we are true to them, so shall our children be true to us. As we were true to them, so we shall continue to be true to them. That is the secret of Ireland's power for the faith that has never changed, the hope that never despairs, the love that is never extinguished; I say the secret of Ireland's power is this mighty love that lifts itself up to God. Dispersed and scattered as we are, that love that makes all meet as brethren; that love that brings the tear to the eye at the mention of the old soil; that love that makes one little word of Irish ring like music in our ears; that love that makes us treasure the traditions of our history; that love makes us a power still; and we *are* a power, though divided by three thousand miles of Atlantic Ocean's waves rolling between America and Ireland at home. But the Irishman in America knows that his brother at home looks to him with hope, and the Irishman in Ireland knows that his brother in America is only waiting to do what he can for the old land.

What is it you can do? That is the question. I answer, be true to your religion, be true to your fatherland, be true to your families and yourselves, be true to the glorious Republic that opened her arms to receive you and give you the rights of citizenship. Be true to America; she has already had a sample of what kind of men she received when she opened her arms to the Irish. They gave her a taste of it at Fredericksburg, fighting her battles; they gave her a sample of it all through those terrible campaigns; she knows what they are and begins to prize it. Never fear, when you add to your Irish brains and intellect by education, and to your Irish minds by temperance, and to your Irish hands by the spirit of industry and self-respect. Be men. Even in this land, I say, be Irishmen. Then the day will come when this great Irish element in America will enter largely into the council-chambers of this great nation, and will shape her policy, will form her ideas and her thoughts in a great measure, pressing them in the strong mould of catholicity and of justice. And when that day comes to us I would like to see who would lay a "wet finger" on Ireland. This is what I mean when I tell you what Ireland hopes from America. Ireland's bone and sinew is in America, and it is in the intelligence of her children in

America, and of every principal virtue to the influence that we attach to that virtue, and that enlightenment, and to that intelligence and talent, that will assuredly bring in this country the help that Ireland looks for.

Suppose that for Ireland some coercion bill is going to pass, and some blackguard is going to trample upon the old nation. If the Irishman knows the position of his countrymen in America, he will say, "Hold on, my friend; don't begin until you get a despatch from Washington." "Hold on, my friend; there are Irish Senators in the great Senate; there are Irish Congressmen in the great Congress; there are Irishmen in the Cabinet; there are Irishmen behind the guns; there are Irishmen writing out political warnings and protocols; there are Irish ambassadors at the foreign courts; learn what they have to say before you trample upon us." This is what I mean. I speak from this altar as a priest and an Irishman. I am not afraid to say it. I don't care if it went under the very nose of Queen Victoria and Judge Keogh.

And now, my friends, you know that, whatever way a priest may begin his lecture, when he goes through it he always ends with a kind of exhortation. In the name of God, let us make a resolution here to-night to be all that I have described to you—all an Irishman ought to be—and leave the rest to God.

MISCELLANY.

IT was our earnest desire to make this Miscellany much fuller, but the volume has already so grown on our hands that the intended number of pages is now reached, and we are reluctantly forced, at least in the present edition, to omit many a poetical "thing of beauty" which we had carefully culled from the wide, rich, and blooming field of Irish literature.

SAMUEL LOVER.

SAMUEL LOVER was born in Dublin in 1797, and died in 1868. He wrote some excellent songs and sketches; but, as a whole, his writings are not of a very high order. "The Angel's Whisper" is the most exquisite thing that ever came from his pen.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A beautiful belief prevails in Ireland that when a child smiles in its sleep it is "talking with the angels." This is but one trait of the wonderfully spiritual nature of the Irish people.

A BABY was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermot darling, oh! come back to me."

Her beads while she number'd the baby still slumber'd,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee.
"Oh! blest be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning;
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

"And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me,
And say thou wouldst rather they'd watch o'er thy father;
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
And, closely caressing her child with a blessing,
Said "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

For over a third of a century Charles Gavan Duffy has been one of the most prominent men in Ireland. He has made his mark in both literature and politics. Some years ago Mr. Duffy was knighted.

A LAY SERMON.

Brother, do you love your brother?
Brother, are you all you seem?
Do you live for more than living?
Has your life a law and scheme?
Are you prompt to bear its duties
As a brave man may beseem?

Brother, shun the mist exhaling
From the fen of pride and doubt;
Neither seek the house of bondage
Walling straitened souls about—
Bats! who from their narrow spy-hole
Cannot see a world without.

Anchor in no stagnant shallow;
Trust the wide and wondrous sea,
Where the tides are fresh for ever,
And the mighty currents free;
There, perchance, O young Columbus!
Your new world of truth may be.

Favor will not make deserving,
(Can the sunshine brighten clay?)
Slowly must it grow to blossom,
Fed by labor and delay,
And the fairest bud of promise
Bears the taint of quick decay.

You must strive for better guerdons,
Strive *to be* the thing you'd seem;
Be the thing that God hath made you,
Channel for no borrowed stream;
He hath lent you mind and conscience,
See you travel in their beam!

See you scale life's misty highlands
By this light and flowing truth,
And with bosom braced with labor,
Breast them in your manly youth;
So, when age and care have found you,
Shall the downward path be smooth.

Fear not on that rugged highway,
Life may want its lawful zest;
Sunny glens are in the mountain,
Where the weary feet may rest,
Cooled in streams that gush for ever
From a loving mother's breast.

"Simple heart and simple pleasures,"
So they write life's golden rule.
Honor won by supple baseness,
State that crowns a cankered fool,
Gleam as gleam the gold and purple
On a hot and rancid pool.

Wear no show of wit, or science,
But the gems you've won and weighed;
Thefts, like ivy on a ruin,
Make the rifts they seem to shade;
Are you not a thief and beggar
In the rarest spoils arrayed?

Shadows deck a sunny landscape,
Making brighter all the bright;
So, my brother, care and danger
On a loving nature light,
Bringing all its latent beauties
Out upon the common sight.

Love the things that God created,
Make your brother's need your care;
Scorn and hate repel God's blessings,
But where love is *they* are there,
As the moonbeams light the waters,
Leaving rock and sandbank bare.

Thus, my brother, grow and flourish,
Fearing none and loving all;
For the true man needs no patron,
He shall climb and never crawl.
Two things fashion their own channel—
The strong man and the waterfall.

JOHN SAVAGE, LL.D.

JOHN SAVAGE was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1828. He was one of the most active of the "Young Ireland" leaders of '48, but succeeded in escaping to America the same year. For nearly thirty years Mr. Savage's graceful pen has not been idle. As a poet he ranks high. His chief works are: "Ninety-eight and Forty-eight," "The Life of Andrew Johnson," "Sibyl," a tragedy, and "Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic," lately published in one volume. In 1875 St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D.

MINA.

MINA's eyes are dark as sorrow,
Mina's eyes are bright as morrow—
Morrow symbols hope alway—
And a soul-lit radiance flashes
Out between their silken lashes
As from out the sable fringes of the midnight leaps the day.

Mina's hair is black as madness,
Mina's hair is soft as gladness—
Gladness, true, is soft and low—
And its heavy richness ponders
O'er her brow as student wanders
By some bardic temple, wordless with the homage he'd bestow.

Mina's brow as clear as amber,
Mina's brow as calm as slumber,
Where God lives in what seems dead,
And its gentleness is giving
E'er a mute excuse for living
On in passive grandeur, careless of the fame its thoughts might spread.

Mina's mouth is ripe as study,
Mina's mouth is full and ruddy,
  Tempting as the August peach,
And its sweet contentment, routing
Off a melancholy pouting,
Welcomes laughter to the portals where the trivial ne'er can reach.

Mina's heart as pure as childhood,
Mina's heart as fresh as wildwood,
  Where each tendril dials God,
And its radiant blessings, centred
On her face, have ever entered
Through her eyes those happy mortals who within their mission trod.

Mina's hand is sure to capture,
Mina's touch is weird, its rapture
  Is electric, seeming numb,
And her spirit on the minute
Thrills you with the calm joy in it,
And, vibrating you to eloquence, compels you to be dumb.

A NEW LIFE.

Is it fancy ? am I dreaming ?
Do I tread the realms of faëry ?
Do my hopings mock my wild heart with the echoes of itself ?
Is my soul lit by the beaming
Of your radiant face, fair Lilla ?
Or am I witched like pilgrim by the lagoon's midnight elf ?

Sweet words are singing o'er me,
And beside me and before me,
Yet I fear to think them truthful lest I wake to find me wrong,
And the bliss of the first minute
When my heart caught them within it
Would woo me to eternal sleep to ever dream such song.

God is loving, God is jealous,
And we're ever mortal fashioned
In the likeness of the Moulder, and our sympathies so bent ;
Can my words soever zealous,
Or my love be too impassioned ?
No; I cannot outstrip nature, though I fail to be content.

I have had my dreams of glory,
And have quaffed my youthful chalice ;
What bitter dregs lay thickening underneath its starry foam !
And my life broke like the story
Of that Oriental palace
Whose magic marble fabric sank and left no trace of home.

In my thoughts' dim, lonely prison,
Where I dwelt, a voice has risen,
As the angels unto Peter, giving comfort, hope, and cheer,
And so full of light's the tremor—
It now pulses through the dreamer—
He'd bless the thought that chains him to have that angel near.

Was your heart as sympathetic
That it caught my words unspoken
As they welled up, seeking utterance, love-confused to very fear ?
Was it you that said, "I love thee,"
Was it I that said "I love thee,"
Or did we each the other's heart unburden to the ear ?

When you twined your arms about me,
Saying life was dark without me;
That I was the one comforter you prayed of God to give;
That among the thousands fleeing
Past you knew as that being,
My heart beneath the revelation paused to say, "I live."

There's a strange new life upon me,
With a clarion-toned suffusion
Of joy that cannot sound itself with words of mortal speech ;
But it is no fancy won me,
No mere student-bred delusion,
'Tis thy vatic words that make a dual future in my reach.

What a bounteously decreeing
Gift hath love when it, receiving
Love for love, transfigures us to things undreamed before!
Now I've two lives in my being,
You have two lives in your living,
And yet we have but one dear life between us evermore.

BREASTING THE WORLD.

Many years have burst upon my forehead,
Years of gloom and heavy-freighted grief,
And I have stood them as against the horrid,
Angry gales the Peak of Teneriffe.

Yet if all the world had storm and sorrow,
You had none, my better self, Lenore;
My toil was as the midnight seeking morrow,
You, moon-like, lit the way I struggled o'er.

Though as a cataract my soul went lashing
Itself through ravines desolate and gray,
You make me see a beauty in the flashing,
And with your presence diamonded the spray.

Then, Lenore, though we have grown much older,
Though your eyes were brighter when we met,
Still let us feel shoulder unto shoulder
And heart to heart above the world yet!

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

John Boyle O'Reilly was born in the county of Meath, Ireland, in 1844. After a bold, eventful, and somewhat romantic career, he came to the United States in 1869. He has published "Songs from the Southern Seas." He is now the able and accomplished editor of the *Pilot*, Boston, Mass.

A NATION'S TEST.

[Read at the O'Connell Centennial in Boston, on August 6, 1875.]

A nation's greatness lies in men, not acres;
One master-mind is worth a million hands.
No kingly robes have marked the planet-shakers,
But Samson-strength to burst the ages' bands.

The might of empire gives no crown supernal—
Athens is here, but where is Macedon?
A dozen lives make Greece and Rome eternal,
And England's fame might safely rest on one.

Here test and text are drawn from nature's preaching:
Afric and Asia—half the rounded earth—
In teeming lives the solemn truth are teaching
That insect-millions may have human birth.
Sun-kissed and fruitful, every clod is breeding
A petty life, too small to reach the eye:
So must it be, with no man thinking, leading;
The generations creep their course and die.

Hapless the lands, and doomed amid the races,
That give no answer to this royal test;
Their toiling tribes will droop ignoble faces,
Till earth in pity takes them back to rest.
A vast monotony may not be evil,
But God's light tells us it cannot be good;
Valley and hill have beauty, but the level
Must bear a shadeless and a stagnant brood.

I bring the touchstone, motherland, to thee,
And test thee trembling, fearing thou shouldst fail
If fruitless, sonless, thou wert proved to be,
Ah! what would love and memory avail?

Brave land! God has blest thee!
Thy strong heart I feel
As I touch thee and test thee,
Dear land! As the steel
To the magnet flies upward, so rises thy breast
With a motherly pride to the touch of the test.

See! she smiles beneath the touchstone, looking on her distant youth,
Looking down her line of leaders and of workers for the truth.
Ere the Teuton, Norseman, Briton left the primal woodland spring,
When their rule was might and rapine, and their law a painted king;

When the sun of art and learning still was in the Orient;
When the pride of Babylonia under Cyrus' hand was shent;
When the Sphinx's introverted eye was fresh with Egypt's guilt;
When the Persian bowed to Athens; when the Parthenon was built;
When the Macedonian climax closed the commonwealths of Greece;
When the wrath of Roman manhood burst on Tarquin for Lucrece—
Then was Erin rich in knowledge, thence from out her Ollamh's store—
Kenned to-day by students only—grew her ancient *Senchus More;*
Then were reared her mighty builders, who made temples to the sun;
There they stand—the old round-towers—showing how their work was done,
Twice a thousand years upon them, shaming all our later art—
Warning fingers raised to tell us we must build with rev'rent heart.

Ah! we call thee Mother Erin! Mother thou in right of years;
Mother in the large fruition; mother in the joys and tears.
All thy life has been a symbol; we can only read a part.
God will flood thee yet with sunshine for the woes that drench thy heart.
All thy life has been symbolic of a human mother's life;
Youth, with all its dreams, has vanished, and the travail and the strife
Are upon thee in the present; but thy work until to-day
Still has been for truth and manhood, and it shall not pass away!
Justice lives, though judgment lingers—angels' feet are heavy shod—
But a planet's years are moments in th' eternal day of God.

. . . . . .

What says the stranger to such a vitality?
What says the statesman to this nationality?
Flung on the shore of a sea of defeat,
Hardly the swimmers have sprung to their feet
When the nations are thrilled by a clarion-word,
And Burke, the philosopher-statesman, is heard.

When shall his equal be ? Down from the stellar height
Sees he the planet and all on its girth—
India, Columbia, and Europe; his eagle-sight
Sweeps at a glance all the wrong upon earth.
Races or sects were to him a profanity—
Hindoo and Negro and Celt were as one;
Large as mankind was his splendid humanity,
Large in its record the work he has done.

What need to mention men of minor note
When there be minds that all the heights attain ?
What school-boy knoweth not the hand that wrote
"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain ?"
What man that speaketh English e'er can lift
His voice 'mid scholars who hath missed the lore
Of Berkeley, Curran, Sheridan, and Swift,
The art of Foley, and the songs of Moore ?
Grattan and Flood and Emmet—where is he
That hath not learned respect for such as these ?
Who loveth humor and hath yet to see
Lover and Prout and Lever and Maclise ?

Great men grow greater by the lapse of time;
We know those least whom we have seen the latest.
And they 'mongst those whose names have grown sublime
Who worked for human liberty are greatest.

And now for one who allied will to work,
And thought to act, and burning speech to thought;
Who *gained* the prizes that were *seen* by Burke.
Burke felt the wrong—O'Connell felt, *and fought.*

Ever the same—from boyhood up to death,
His race was crushed, his people were defamed;
He found the spark, and fanned it with his breath,
And fed the fire, till all the nation flamed !

He roused the farms, he made the serf a yeoman;
He drilled his millions, and he faced the foe;
But not with lead or steel he struck the foeman—
Reason the sword, and human right the blow !

He fought for home, but no land-limit bounded
O'Connell's faith, nor curbed his sympathies;
All wrong to liberty must be confounded,
Till men were chainless as the winds and seas.

He fought for faith, but with no narrow spirit;
With ceaseless hand the bigot laws he smote;
One chart, he said, all mankind should inherit—
The right to worship and the right to vote.

Always the same, but yet a glinting prism;
In wit, law, statecraft still a master-hand;
An "uncrowned king," whose people's love was chrism,
His title—LIBERATOR OF HIS LAND!

"His heart's in Rome, his spirit is in heaven"—
So runs the old song that his people sing;
A tall round-tower they builded in Glasnevin,
Fit Irish headstone for an Irish king!

TO-DAY.

ONLY from day to day
The life of a wise man runs;
What matter if seasons far away
Have gloom or have double suns?

To climb the unreal path,
We stray from the roadway here;
We swim the rivers of wrath
And tunnel the hills of fear.

Our feet on the torrent's brink,
Our eyes on the cloud afar,
We fear the things we think,
Instead of the things that are.

Like a tide our work should rise,
Each later wave the best;
"To-day is a king in disguise,"
To-day is the special test.

Like a sawyer's work is life—
The present makes the flaw,
And the only field for strife
Is the inch before the saw.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Aubrey de Vere, son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, was born at Curragh Chase, county of Limerick, Ireland, in the first quarter of the present century. He was educated at one of the English universities, and afterwards made a deep study of Irish history and literature. For over a third of a century his has been a busy, fruitful pen. His chief works are "Alexander the Great," a dramatic poem; "Irish Odes and other Poems"; "May Carols"; "St. Thomas of Canterbury," a dramatic poem; "The Legends of St. Patrick"; and "The Infant Bridal and other Poems." Mr. de Vere is a convert to the Catholic faith. He is one of the most widely-known and highly-respected Irish writers of the present day.

MAY.

Creep slowly up the willow-wand,
Young leaves, and in your lightness
Teach us that spirits which despond
May wear their own pure brightness.

Into new sweetness slowly dip,
O May! advance, yet linger,
Nor let the ring too swiftly slip
Down that new-plighted finger.

Thy bursting blooms, O Spring! retard,
While thus thy raptures press on;
How many a joy is lost or marred,
How many a lovely lesson!

For each new grace conceded, those,
The earlier loved, are taken;
In death their eyes must violets close
Before the rose can waken.

Ye woods, with ice-threads tingling late,
Where late we heard the robin,
Your chants that hour but antedate
When autumn winds are sobbing.

Ye gummy buds, in silken sheath,
Hang back, content to glisten;
Hold in, O Earth! thy charmed breath;
Thou air, be still, and listen!

THE CONSTELLATION OF THE PLOUGH.

Type of celestial labor, toil divine,
That nightly downward from the glistening skies
Showerest thy light on these expectant eyes!
Around thee in their stations ever shine
Full many a radiant shape and emblemed sign—
Swords, sceptres, crowns, bright tresses, galaxies
Of all that soaring fancy can devise,
Yet none, methinks, so truly great as thine.
On, ever on! while He who guides thee flings
His golden grain along the azure way,
Do thou thy sleepless work, and, toiling, say:
"O men! so sedulous in trivial things,
Why faint amid your loftier labors? Why
Forget the starry seed and harvests of the sky?"

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

Sir Aubrey de Vere was born at Curragh Chase, county of Limerick, in 1788, and died in 1846. His chief works are: "Mary Tudor," a drama; "Julian, the Apostate," a drama; "The Duke of Veronica," a drama; and a volume of excellent "Sonnets." He was a most estimable Irish gentleman.

COLUMBUS.

He was a man whom danger could not daunt,
Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue—
A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt,
And steeled the path of honor to pursue;
So, when by all deserted, still he knew
How best to soothe the heart-sick, or confront
Sedition, schooled with equal eye to view
The frowns of grief and the base pangs of want.

But when he saw that promised land arise
  In all its rare and bright varieties,
Lovelier than fondest fancy ever trod,
  Then softening nature melted in his eyes;
He knew his fame was full, and blessed his God,
And fell upon his face and kissed the virgin sod!

REV. BROTHER AZARIAS.

Rev. Brother Azarias, the learned Professor of Philosophy and English Literature in Rock Hill College, Maryland, is a true Celt. His "Essay on a Philosophy of Literature" is an excellent work. Though more of the philosopher and critic than poet, he has, nevertheless, thrown off some very pretty pieces during his leisure moments. The following is culled from his sonnets on the great English poets.

MILTON.

> Into the heaven of heavens I have presumed,
> An earthly guest, and drawn Empyreal fire.
>
> Paradise Lost, b. vii.

Irreverent Milton! bold I deem thy flight;
  Unsanctified, unbidden, thou didst wing
  Thy pathless way off tow'rd the secret spring
Of God's decrees, and read them not aright;
Thou sought to do what no man mortal might,
  Still thence a speech majestical didst bring,
  And there o'erheard some angels whispering
Of Eden's bliss, and from thy lofty height
Surveyed all starry space both far and wide,
  And saw hell's deepest depths and tortures dire,
And viewed the darkling works of demon pride,
  And in the glowings of poetic fire,
What time thy heart felt age's chilly hand,
Embodied all in language stately, grand.

REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

CHARLES WOLFE was born at Dublin in 1791, and died at Cork in 1823. He belonged to the same Irish family as the celebrated Gen. Wolfe who took Quebec. He wrote little; indeed, his fame rests on the "Burial of Sir John Moore," which is, perhaps, as widely known as any other production in the English language. A minister of the Anglican Establishment, Rev. Mr. Wolfe was an amiable, scholarly man.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning—
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where his comrades have laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the bell toll'd the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

WILLIAM COLLINS is a Catholic, and a native of Ireland. A poet of rare gifts, he enjoys a wide and well-deserved reputation. In connection with his friend, J. C. Curtin, he edits the New York *Irish Globe*, of which he is one of the founders and proprietors, Mr. Curtin being the other.

THE MARINER'S EVENING HYMN.

EVENING'S shadows fall around us,
And the sun sets on the sea,
With thy love, O God! surround us,
Trustingly we pray to thee;
Sin, with all its snares, has bound us,
Thou canst cleanse and make us free.

Darkness falls upon the ocean,
And the waves in anger leap,
And our barque, with troubled motion,
Heaves and trembles on the deep;
But our hearts, with true devotion,
Nearer to thy footstool creep.

Though the winds in wrath are blowing,
Thou the tempest can command,
Safe beneath thy guidance going,
We shall hail the welcome land;
And though fierce the waves are flowing,
Power and strength are in thy hand.

Father, as the night descending
Hides the sun's last golden ray,
Hear our hearts and voices blending
As to thee we fondly pray,
That thou, love and grace extending,
All our sins shalt wash away.

T. E. HOWARD.

T. E. Howard, M.A., LL.B., Professor of History and English Literature in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, is a native of Michigan, but is truly Irish by blood and faith and sympathy. Aside from several minor works, he has published a highly meritorious volume of essays entitled, "Excelsior; or, Essays on Politeness and Education." Some of his poems are real gems.

CHIMES.

Beauty's spirit lingers
O'er the spot I love;
Well I know that angel fingers
Paint the blue above;
Well I know they listen
To the Vesper song
Where the silent planets glisten
As they float along—
Listen to the chiming,
Praises of the Lamb
As they tremble from the rhyming
Bells of Notre Dame.[1]

Swell, ye sounds caressing,
On the midnight air,
All this silence bathed in blessing
Wake to God and prayer;
Wearied man is sleeping
From the toilsome day,
Tune the soft dreams o'er him creeping;
Music, watch and pray!
So the forest looming
On the distant calm
Echoes back your silvery booming,
Bells of Notre Dame!

When the morning lightens
On the eastern sky,
And the spire-top glows and brightens
As the sun rolls nigh,

[1] The church attached to the famous Catholic University of Notre Dame, Indiana. It is said to possess the best chime of bells in America.

Shed your peals to duty
O'er the earth impearled,
Give to sparkling morning beauty,
Tongue to rouse the world,
As your songs of gladness,
Matin hymn, and psalm,
Wake our souls and cheer their sadness,
Bells of Notre Dame!

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS.

Richard Dalton Williams was an Irish Catholic, and a poet of high merit. He was born in 1822, came to the United States, and died at Thibodeaux, La., in 1862. "We cannot recall anything in English literature that, in tender pathos and beauty of expression, surpasses 'The Dying Girl.' Williams, while a medical student at Dublin, wrote this exquisite poem after a visit to one of the hospitals."[2]

THE DYING GIRL.

From a Munster vale they brought her,
From the pure and balmy air,
An Ormond peasant's daughter,
With blue eyes and golden hair.
They brought her to the city,
And she faded slowly there;
Consumption has no pity
For blue eyes and golden hair.

When I saw her first reclining
Her lips were moved in prayer,
And the setting sun was shining
On her loosened golden hair.
When our kindly glances met her,
Deadly brilliant was her eye,
And she said that she was better,
While we knew that she must die.

She speaks of Munster valleys,
The patron, dance, and fair,
And her thin hand feebly dallies
With her scattered golden hair.

[2] "Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States," Appendix.

When silently we listened
To her breath with quiet care,
Her eyes with wonder glistened,
And she asked us what was there.

The poor thing smiled to ask it,
And her pretty mouth laid bare,
Like gems within a casket,
A string of pearlets rare.
We said that we were trying,
By the gushing of her blood,
And the time she took in sighing,
To know if she were good.

Well, she smiled and chatted gaily,
Though we saw, in mute despair,
The hectic brighter daily,
And the death-dew on her hair.
And oft her wasted fingers,
Beating time upon the bed,
O'er some old tune she lingers,
And she bows her golden head.

At length the harp is broken,
And the spirit in its strings,
As the last decree is spoken,
To its source exulting springs.
Descending swiftly from the skies,
Her guardian angel came;
He struck God's lightning from her eyes,
And bore him back the flame.

Before the sun had risen,
Through the lark-loved morning air,
Her young soul left its prison,
Undefiled by sin or care.
I stood beside the couch in tears,
Where pale and calm she slept,
And though I've gazed on death for years,
I blush not that I wept.

I checked with effort pity's sighs,
And left the matron there
To close the curtains of her eyes,
And bind her golden hair.

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY.

THE REV. FRANCIS MAHONY, better known by his *non de plume* of "Father Prout," was born at Cork in 1800. He made his studies at the Propaganda, was ordained priest, but devoted his life to literary pursuits. He died a few years ago. The "Bells of Shandon" is one of the "things of beauty" that came from his graceful pen.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

WITH deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee,
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke naught like thine;
For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling "old Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds are sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber pealing solemnly.

Oh ! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosko
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom I freely grant them ;
But there's an anthem more dear to me:
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

DEAREST MARY.

LOVE me, dearest Mary !
No honey-speech I own,
Nor talisman to win you, save
This true, fond heart alone.
I cannot offer rank or gold—
Such things I never knew—
But all one human heart can hold
Of love, I'll give to *you*,
Mary !
Of love, I'll give to you.

For you were aye unto me,
From boyhood to this hour,
That sweet to which all bright thoughts clung
Like bees around a flower.
The whisp'ring tree, the silent moon,
The bud beneath the dew,
All, by the fairy hand of love,
Were linked with thoughts of *you*,
Mary !
Were linked with thoughts of you.

Were ever linked with you, love,
  And when I rose to part
From scenes that long had nursed my soul,
  From many a kind old heart,
Though sad to earth and vale and stream
  And friends to bid adieu,
Yet still my soul in silence wept
  Until I thought of *you*,
                Mary!
  Until I thought of you!

Oh! since, 'mid life's unquiet,
  Through many a wintry storm,
What lay like hope within my breast,
  And kept its currents warm?
What, when the night shone gemmed with stars,
  Was brighter than the blue,
And sweeter than my toil-earn'd sleep?
  The memory of *you*,
                Mary!
  The memory of you!

And now I have won a home, dear,
  Not very grand or high,
But still with quite enough to meet
  The day that's passing by;
With one bright room where we might sit,
  And have a friend or two—
Ay! bright, I say, for oh! 'tis lit
  With hope 'twill yet see *you*,
                Mary!
  With hope 'twill yet see you!

Then love me, dearest Mary!
  No honey-speech I own,
Nor talisman to win you, save
  This true, fond heart alone.

I cannot offer rank or gold—
Such things I never knew—
But all one human heart can hold
Of love I'll give to *you*,
Mary!
Such love I'll give to you!

—M. MacDermot.

SIR CAHIR O'DOHERTY.[3]

By the Spanish plum'd hat and costly attire,
And the dark eye that's blended of midnight and fire,
And the bearing and stature so princely and tall,
Sir Cahir you'll know in the midst of them all.

Like an oak on the land, like a ship on the sea,
Like the eagle above, strong and haughty is he;
In the greenness of youth, yet he's crowned, as his due,
With the fear of the false and the love of the true.

Right fiercely he swoops on their plundering hordes;
Right proudly he dares them, the proud English lords!
And darkly you'll trace him by many a trail
From the hills of the North to the heart of the Pale

By red field, ruined keep, and fire-shrouded hall,
By the tramp of the charger o'er buttress and wall,
By the courage that springs in the breach of despair,
Like the bound of the lion erect from his lair.

O'Neill and O'Donnell, Maguire and the rest,
Have sheathed the sabre and lowered the crest;
O'Kane is now crushed, and MacMahon is bound,
And Magennis slinks after the foe like his hound.

[3] Sir Cahir O'Doherty, son of Sir John O'Doherty, chief of Innishowen, was born in 1587, and was killed, fighting against the English, in 1608. He was described as "a man to be marked amongst a thousand—a man of the loftiest and proudest bearing in Ulster. His Spanish hat, with the heron's plume, was too often the terror of his enemies and the rallying-point of his friends not to bespeak the O'Doherty." He was the last of the Ulster chieftains. After his death the English did as they had done with other Irish chiefs—they seized his castle and lands, and the robbers still possess them.

But high and untrimmed, o'er the valley and height
Soars the proud, sweeping pinion, so young in its flight;
The toil and the danger are brav'd all alone
By the fierce-taloned falcon of old Innishowen.

And thus runs his story: he fought and he fell,
Young, honored, and brave—so the *seanachies* tell—
The foremost of those who have guarded "the green,"
When men wrote their names with the sword and the *skian*.

—Mary Eva Kelly.

MARY.

Mary! sweet name revered above,
And oh! how dear below!
In it are hope and holy love,
And blessings from it flow.

Mary! what music in that sound!
Pure lips breathe it at even;
"Ave Maria," sings earth round,
And souls look up to Heaven!

Mary! bright angels speak that name
With rev'rence, soft and low;
And God Himself, ever the same,
His love for it did show.

Mary! to me that name recalls
The Queen who reigns above,
An angel sister in Heaven's halls,
And *one*, worthy of love.

Mary! bright star of heavenly rest,
I love thy name and thee;
Mother purest, Virgin ever blest,
Look down and pray for me.

J. O'K. M.

THE BIRTHDAY GREETING.

Ma douce amie, I greet thee,
In this merry month of May,
So blooming, blest, and lovely—
Suited for thy own birthday.
May bright skies e'er shine o'er thee,
And choice graces strew thy way;
Rejoice—may angels bless thee
Yearly on thy own birthday.

During this gay month of flowers,
Of the dear, spotless Queen of May,
How sweet to think of those bright hours
Ere shadows dim life's sunlit way!
Round thy path white lilies twine,
True emblems of that soul of thine,
Yearning to grow o'er more divine.

J. O'K. M.

A. M. D. G.

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